

THE
FOURTH VOLUME
OF
LETTERS

WRIT by a

Turkish Spy,

Who liv'd Five and Forty YEARS
undiscover'd at

P A R I S:

Giving an impartial ACCOUNT to the
Divan at Constantinople, of the most remarkable Transactions of *Europe*; and discovering several *Intrigues* and *Secrets* of the *Christian Courts*, (especially of that of *France*) continued from the Year 1649, to the Year 1682.

Written originally in Arabick. First Translated into Italian, afterwards into French, and now into English.

THE TWENTY-THIRD EDITION.

DUBLIN:

Printed by S. POWELL,

For R. GUNNE, L. DILLON, R. OWEN, G. RISK, E. HAMILTON, J. LEATHLEY, G. EWING, W. SMITH, P. CRAMPTON, G. FAULKNER, S. BROCK, A. BRADLEY, W. HEATLY, T. MOORE, C. WYNNE, and S. DALTON, Bookfellers, MDCCXXXVI.

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FOURTH VOLUME
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7411 by

Curry Dish



Giving an important Account to the
Board of Commissioners of the New York
State of the progress and result of the
General Assembly and Board of the
Commissioners of the State of New York
from the Year 1865 to the Year 1867.

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DURBIN

Printed by J. P. ...



TO THE
R E A D E R.

EXPECT no more Commendations of our *Arabian Author*; or Apologies for any Thing that may seem liable to Censure in his *Letters*. There is no end of answering the Cavils of those, who, to gain the Character of *Criticks*, will create *Faults* where they find none; and impute the very *Oversights* of the *Press* to the *Ignorance* of the *Author*, rather than a *Book* shall escape free from *Censure*.

What is wanting in the *Style*, where it may be suppos'd to come short of the *Original*, must be laid to the *Italian's* Charge, who undertook the *first Version* of so remote a *Language*. For the *English Translator* has endeavoured to follow him, as close as the Difference of *Idioms* will admit. And all the world knows, that the

A 2 *English*

To the READER.

English Tongue is none of the most Copious and Significant. But if this should seem an invidious Reflection, substituted in the Room of a Passable Excuse; the *English Translator*, in Honour both of the *Foreign Copies*, and his own *Native Language* (for he is a true *English-man* both by *Blood* and *Affection*) is willing to take the Blame of all Defects on himself. Assuring you, That whatsoever Roughness or want of Elegance; whatsoever Carelessness of Expression is to be found in the *English Translation*, tho' it may be a Fault indeed, yet 'tis purely owing to the Candor of him who has committed it: Since the chief Reason of such Neglect is, because he was loth the Reader should lose the *Original Sense*, for the sake of a sweet Period or a delicate Cadence.

If in other Places he seems affected, as in retaining the *Turkish* or *Arabick* Words, where they might as well have been rendered *English*; this also was out of Respect to his *Copy* where those Words are left as, we may suppose, they were found in the *Original Arabick*.

This is address'd to such Gentlemen as have procured the *Italian Copies* of these Letters. For we are informed, that they are in the Hands of some *English Travel-*
lers,

To the READER.

lers, who had a Curiosity to compare the different *Translations* together.

However to evidence, that this is not spoken in Partiality to our selves, but with equal Regard to that Learned *Foreigner*, who first brought these *Letters* to Light; it will not be amiss to exhibit such probable Reasons, as might induce him to leave *some Arabick Words* untranslated rather than *others*, though they had both the same Sense.

The best Method of clearing up this Point will be by producing Instances, such as that *Page 43*, where the Word [*Vizirs*] is retained by the *English Translator*, because it was not changed by the *Italian*. Doubtless it had been as easy to say [*The seven Chief Spirits, Angels, Chancellors or Ministers above*] as [*The seven Vizirs.*] But since the *Italian Copy* has not altered the Word [*Vizirs*] the *English Translator* thought fit to let it stand. And he conceives, 'tis proper enough in both *Versions*; because it better expresses the Thought of the *Turkish Author*, than any *Italian* or *English Word* can do, being a *Title of Dignity* peculiar to the *Ottoman Empire*: Where the Credulous People are made to believe, that their *Monarchy*,

TO the READER.

chy, with all its *Officers of State*, is exactly modelled according to the *Pattern* of the *Celestial Court* and *Kingdom*. Therefore it appears very natural in a *Turk*, to call the *Ministers of Heaven* by the *Titles* of *Vizirs*, *Beglerbegs*, *Bassa's*, or whatsoever other Appellatives are used by them, to express the Dignity of their *Grandees* on Earth. And who would go to spoil his Sense for the Sake of a Word?

Besides, not to let this Passage fall without due Remarks, is it not common in our *Bible* to call God [*Lord of Lords?*] And how can this be otherwise expressed in *Arabick*, but by the *Title* which is appropriated to the *principal Governors* of *Provinces*, whom in their *Language* they call *Beglerbegs*? It is equally usual in *Scripture*, to style God [*King of Kings*] a *Title* frequently assumed by the *Eastern Monarchs*. Nay, in our common Discourse here in *England*, it is customary to give to God the *Title* of [*The King of Heaven.*] And why may we not as well give to the *Arch-Angels* and *Angels*, &c. the *Titles* which are ordinarily apply'd to the *Princes* and *Nobles on Earth*? But however, if this will not appear allowable in a *Christian*, yet no Man can wonder at the *Turk*, when he hears him
use

TO the READER.

use his *native Dialect*, speaking of the *Potentates Above*. And if this be granted, I hope neither the *Italian* will be blamed for preserving the *peculiar Phrase* of an *Eastern Author*, nor the *English Translator* be accus'd, for following so polite a *Pattern*.

This Instance had not been press'd so far, but in hopes that what is already said may serve as a Plea for several other Examples of like Nature in this *Volume*: Where it is impossible for any *European* to express the full Meaning of an *Oriental Author*, without reserving some Words of his very *Language*. And in this the *Italian Translator* is chiefly vindicated; from whose *Copy*, the *English* in such Cases had no Reason to swerve. And thus much may suffice to answer all Objections about the *Style*.

As to the *Matter* it self, it appears full of Instruction in *Historical*, *Moral* and *Political* Affairs. Nor need any Man wonder, if he encounter some Passages which may be found in other *Writers*, both *Gentile* and *Christian*; since the *Author* of these *Letters* professes, That he has taken much Pains to peruse the *Treatises* of the *Ancients*, both whilst he studied in the *Academies*, and during his Residence at *Paris*, he often frequented the *Libraries* in that City, whereof there is no Scarcity. He spent a great

TO the READER.

deal of Time in reading *modern* as well as *ancient Authors*: By which Means, he not only improv'd his Knowledge in the universal *History* of *former Times*, but grew familiar with the most remarkable Occurrences in *Europe*, during these later *Centuries*. So that in some of his *Letters*, one would swear he had read *Sabellius*, *Petrus Justinianus*, *Philip de Comines*, and other *European Writers*: For he seems to come very near them, in relating some *particular Stories*. And it may be suppos'd that he took this Advantage to oblige the *Turkish Grandees* to whom he writ, by inserting in his *Letters* such Passages as they were wholly Strangers to.

There need no more be said, but that you may expect another *Volume* of these *Letters* very speedily. Farewel.

A T A.

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LETTERS



LETTERS

WRIT by a

SPY at *PARIS*.

BOOK I.

LETTER I.

Mahmut *the* Arabian, *and* indefatigable
Slave to the Grand Signior, To Ma-
home, *t he* most illustrious Vizir Azem
at the Port.

I Congratulate thy Ascent to that Top of Honour,
the *first* Dignity in the Empire ever victorious. 'Tis
thy turn to be now exalted in the Orb of Fortune:
Let not this high Station make thee forget, that
the Wheel is always in Motion. But consider, That
since the Advance thou hast made, was not but by the
Fall of thy Predecessor, thou hast less Reason to think thy
own State secure.

I am no Fortune-Teller; nor would I be so rude, as to
prognosticate ill Luck to my Superiors. But, Men in
VOL. IV. B eminent

eminent Dignity have need of a *Monitor*: And, it is recorded of a *great Monarch*, That he commanded one of his *Pages* every Morning to salute him, when he first awaked, with these Words, *Remember, O King, that thou art a Mortal*.

Let this Example, supreme *Minister*, plead my Excuse, and incline thee to pardon the Freedom which *Mahmut* takes; who by this, thou seest, is no Flatterer.

Certainly all sublunary Things ebb and flow like the Waters. And, though Men may sometimes enjoy a *Spring-Tide* of Felicity, yet *Fate* has hidden Sluices, which in a Moment shall convey the mighty Torrent to some other Channel.

I my self have in some measure experienced this, who am but a Puny in Comparifon with thee. Yet *Destiny* and *Chance* are allotted to the *Little*, as well as to the *Great*. The *Worm* encounters as many grofs Contingencies, in her humble reptile State, as does the tow'ring *Eagle*, in all her lofty Flights and Ranges, through the wide-stretch'd Air.

In my *Infancy* I was snatch'd from the Cradle, and from the Arms of my mournful Mother; mournful on two Accounts, the Death of a Husband, and the Necessity of parting with her Child. Yet this early Separation turn'd to my Advantage, and her Comfort. The Sequel of my good Fortune invited her to forsake her *Solitudes*, and follow me to the *Imperial City*; where she exchanged her melancholy Widowhood, for the Society and Love of a merry *Greek*: Whilst *Fate* had another Game to play with me; it being the Will of *Heaven*, That from the Delights of the *Seraglio*, and the Honour of serving the greatest Sovereign in the *World*, I should fall into a cruel Captivity, and be compelled ignominiously to drudge for a barbarous *Infidel*. Afterwards, I gain'd my *Liberty*, and apply'd my self to study in the *Academies*. I will not boast of the Proficiency I made: But, at my Return to *Constantinople*, thou knowest, my *Superiors* thought me capable of doing the *Port Service* in this Place. Thus *Providence* sports with *Mortals*, and by an unaccountable Clew of Discipline, leads them through the Mazes of this Life.

How

How I have discharged my Trust here, I dare appeal to all; yet can please none. Every Man will be my *Judge* to give *Sentence* against me; and some, I believe, would willingly be my *Executioners*: Which, at certain Times, carries me into so deep a Melancholy, that I ever join with my Enemies, and condemn myself, tho' I know not for what. Surely, says I, so many perspicacious Men cannot be all in the wrong, and I only in the right: They must needs see some Faults in me, which I cannot discern in my self. Doubtless I'm partial, and never chang'd the Order of *Æsop's* Wallet. Then I reflect on these Thoughts, as the mere Product of Melancholy: For, after the strictest Examination of my Conduct, I find my self innocent of those Things whereof I am accus'd. Yet, whilst I am justifying my Integrity towards my *great Master*, my Sadness returns again, and tells me, That without doubt, I have some Ways offended *God* and his *Prophet*, who, for that Reason, suffer the Envious to persecute me; and drive me into a more intimate and familiar Converse with my self, that so by making a frequent Scrutiny after the Cause of my outward Misfortunes, I may discover the secret Crimes, which I may have committed against *Heaven*, and which lie hid under my Inadvertence and Oblivion.

Then I'm fill'd with a thousand Scruples about my telling Lies, and taking false Oaths, though I'm dispensed with for all those Immoralities, by the *sovereign Arbitrator* of the *Law*. In a Word, I know not sometimes what to think. And were it not that my *Agency* in these Parts meets with some Success, I should often conclude, That I either lie under some *Curse of God*, or *Charms of Men*; that either *Heaven* or *Hell*, have a peculiar Hand in afflicting me.

But all this may be only the Fumes of my own distemper'd Spleen. And the *indulgent Judge* of *Man* may pass a milder *Sentence* on me, than either I do my self, or my Fellow-Mortals. He is transcendently benign and merciful; And our Sins of Frailty appear in his Eyes but as small *Atoms* in the Rays of a Morning Sun; which,

though they be innumerable, yet the least Breath of Wind blows them all out of Sight.

By what I have said, 'tis apparent, That I have Regard both to thee and my self: To thee, as the *supreme Disposer of Life and Death*, under the *Grand Signior*, to my self, as one cull'd out for a *victim* by the Malicious, and lying at the Feet of thy noble Nature, begging thy Protection. My Enemies are industrious to ruin me, and lay hold on all Opportunities to accomplish it: The Sentence, which they could not procure from thy Predecessor, they may hope to draw from thee by their false Informations. This makes me use Precaution in my own Defence, hoping to forestal their Malice by this humble Address.

Imitate thou the *divine Nature*, and be not severe in remarking the Peccadillo's and small Delinquencies of thy Slave. If I turn *Infidel* or *Traytor*, I crave no Favour.

That *supremely merciful* and *gracious*, the *first* and the *last* of the *World*, and *Lord* of *Paradise*, heap on thee as many Blessings every Day, as would employ my swiftest Wishes a thousand Years; and grant that thou may'st find Admittance into the *Place* full of *Rivers*, whose *Springs* take their Rise from the *Bottom* of the *Rock* of *Eternity*.

Paris, 17th of the 2d Moon,

of the Year 1649,

According to the Christian Style.

LETTER

LETTER II.

To the Kaimacham.

THE Troubles of this Kingdom, which a while ago seem'd to be compos'd, are now again broke out afresh. The private Grudges of some, and the Ambition of others, of the Nobility, have once more put all in Arms. This City is block'd up by the Prince of Conde's Army, who has not been long return'd from Flanders. The King, the Queen, with Cardinal Mazarini, and the whole Court, are at S. Germain in Lay, whither they went by Night. This abrupt Departure gave fresh Courage to the Seditious, and at the same Time furnish'd them with new Matter of Accusation against Cardinal Mazarini, who, they say, has stole away their Sovereign from them. The Parliament have declared him an Enemy to the Government. They are levying Soldiers as fast as they can: And Provisions are laid in, as if they were to sustain a long Siege. Several Princes and Grandses are come over to the Citizens, having deserted the Court; among whom is the Prince of Conti, Brother to the Prince of Conde. Yet the Parisians are distrustful of him, and have confin'd his Sister, as a Hostage for his Fidelity; not knowing, that his Desertion is real, being occasion'd by some Quarrel between him and his elder Brother.

'Tis said, That Cardinal Mazarini has taken a Resolution to depart the Kingdom, that so he may avoid the Tempest that threatens him from all Hands.

The Queen has sent Orders to the Colonels, that serve under Marschal Turenne, in Germany, commanding them to abandon that General, who, they say, has declared for the Parliament, and sent to offer them his Service.

On the other side, the Citizens endeavour to strengthen their Party, by sending to all the Parliaments of France,

to desire their Conjunction in espousing the Quarrel of this of *Paris*.

The Companies which the *Burghers* of this City have rais'd, wear this *Motto* in their *Ensigns*, WE SEEK OUR KING.

In the mean while, the *Arch-Duke* of *Austria* keeps near the Frontiers of this *Kingdom*, with an Army of twenty thousand Men; and sends frequent Proposals to the *Parliament*, in order to a Peace.

Whilst I was writing the last Words, News was brought me, that *Eliachim* the *Jew* is seiz'd, and clapt in Prison at *St. Denys*, which Place is in the King's Hands. I cannot learn the Reason of his Confinement, but am apt to suspect 'tis on the Score of his late appearing among the Rabble of *Paris*; whereof I gave an Account in a Letter to the *Aga* of the *Janizaries*.

The Surprize I am in at this unfortunate Accident, puts me upon a thousand Thoughts. I know not what Course to take for my own Safety. If *Eliachim's* Papers should be search'd, *Mahmut* must be discover'd; and then, if I tarry in the City, I cannot escape a Prison: For tho' at this Juncture, one would think this Place a sufficient Protection from the Court; yet the Hatred they bear to the true Believers, and the Discovery of so important a Commission as mine, would supersede their intestine Animosities. I should infallibly be either delivered up to the Court, or sent to the *Bastile*. If I go out of the City, my Danger is yet greater; all the Passes of the Country being narrowly watch'd, and strongly guarded by the King's Soldiers. This made me, at first, resolve to defer the Conclusion of this Letter to another Time, whilst I provided for my own Safety; as thinking it impossible to convey any Intelligence out of *France* undiscover'd. But being inform'd of a Courier, that was just going from the *Parliament* to the *Arch-Duke* of *Austria*, and fearing lest I should never have the Privilege of Pen, Ink and Paper again, I have ravish'd a few Moments, from that little Time I have left to shift for my self, that so I might give thee notice of this Accident.

I have

I have written also to *Nathan Ben Saddi* at *Vienna*, to prevent any *Dispatches* from him, till farther Order. Both these Letters I venture in the Hands of a faithful Messenger, who has caused them to be sewed up in the Heels of his Shoes, to prevent Discovery. He travels under the Protection of the *Courier*.

I have not a Minute left to say more, Than that I am at this Instant parting from my Lodging; my Books and other Things being pack'd up, and Porters ready to carry 'em away. If I get safe out of the House, I must change my Habit and Name, and so lay the Foundation of a new Concealment, till the Issue of this Adventure shall direct me what to do.

Adieu, illustrious *Kaimacham*, and expect to hear more in my next; or let my Silence convince thee, That *Mahmut* is no longer at Liberty.

Paris, 26th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1649.

L E T T E R I I I .

To *Nathan Ben Saddi*, a Jew at *Vienna*.

IR thou hast any *Dispatches* coming for me, and it be yet in thy Power to stop them, use Wings in doing it: For I fear we are discover'd in this Place. Thy Brother *Eliachim* is arrested by the King's Orders. What is laid to his Charge I know not for certain; neither is it necessary for thee to be inform'd in that Point. But if his Confinement be owing to some Services he has lately done me, we are all lost. His Papers will be search'd, which must of Necessity betray our Secrets: And then we have nothing to expect but the severest Execution of the *Christians* Fury and Revenge. I am in no small Confusion at this Accident, having scarce Time to provide for my Concealment. Send no more to *Paris* till thou receivest farther Advice. We are all in Arms, this City being block'd up by the *Queen's* Troops; so that I knew

not well which way to shift for my self, and escape a thousand Scrutinies, which they will every where make into the Affairs of a Stranger. But that *Fate* which overrules human Contingencies, will, I hope, rescue me out of this Danger: To which I commend both thee and me; bidding thee Farewel, as if I were never to write to thee again: For so the Issue may prove.

Paris, 26th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER IV.

To Adonai, a Jew at Venice.

I Have something more Respite now, than when I wrote last to my Brother *Nathan* at *Vienna*, to inform him of *Eliachim's* being made a Prisoner. I was in a greater Hurry at that Time, than the ninth *Sphere*. All my Motions were swift. I went backward and forward like the *Planets*; but had no leisure to stand still, as they do sometimes. In a Word, I have run over the whole *Zodiack* of *Policy*, to seek for a new House; that wherein I lodg'd being like to prove too hot for me. At length I have found one, wherein I hope to meet with no malevolent Aspects, but to remain, as before, in a friendly *Conjunction* with the *Moon*; behind whose Splendors, I may lie cover'd from the Inquisitions of peering Mortals.

To speak more intelligibly; I am, for the present, remov'd to other Lodgings in this City, the better to shelter my self from the Storm which seems to hang over my Head, since *Eliachim* was seiz'd. Yesterday I wrote to the *Kaimacham*, and to *Nathan Ben Saddi*, to give them an Account of this Accident. This goes along with the same Messenger; for I durst not confide in the *Posts*, during the present Disorders of this Kingdom.

I received a Letter from thee, wherein thou informest me, of an Attempt that has been lately made, to rob the

Treasury

Treasury of Venice: Which, according to thy Description, is very rich and magnificent, not to be match'd in *Europe*. Perhaps if thou hadst seen the Wealth that is preserv'd in the *Church of S. Denys*, a City not far from *Paris*, thou wouldst be of another Mind. But neither of us can make proper Comparisons, having not seen both Places. The *French* extol the latter, and say, It far exceeds that of *Venice*. But they may speak partially; it being the Humour of all People, to magnify the Grandeur of their own Nation: And, the *French* come not short of the rest of the World in Vain-Glory. However it be, it was a vast Attempt, and full of infinite Difficulties and Perils, to rob the Vaults of a *Church* in the Heart of that great and populous City, where all the Riches of the *Seignior* were repositied. It is an Argument of the Greatness of their Souls, who durst undertake so hazardous an Enterprize.

But this is not the first Time the *Venetians* have been in Danger to lose that prodigious Mass of Wealth. A poor *Grecian* once found a Way, through marble Barricadoes under Ground, to enter those golden Cells; from whence he carried away, to the Value of Twenty hundred Thousand *Zechins* in Jewels. But, making one of his Countrymen acquainted with it, the Villain betray'd him to the *Doge*, who caused him to be hang'd.

That *Commonwealth* has been all along very happy in Discovery of *Plots*, and other Mischiefs intended against her. I know not whether thou hast heard of the famous Conspiracy of *Tiepoli*; who not content with the Life and Estate of a private Gentleman, sought to render himself Sovereign of *Venice*. And to this End, insinuated into the Affections of many Thousands of the Citizens; whom he kept in constant Pension for above nine Years together, under the Notion of assisting him, to revenge certain Injuries he had receiv'd from a *Roman* Gentleman. They were all to run with their Arms into the Streets, when they should hear the Name *Tiepoli* utter'd aloud, and often repeated.

But, when the Day was come, whereon he was to put his Designs in Execution, and the Alarm was given in the Streets, an old Woman made such Haste to look out at

her Chamber-Window, to see what was the Occasion of the Tumult, that she threw down an earthen Vessel, which falling directly on the Head of *Tiepoli*, kill'd him, and so put an End to the *Rebellion*. For which happy Accident, the *Senate* settled a yearly Pension of a Thousand *Zechins* on the old Woman, during her Life, and the same to be paid to her Heirs and Posterity for ever.

Send me no *Dispatches*, till thou hast received another Letter from me, which will direct thee what to do.

Paris, 27th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER V.

To Mahummed, Hadgia, Dervise, Eremit, *Inhabitant of the Prophetic Cave in Arabia the Happy.*

THE *Franks* (who are more ready to find Faults in others, than to amend their own) censure the *Mussulmans*, for extending their Charity to Beasts, Birds and Fishes. They laugh at the Alms we bestow to feed Dogs, Cats, and other living Creatures; and ridicule the Tenderneſs of ſuch, as go into the Markets, and buy the Birds that are there ſold, on Purpoſe to reſtore them to their native Liberty. They ſay, 'Tis a ſufficient Demonſtration of Piety to relieve the Neceſſities of Men; and that, It is but a fruitleſs Hypocriſy, to ſhew kindneſs to the Brutes, who, in their Opinion, have neither Souls nor Reaſon, and conſequently are inſenſible of our good Offices towards them.

Theſe are the Charges of *Western* Raillery, the Scoſſs of the obdurate, with which they load the generous *Orientalſ*, the Hearts tranſfixed with univerſal Love. What would

would they say, if they had heard of thy heroick Piety, who not only affordeſt Protection and Relief to thoſe Creatures whereof we have no need, but even abſtain'eſt from the Fleſh of all Animals, though the *Prophet* himſelf has indulg'd us the Uſe of ſome for our neceſſary Food, and without which many plead, That we cannot ſuſtain Life? Oh! excellent Man, born for the Reproof and Light of the Age, how is the Soul of our *great Law-giver* exhilarated, when he beholds thy innocent and unblemished Life? The *Treſury of Heaven*, is enrich'd with thy *good Works*, the fertile Harveſt of Virtues, the Firſt-Fruits of the Purity of thy Nature! From thy firſt Deſcent into that *holy Cave*, the *Angels*, who register the Words of Men, never heard thee utter a Syllable that could be reprehended. Thy Thoughts raviſh the Heart of *God* himſelf with Joy. The *universal Spirit* full of Eyes, *Watcher* of the *Univerſe*, would fall a ſleep, were it not rous'd by the ſtrong Vibrations of thy ſublime Soul. Thy Contemplations are Themes for the *College* of thoſe who are aſſiſtant in forming of all Things. Were it not for ſuch as thee, the *Angel* of the *firſt Motion* would ceaſe to whirl the *Globes* of *Light* through the *Heavens*: The Orbs above would grow *ruſty*, and all the *Wheels* and *Springs* of *Nature* would *ſtand ſtill*. Oh elect *Idea*, before whoſe purify'd *Effence* the Sun himſelf appears full of Blemiſhes! Human Wit cannot find thy Equal on Earth: Thou art the *Impreſs* on the *SEAL OF THE PROPHET'S*, the *Soul* of the *Soul* of *Mahomet*!

In thus celebrating thy high Perfections, if I have offended thy Modeſty, thou haſt the Goodneſs to aſcribe it to the Exceſs of my Affection, which carries me beyond human Regards. I would fain be an Imitator of thy incorrupt Life. For, let the *Chriſtians* ſay what they pleaſe, I will ever eſteem *Abſtinence* a *divine Virtue*. I have conſulted the *Sages* of *Old*, that I might learn what was the Practice of former Times, whiſt *human Nature* was yet in its *Infancy*, before the Manners of Men were debauch'd. I have purſued the ſelect Writings of the *Ancients*, the Records of Truth, and void of Fables. And, believing that ſuch *Memoirs* will not be unwelcome to thee, I preſume to lay them at thy Feet.

Feet, as a Mark of that profound Veneration I owe to the Tenant of the *Darling* of God.

These *Historians* say, That the first Inhabitants of the Earth for above Two thousand Years, liv'd altogether on the *vegetable Products*; of which they offer'd the *First-Fruits* to God; It being esteem'd an inexpressible Wickedness, to shed the *Blood* of any *Animal*, though it were in *Sacrifice*, much more to eat of their *Flesh*. To this End, they relate the first Slaughter of a *Bull* to have been made at *Athens*, on this Occasion. The *Priest* of the *Town*, whose Name was *Diomus*, as he was making the accustomed *Oblation* of *Fruits* on an *Altar* in the *open Field*, (for as yet they had no *Temples*) a *Bull* came running from the Herd, which was grazing hard by, and eat of the consecrated Herbage. Upon which *Diomus* the *Priest*, moved with Zeal at the reputed *Sacrilege*, and snatching a *Sword* from one of those that were present, kill'd the *Bull*. But, when his Passion was over, and he consider'd what a heinous Crime he had committed; fearing also the Rage of the People, he persuaded them, That a *God* had appeared to him, and commanded him to offer that *Bull* in *Sacrifice*, by burning his *Flesh* with *Fire* on the *Altar*, as an *Atonement* for his devouring the *consecrated Fruits*. The devout Multitude acquiesced to the Words of their *Priest*, as to an *Oracle*. And the *Bull* being slay'd, and *Fire* laid on the *Altar*, they all assisted at the new *Sacrifice*. From which Time, the *Custom* was yearly observ'd among the *Athenians*, to *sacrifice* a *Bull*. And by them, this Method of *religious Cruelty* was taught, not only to all *Greece*, but to the rest of the World. In process of Time, a certain *Priest*, in the midst of his bloody *Sacrifice*, taking up a Piece of the broiled *Flesh* which had fall'n from the *Altar* on the Ground, and burning his *Fingers* therewith, suddenly clapt them to his Mouth, to mitigate the Pain. But when he had once tasted the Sweetness of the Fat, not only long'd for more of it, but gave a Piece to his Assistant, and he to others: Who all pleas'd with the new found Dainties, fell to eating of the *Flesh* greedily. And hence this *Species* of *Gluttony* was taught to other *Mortals*. Neither is it material,

terial, what the *Hebrew Doctors* object against these Testimonies, when they introduce the Son of *Adam*, sacrificing living Creatures, in the *Infancy* of the *World*; since, thou knowest, many Errors are inserted in the *written Law*, from whence they take this Story.

They say also, That the first *Goat* that fell by the Hands of Men, was killed in revenge for the Injuries it had done the Owner of a Vineyard, in broufing on his Vines; such an impious Deed having never been heard of before.

This is certain, That the *Egyptians*, the wisest and most ancient People in the World, having receiv'd from the first Inhabitants of the Earth a *Tradition*, foridding Men to kill any living Creature; to give the greater Force to this *Primitive Law* of Nature, they form'd the Images of their Gods, in the *Similitude* of *Beasts*: That so the *Vulgar*, struck with Reverence at the *sacred Symbols*, might learn to abstain from killing, or so much as hurting the *dumb Animals*: under whose *Forms*, they represented whatsoever among them was esteemed adorable.

Yet, lest any in his Life-Time should by Accident, or otherwise, have transgress'd the *Law* of *Abstinence*, they used a kind of *Expiation* for the *Dead*, after this manner: The *Priests* took the Bowels out of the Belly of the Deceased, and putting them in an earthen Vessel, they held it towards the Sun; and calling Witnesses, they made the following *Speech*, in behalf of the *Dead*:
 " O thou *Sun*, whose *Empire* is *universal*, and all ye
 " other *Powers*, who give *Life* to *Men*, receive me into
 " the *Society* of the *immortal Gods*, for so long as I
 " liv'd in this *World*, I religiously persevered in the
 " *Worship* of those *Deities*, which were made known to
 " me by my *Ancestors*. I always honoured my *Parents*,
 " who begat my *Body*. I never killed any *Man* or *Beast*,
 " nor have been guilty of any black *Crime*. But, if
 " whilst I lived I have trespass'd, in *tasting* any of those
 " *Things* which are *forbidden*, it was not my *Sin*, but
 " the *Fault* of these *Entrails*, which are here separated
 " from the rest of my *Body*." And having said this,
 they cast the Vessel into the *River* on the *Banks* of
 which

which the Ceremony was perform'd, embalming the rest of the Body, as pure and free from Sin.

After the same manner the *Persian Magi*, or *wise Men*, practis'd *Abstinence*. And, to imprint in their *Disciples* a *Tendernefs* and *Friendship* towards the *Beasts*, they called them, according to their different Stations, either *Lyons*, *Hyæna's*, *Crows*, *Eagles*, *Hawks*, &c. And their *Garments* were painted all over with the various *Figures* of *Animals*; thereby insinuating, the *Doctrine* of the *Soul's Transmigration*; and inculcating this *Mystery*, That the *Spirit of Man* enters successively into all sorts of *Bodies*: Which thou knowest is not remote from the *Faith* of true *Believers*.

It would not be amiss, as a *Testimony* of the *Practice* of the *Ancients*, to insert a memorable *Address*, which the *Reform'd Priests* of *Crete* were wont to make before the *Altar* of *Jupiter*. " O *Divine Governor* of the " *Hundred Cities*, we have led a holy *Life*, from the " *Time* that we were initiated in thy *Mysteries*, and for- " took the *nocturnal Rites*, and *bloody Feasts* of *Bacchus*: " We are now purify'd, and cloath our selves in *white* " *Vestments*, the *Emblems* of our *Innocence*: We shun " the *Society* of polluted *Mortals*; neither, approach " we to the *Sepulchres* of the *Dead*, nor taste of the *Flesh* " of any *Thing*, which has been endued with *Life*.

Such also was of old, and to this Day is, the *Abstinence* of the *Indians*; among whom the *Brachmans* perform the *Office* of *Priesthood*. These the ancient *Grecians* call'd *Gymnosophists*. They are all of one *Race*, neither will they admit a *Stranger* into their *Order*. They live for the most Part near to *Ganges*, or some other *River*, for the *Sake* of their frequent *Purifications*. Their *Diet* consists of *Milk*, curdled with sowre *Herbs*. They feed also on *Apples*, *Rice*, and other *Fruits* of the *Earth*; esteeming it the *Height* of *Impiety* to taste of any *Thing* that, has *Life*. They live in little *Hutts* or *Cottages*; every one by himself, avoiding *Company* and *Discourse*; employing all their *Time* in *Contemplation*, and the *Service* of the *Temple*. They esteem this *Life* but a necessary *Dispensation* of *Nature*, which they voluntarily undergo as a *Penance*; ardently thirsting after the *Dissolution*.

olution of their Bodies; and firmly believing, That the *Soul*, by Death, is released from its Prison, and launches forth into immense Liberty and Happiness. Therefore they are always chearfully disposed to die, bewailing those that are alive, and celebrating the Funerals of the Dead, with joyful Solemnities and Triumphs. Among their good Works, it is accounted an Act of great Reputation and Virtue, to build *Hospitals* for *Beasts* as well as *Men*: And, in every City, there are great Numbers of such as spend all their Life, in tending on sick and wounded Animals, or such as have no Sustainance elsewhere. And this is no novel *Institution*, but deliver'd down to them by *Tradition*, from immemorable Ages.

The *Precepts* also of *Triptolemus* and *Draco*, the most ancient *Lawgivers* of the *Athenians*, are a Testimony of the Innocence and Sincerity of the *first Age*: For they comprehend all the whole *System* of *Piety* and *Virtue*, in practising these few Rules:

“ Let it be an eternal Sanction to the *Athenians*, to
 “ adore the *immortal Gods*; to reverence the departed
 “ *Heroes*; to celebrated their Praises with Songs, and
 “ the *First Fruits* of the *Earth*; to honour their Parents;
 “ and neither to kill *Man* nor *Beast*.

I could relate to thee Examples of *Abstinence* in the ancient *Lacedemonians*, *Spartans*, *Jews*, and almost all *Nations* of the *East*: Nor are there wanting some Testimonies of it in these *Western Parts*. This Kingdom of *France* was in *old Times* instructed by a kind of *Prophets* or *Philosophers*, whom they call'd *Druids*, who took up their usual Residence under *Oaks*. These taught the *Transmigration* of *Souls*, and therefore prescrib'd *Abstinence* from *Flesh*; and shew'd to Men, the Method of worshipping God with the *First-Fruits* of the *Earth*. From hence they sail'd over into *Britain*, and planted themselves in that *Island*, propagating the same *Doctrines*; and were revered by the People as *sacred Oracles*.

By all which it is evident, That the tender Regard which the *true Faithful* have for the *Brutes*, is no *Innovation*, or singular *Caprice* of *Superstition*, but the *primitive Practice* of the *Ancients*, the *universal Tradition* of the

the whole Earth. Nay, the Eastern Christians, for the most part, live an abstemious Life; such as the Grecians, Armenians, Georgians, Mingrelians, and others that are scatter'd up and down in divers Parts of Asia. These following the Examples and Traditions of the Apostles and Primitive Fathers of their Churches, either taste not at all, or very sparingly, the Flesh of Beasts, Birds and Fishes. But the Nazarenes of the West boast of I know not what Liberty they have, to eat, without scruple, of all Things; having the Dispensation of the Roman Musti, whom they call the Vicar of God. Hence it is, That these religious Libertines are not afraid to gorge themselves, even with the Blood of slaughter'd Beasts, which their own Law forbids 'em to taste. And they prop themselves up in their Impiety, by saying, That the Pope has Power to change the Traditions and Ordinances of the Apostles, and even of Jesus the Messiah himself. Hence proceeds their Derision of those who shew any Tenderness of the Brutes; for, they are harden'd in their gluttonous Cruelty, and are but one Remove from the most Savage Cannibal.

But thou, holy Man of God, pity these Infidels, and pray that Mahmut may be a sincere Disciple of thy Purity.

Paris, 16th of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER VI.

To the Kaimacham.

I Am returned to my former Lodging again, the Case of Eliachim being not so bad as my Fears. The Occasion of his Confinement were certain Words he spoke against the Proceedings of Cardinal Mazarini and the Court, in Company of such as were officious to oblige that Minister. This was done at St. Denys, not far from Paris; where they immediately caus'd him to be taken into Custody by the King's Guards who quarter'd in that Town. It has
cost

cost him a considerable Sum of Money to purchase his Liberty, which he now enjoys as before. I had other Thoughts, when I first heard the News of his being seiz'd: And that it was for some seditious Expressions: For then I call'd to Mind how he had acted last Year, by my Order during the Tumults of Paris; and concluded that some unlucky Accident had now betray'd him: Which, if it were so, would infallibly bring me into the same Danger. This made me so suddenly change my Habitation, and put a stop to the *Dispatches* of the *sublime Port*. I thought no Caution too much, to preserve the Affairs of my *Commission* indemnified; and, That it were better to offend in being too wary, than too secure. If I have taken wrong Measures in thus absconding, 'tis for want of fuller Instruction from my *Superiors*. I wish they would honour me with particular Rules, in case of such Emergencies; then I should steer my Course, without running the Hazard of Rocks and Sands. I have often desired to know, Whether if I were discover'd, I should own my self an *Agent* for the *Grand Seignior*. But none of the *Ministers* have vouchsafed to direct me in this Point: Whereby I may commit an irreparable Mistake, if such a Thing should happen.

Alonzo the Jew informs me of an Attempt lately made to rob the *Treasury* of *Venice*; which according to his Description is very rich and magnificent. He says, There are twelve *Crowns* of pure Gold, and an equal Number of Breast-plates of the same Metal, set with all Sorts of precious Stones of inestimable Value: A hundred Vessels of Agat: Threescore *Services* for the *Altar*, all of pure Gold, enrich'd with Diamonds, Sapphires, Emeralds, and other Stones of Price. There is also an *Unicorn's Horn*, above the Purchase of Money. There are fourteen unpolish'd Pearls, as large as a Man's Fist. The *Ducal Cap* is valued at a hundred thousand *Zechins*; with many other Rarities and costly Ornaments, too tedious to be inserted in a Letter.

Certainly so much Wealth was never destin'd to fall into the Hands of little private *Thieves*: It is a Booty fit for *Kings* and great *Generals*, the licens'd *Banditti* of the Earth.

Earth. So many glittering Jewels would tempt the Honesty of an *Angel*, and he would be glad to adorn the Apartments of his *Heaven* with these radiant Drops of the Sun which he sees on Earth.

I have met with some pretty Relations of the Boldness of *Robbers*, but none that ever match'd the Bravery of this Enterprize; which was no less than to rob one of the most potent *States* in the World of her chiefest Treasure.

He wanted not for Impudence, who, when the *Emperor Charles V.* was removing his *Court*, and all the *Officers* were busy in packing up the Goods, enter'd the Chamber where the *Emperor* was; and having made his Obeisance, fell roundly to pulling down the rich Hangings of *Tissue*, which by the Help of his Confederates he carried away, with abundance of Plate: No Body ever suspecting but that he was one of the *Emperor's* Servants, till the Person came, whose Office it was to remove those Goods, and then the other was known to be a Thief.

I have heard of a *Spaniard*, who on a great *Festival*, when the *Priests* had finish'd the *Service* of the *Altar*, and were retired to their Lodgings, went very boldly and took the Golden Vessels off the *Altar*, and carry'd them away under his Cloak, as though he had been the *Steward* of the *Church*, no Body suspecting any other.

I kiss the Hem of thy Vest, illustrious *Kaimacham*, and pray, That thou may'st monopolize the choicest Blessings of *Heaven*, and have thy Share of the Riches of the Earth, without Danger of losing them to great or small *Thieves*.

Paris, 16th of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at Vienna.

NOW thou may'st continue thy *Dispat̄hes* as before. Our Fears are vanish'd: *Eliachim* is released, and all Things are in Safety. Thou hast no Reason to tax me with Timorousness, in so abruptly forsaking my Habitation, on the bare Foresight of far-fetch'd Possibilities; when thou shalt consider, That there is no arming against Contingencies in the Moment they arrive, and that he who trusts all Things to *Chance*, makes a Lottery of his Life, wherein, for one happy Event, he shall meet with ten unlucky ones. To what Use serves that *apprehensive Faculty*, which *Nature* has posted as the *Corps du Guard* of our Lives and Fortunes, allowing it the Senses for Scouts and Centinels? To what End, I say, serves this watchful Faculty, but to take the Alarm at doubtful Emergencies, to rouse our Caution, that so we may make Provision, and be in a Posture of Defence, against whatsoever may happen?

News came, That *Eliachim* was seiz'd for seditious Words against the Government. I was conscious, That both he and I had been guilty of more than Words in that bare Kind. Therefore what had happen'd to him, I look upon as due to my self also; and that my Confinement would soon follow, if I took no speedy Care to prevent it, by seasonably absconding. This was the Reason of my sudden Departure, which cannot justly be ascribed to Cowardice, since 'twas the Effect of common Prudence.

Now I am return'd to my old *Lodging* again, where the Joy they are in for the Birth of a Son, will not give them leisure to reflect on my Affairs: So that I am received by my *Host*, without the least Jealousy or suspicious Animadversions. Brim-full of Mirth and jovial Thoughts, the good Man compliments me, and proclaims his better Fortune: Invites me to sit down with his Friends;

and

and partake of the Gifts of *Ceres* and *Bacchus*. This, thou knowest, is the Custom of the whole Earth at the Birth of Mortals. They make merry over one that is born to the same Miseries as themselves, who the first Moment he draws the *Breath of Life*, is enrolled in the *Register of Death*; and from the *Womb*, makes swift and direct Advances to the *Grave*.

However, I sat down with the rest, to comply with the exhilarated Humour of my *Host*. I eat, I drank, and seem'd merry with the Company; yet, at the same time, I could not but nauseate my Entertainment, and diddain the extravagant Profusion of Spirit, which appear'd in every one of this vain Assembly. They all talk'd eagerly; and one Man's Words drowned those of another; whilst an universal Laughter confounded the Sense of all. Then I praised in my self, the Modesty and Order observ'd in our *Eastern* Banquets and Feasts, where no uncomely Gestures or Actions escape the well natured Guests; no loud talking or braying like *Asses*, but every one strives to suppress the Motions and Appearances of a too forward and indulgent Mirth, and contain themselves within the Bounds of a decent and civil Reserve. Such were the Feasts instituted by *Lycurgus* among the ancient *Lacedemonians*; where such as were Friends and Acquaintance met together and refresh'd themselves, without Riot and Luxury. They convers'd together interchangeably, after the manner of *Philosophers*, or Men of the *Law*: Discourting soberly either of *Natural Things*, or *Civil Affairs*: Mixing facetious and witty Jest with their more serious Talk, without Clamour, Scurrility, or giving any Offence. But these *Western* People think themselves not merry, till they are drunk, nor witty unless they be rude. They play a thousand various Tricks, like *Apes*, and the greatest Buffoon is the best Company. Wherefore sick to see Men so much degenerate from themselves, I made my Excuses, and retired to my Chamber, where I presently set Pen to Paper, to give thee an Account of my Return.

If thou continuest thy former Resolution of following the *Dictates of Reason* in Matters of Religion, thou wilt

wilt quickly find, that thy *Rabbi's* have taught thee to believe in *Fables*, which accord neither with *Reason* nor *common Sense*. Follow the best Guide, and be happy.

Paris, 16th of the 13d Moen, of the Year 1649.

LETTER VIII.

To Adonai, a Jew at Venice.

THY Pen is now free again : Write as soon and as often as thou wilt; our fears are dissipated, and all goes well. If thou canst inform me of any more remarkable Passages and Adventures, spare not to oblige me with frequent Letters. And to encourage thee, I will relate to thee a Story which is recorded in the *Histories of Naples*.

In former Times there was a *Statue of Marble* standing on the Top of a Mountain in *Apulia*, with this *Inscription* on the *Head*, which was *Brass*. *ON MAY-DAY AT SUN-RISING I SHALL HAVE A HEAD OF GOLD*. No Man in all these Parts could be found who was able to unriddle this mysterious Expression, and therefore it was not regarded for many Ages. But at length in the *Reign of a certain Prince*, there was a *Saracen*, who having seen and consider'd the *Statue*, with the *Inscription*, propos'd to explain it for a certain Reward. The *Prince* hearing of this, and being greedy of the Novelty, sent for the *Saracen*, and bargain'd with him for a Thousand Crowns to unfold this Riddle. He waited till *May-Day* came, and watching the *Image* that Morning early, he observed the Place where the *Head* cast its Shadow just as the Sun rose. There he order'd certain Men to dig; which when they had done, and were got pretty deep in the Earth, they encounter'd a prodigious Treasure of Silver, Gold and Jewels; with which the *Prince* was so well

well satisfy'd that he doubled the *Saracen's* Reward, and sent him home into his own Country laden with rich Presents. Doubtless there is much Wealth bury'd by Men in the Earth. For in former Times they were of Opinion, that if they should die suddenly in the Wars or otherwise, such Riches as they had hidden in the Earth would serve them in the *other World*. And this is the Practice of the *Indians* to this Day, as my Brother informs me, who has been among them.

Strange Blindness! That Men should think the *immortal Soul* needed the Assistance of Silver, Gold, or any material Substance, after she her self is divested of the *Body*, and become an *naked Spirit*.

Let thou and I have a nobler *Idea* of our selves, than to fancy we shall be in want of the glittering Dross in that *invisible State*, whither we are all hastening. There are no *Money-Changers* in that *World of Spirits*. If thou hast Superfluity hide it not in the Earth, but give it to the Poor, and thou shalt receive it again, transform'd into a Substance more refin'd and radiant than the Stars.

Paris, 16th of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER IX.

To the Reis Effendi, Chief Secretary of
the Ottoman Empire.

THE *Intestine Quarrels* of the *French* seem to be like those of *Lovers*, whose cholerick Intervals serve but to give a new Edge to the Returns of their Affection. As if one of these *Passions* was made to whet the *other*, and make it more sprightly: Or as if Love would grow dull and feculent were it not sometimes rous'd and fermented by *Anger*.

But

But I believe there is a greater Mystery in the Reconciliation between the *French Court* and the *Parliament of Paris*. Some Ends of Policy have hasten'd both *Parties* to clap up a *Peace*, while the secret Rancour remains unpurg'd.

Perhaps the Union of so many *Princes* and *Nobles* with the *Parliament*, might incline the *Queen* to milder Councils than her own *Spanish Genius*. Besides, the Conjunction of the other *Parliaments* of the *Kingdom*, the Revolt of *Normandy*, *Gascoigne* and *Provence*, with many eminent *Cities*, were very prevailing Motives. But that which was of greatest Force, was the want of Money and Men to carry on the War, which could not be rais'd without vast Difficulty during these publick Alienations.

Whatever were the Inducements, a *Peace* was concluded about the latter End of the third *Moon*, at a Place call'd *Ruel*, not far from *Paris*, where the King has a *House of Pleasure*, seated in the midst of a little *Paradise*. In one of my Letters to the *Kaimacham*, I formerly describ'd the King's *House* and *Garden* at *St. Germain en Lay*. This is but a little *Chiose* or Bower in Comparison of that stately *Palace*. Yet what is wanting in the Grandeur of the Fabrick is supply'd in its elegant Contrivance, and the Richness of its Ornaments. And as for the Garden, it comes not far short of the other, there being in it all manner of curious Water-works, Groves, Solitudes, Fountains, Statues, and whatsoever the Ingenuity of these *Western Artists* could suggest, as proper to render this Place agreeable to the melancholy Humour of the late *Queen-Mother*, *Mary de Medicis*, to whom it belong'd during her Life.

When you enter this delicious *Eden*, your Eyes and Ears are presently deceived by the counterfeit Notes and Motions of all Kinds of Birds which perpetually sing as the Water tunes their Throats. A little farther you see several old Gentile Statues adorning two Fountains: and among the rest a *Crocodile* big as the Life, who by the Harmony he makes, seems to have a Confort of Musick in his Belly, as regular and sweet as that of the *Italian Society* at *Constantinople*, which thou hast often heard.

As

As we depart from this, full of Complacency and Admiration at the exquisite Imitation of *Nature* in these Contrivances, we fall insensibly into a Place exactly like what the *Poets* describe when they speak of *Elysium*. It is a Grove, the Tops of whose Trees are so thick interwoven, that the Sun appears no otherwise through them than as if he were behind a Cloud, or in an *Eclipse*. So that the Darkness of this Place, and solemn Murmur the Winds make on high among the Tops of the Trees, fills it with a kind of sacred Horror; which has often made me think this *Wilderness* something like that which *Historians* describe, when they speak of the *Avenues* to the Temple of *Jupiter Ammon* in *Egypt*. For in the very Centre of this Grove stands the *House*; a Place one would think fitter for a *Convent* than a *Prince's Court*. At best it appears but like a *Royal Hermitage*, a *Cell* consecrated to *Kingly Melancholy*.

I could not forbear making this Digression when I mention'd *Ruel* to be the Place where the *Peace* was concluded between the *Court* and the *Parliament*: This *Encomium* is a Tribute which I ow'd for the Satisfaction and Pleasure I have often received in this Retirement. Besides, I thought an *Idea* of such a *Garden* would not be unwelcome to thee, who art a Lover of *Solitude*.

The *Coadjutor* of *Paris*, who is an *Archbishop*, is highly affronted that this *Peace* was concluded without him, who had a chief Hand in beginning the War. He labours to inflame the People again, and reduce all to the old Confusion, being an irreconcilable Enemy of *Cardinal Mazarini*. So that we expect another Insurrection in a short Time: For the *French* cannot be long idle.

Happy Minister, I leave thee under the Wings of that *Spirit* which guards the *Elect*, and bid thee Farewel.

Paris, 15th of the 4th Moon,
of the Year, 1649.

LETTER

LETTER X.

To Dgnet Oglou.

SHALL I tell thee, I mourn for the Death of our Friend *Egry Boinou*, whom thou say'st, a *Fever* snatch'd from us the first Day of the *Moon Regib*? That *Fever* it seems was the Effect of his continual and excessive Grief for the Loss of his Eyes; so that we may say he has been dying ever since the Hour that fatal Sentence was put in Execution. And shall we grudge our Friend a Release from so lingering a Death? At best it was but the *Winter* of Life wrapt up in Clouds and Darkness: Now, like the *Serpent*, he has cast his Slough, lifts up his Head with new Vigour, sports himself in the Meadows of *Paradise*, and basks in the Warmth of an eternal *Spring*.

'Twill not therefore be a Mark of our Affection to him, but only a Discovery of our Self-love, to condole the Occasion of his Happiness, because it has lessen'd ours, by robbing us of his beloved Company and Friendship. Besides, we know not but that he may still continue to be our Friend, even in that *invisible State*; and either manage our Interests *above*, or at least protect us from Dangers here *below*. We are ignorant of the *Laws* and *Constitutions* of that *Kingdom of Spirits*, and for ought we know, the Souls of just Men after Death, may become the *Tutelar Genii*, or *Guardian Angels* of their surviving Friends and Relations. Let it be how it will, doubtless *Egry* is immortal and happy, and 'twill be Envy in us to repine at it. Rather let us congratulate the Time of his Decease as the Day of his Nativity, and leave *Mourning* to the Crowd of Mortals, who do a thousand Things without ever thinking what they are about. They tread in the Steps of their Fathers, never examining whether they be right or wrong: Custom and Education have almost banish'd Reason from the Earth. Is it not a pleasant Spectacle to see the Kindred of an old rich *Miser* (for

whose Death they had long waited, like *Harpies* for their Prey) now flock about his lifeless Carcass, howling out a thousand forced Lamentations; whilst in the mean Time, their Blood dances in their Veins for Joy? Yet however this carries a Shew of civiliz'd Manners, and is better than the barbarous Custom of the *Scythians* and *Massagetes*, who when their old Men grew uselefs or troublesome were wont to sacrifice them, and make a Banquet with their Flesh; or the *Thebarenaes*, who threw their aged Friends alive down Precipices. These were Savages; but much more so were the *Hyrceanians* and *Bactrians*, who cast their aged Parents, yet living, to be devour'd by Dogs; which Inhumanity, when *Staſanor* the Deputy of *Alexander the Great* endeavour'd to suppress, they had like to have depos'd him from the Government: So prevalent is the Force of a received Custom on the Minds of the unthinking Herd.

Let thou and I therefore not supinely take up with common Practices; but, like Men of Reason, let us adjust the last Offices we owe to our Friend, whilst we pour forth some devout *Oraisons* for the Health of his Soul, without disturbing his and our own Repose with fruitless Lamentations. And since we are bereaved of his Society on Earth let us prepare to follow him, and render ourselves agreeable Company at our next Rendezvous in *Heaven*.

It was an unjustifiable Rigour in *Sultan Ibrahim* to deprive him of his Eyes, because he had only cast 'em unhappily on one of the *Sultana's* as she enter'd the Garden. This Jealousy is the peculiar Vice of the *East*. Yet they are more severe in *Persia*, where 'tis present Death to be within two Leagues of the King's Women when they travel the Road. But I never knew that *Eunuchs* were thus punish'd. Or is there such a Difference between a *white* and a *black Eunuch*, that the One deserves to lose his Eyes for beholding that by Chance, which the other is honourably rewarded for having Access to, and seldom being out of their Sight?

This was the worst Punishment that *Seleucus*, the Law-giver of the *Locrians*, impos'd on them that were actually caught in Adultery; which puts me in Mind of a notable Instance

Instance of this Man's Justice: For when his own Son was accus'd, and prov'd guilty of this Crime; at once to shew the *Tenderness* of a *Father*, and the *Incorruptible Severity* of a *Judge*, he first caus'd one of his own Eyes to be put out, and then one of his Sons: Thus taking on himself *half* the Penalty; that so the *Law* might be satisfy'd in the *whole*, and yet his Son not be totally depriv'd of his Sight.

Thou tellest me no News of our Armies, nor what Alterations have been made amongst the *Ministers* of the *Port* since the Death of *Sultan Ibrahim*. We have various Reports here; and some say that the new *Vizir Azem* will be no long-liv'd Man. I desire thee to write often to me, and send me what Intelligence thou canst.

Let nothing slip the Knot which has fastened us so many Years together in an entire Friendship: but let us carry that *Magnet* with us to our Graves; that at what Distance soever we may be buried, our Souls may, by the Force of that Attractive, find one another out, and converse together in that *Region of Silence and Shadows*.

Paris, 9th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER XI.

To the Captain Bassa.

I Know not where this Letter will find thee; on the Shore, or at Sea. If thou art in the watry *Wilderness*, I have no Art to trace thee. There are no certain Roads in that *inconstant* Element. It is a mighty Plain, without Path or Track. And though there be certain Stages in it, yet thy Arrival at them is timed at the Pleasure of the Winds and Waves, which will not obey even the Orders thou hast received from the *Grand Seignior*, Lord of the *Four Seas*. Perhaps thou art in pursuit of some *Venetian* Ships,

Ships, or other *Christian* Vessels, the *Corfsairs* of the *Mediterranean*. Or thou may'st be careening thy Fleet in some securer Retreats of the *Archipelago*. Thou may'st be within a Minute of a Wreck, or just entering a Harbour. Where-ever thou art, may Heaven preserve thee from the Dangers which always threaten such as trust their Lives to a Piece of Wood; for there will be great Need of thee, if our Intelligence be true in these *Parts*.

It is reported here, that the *Cossacks*, *Circassians*, *Mingrelians*, and other People who border on the *Black-Sea*, and obey not the Law brought down from Heaven, are enter'd into a League against the Blessed Port, and have cover'd those Seas with a mighty Fleet; while the Prince of *Georgia* rushes down from his Mountains with an Army of forty thousand *Armenians*, *Persians*, and Borderers of *Mount Caucasus*: That the former have taken a thousand of our trading *Saiks*, and are advanc'd as far as the Ferry of the *Bull*, which thou knowest is but six Hours sail from the Imperial City: That the latter have made Incursions into the Territories of the *Grand Seignior*; put all to the Sword who resisted them as they march'd along; burnt and laid waste the Country; and that all the *Greeks* and *Armenians* flock to them, threatening an universal Defection from the *Ottoman Empire*.

As to the Truth of these Reports, I can ascertain nothing, but am inclined to believe the *Cossacks* are troublesome at Sea, and that they may have drawn some of their Neighbours into a League, those pilfering Nations who live by Rapine and Spoil on both Elements. Our small Vessels trading on the *Black Sea*, full of Riches and empty of Arms, must needs be a Temptation to those Pirates, who are the most dextrous at a Robbery, and the boldest Fellows in the World. The Merchants of these *Parts*, who have had some Traffick at *Cassa*, and other Towns on the Banks of the *Black Sea*, give a frightful Description of those tempestuous Waters, and no good Character of the People that border on them. The *Cossacks*, they say, are valiant and mercenary; the *Circassians* hardy and bold; the *Mingrelians* sly and crafty; and the *Georgians* of an *Astral* Complexion, capable of all Virtues and Vices. The First
seldom

seldom act unless encouraged by the *King of Poland*, or the *Czar of Muscovy*; and then they are content with their Pay, and the lawful Plunder of War. The *Second* are never idle when there is hope of Prey, whether they fight their own Cause, or are employ'd by others, and fear neither Hunger, Cold, nor any other Extremity for the Sake of a Prize. The *Third* are good at a Stratagem, and would steal a Man's Teeth out of his Gums, if he be not wary; great Cowards, yet desperate in their own Defence, when they see no *Medium* between Fighting and Death. As for the *fourth*, they seem to be a kind of Mungrels, a medley Race, whose Character is compounded of the other *Three*.

They are stout and witty, dextrous at a Cheat, and no Bunglers at an ingenious Theft; great Liars, full of Compliments and external Civilities, but perfidious and implacable in their Revenges.

Yet, after all, I cannot believe the *Prince* of this Country, who is a *tributary* to the *King of Persia*, would venture his *Government* at two such desperate Stakes, by breaking the *Peace* concluded by his *Sovereign* with the *Grand Seignior*, and so drawing upon himself the Vengeance of them both. Therefore, he is either secretly abetted by that *Monarch*, or else the News is false.

Would'st thou know how this Country came to be subject to the *Crown of Persia*? It was conquer'd by *Ishmael Sophi*, to whom the *Persian Historians*, in Flattery, give the *Epithet* of *Great*. He was the *first* of that *Name*, and of the *Persian Kings*, that refus'd to obey the *Orthodox Successors* of the *Sent of God*. This Prince was valiant in the Field; and no Coward at Wine, if we may believe one of his *Courtiers*, who wrote *Memoirs* of his *Life*. He records sixteen Battles, wherein he always got the Victory; and twice that Number of *Royal Debauches*, when he shewed the Strength of his Brain in the Company of Foreign *Ambassadors*; with whom he would always carouse, before they departed his *Court*, that he might sound the Depth of their Instructions; for, none were able to cope with him

at the Juice of the Grape. And he always esteem'd that Liquor a Friend to Truth.

If he suspected his *Ministers of State*, or any of the *Governors of Provinces*, he us'd to invite them to a *Banquet*; where in the midst of his Drinking he unravell'd their secret Inclinations and Councils; being the most dextrous at picking the Locks of a Man's Heart, of any one living. They never went alive from his Presence, if by one false Step in their Carriage, tho' it were but a Word too passionate, or a look less composed to Resignation, he could discover or frame to himself the Grounds of a just Jealousy. It being ever his *Maxim*, *That Credulity was the only Vice could ruin a happy Prince*. He had another *Saying* also, *That Persia was fertile of Men, but barren of faithful Officers*.

I cannot admire these cruel Strains of Policy: Yet *Kings* have Reasons for their Actions and Words, which we cannot comprehend. The *Philosophers* say, *That Wine was given us by the Gods, to mitigate our Cares; and, for a Time to make us equal to their Divinities, in the free Enjoyment of our selves*. And though as a *Mussulman*, I am not bound to subscribe to the Principles of *Pagans*, yet as a Man, Partaker of Flesh and Blood, I think he doubly misuses that Liquor, who perverts it to the Ends of Cruelty.

But this *Monarch* had other Thoughts, when by the Assistance of the *Georgian Forces*, having subdu'd the *Regions* bordering on the *Caspian Sea*, at that Time in the Hands of the *Ottomans*, he invited the King of *Georgia* to his *Tent*, under pretence of a *festival Joy* for their mutual Success. The unwary Prince, trusting to his own Merit, and the Faith of his Neighbour, ventures himself with a small Guard to the Camp of *Ishmael*. The *Persian* entertain'd him, with all the outward Demonstrations of Affection and Gratitude, for his repeated Aids: But, in the End of the *Feast* taking Exceptions at some Words the King of *Georgia* spoke, in praise of his own Soldiers, he commanded his *Eunuchs* to seize on him, and carry him to the *Tent* of the *Unfortunate* (so they call'd the *Pavilion* or *Cage* of the *Grandeets*

Grandees fallen into Disgrace) Then he gave swift Orders for the *Georgian Soldiers* to be manacled. And having thus done, he bestow'd the Government of *Georgia* on one *Luarzab*; on Condition that he and his Successors would embrace the Faith of *Hali*, and pay Tribute to the Crown of *Persia*.

From the *Luarzab* has the Government of *Georgia* descended, not in a Line of Blood, but at the Pleasure of the *Persian Kings*, to him who now holds it, *Shanavas-Chan*; who, I believe, has more Wit than to hazard his Possessions for the Sake of a *Chimera*.

In thus roving from my first Point thou canst not blame me, since thou thy self attest by the Rules of Navigation, which vary according to the Byass of the Needle. Thou followest one *Magnet*, and I another: Yet let us both meet in the Center of Duty, we owe the *Grand Seignior*.

Paris, 23d of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER XII.

To Cara Hali, Physician to the Grand Seignior.

THOU wilt say, 'Tis an unmannerly Way of congratulating thy New Advance to begin my Address with Complaints. Yet Friendship overlooks *Punctilio's*. 'Tis not the first Time I have trespass'd on thy generous Temper. I am indispos'd, and cannot act the *Courtier*, though I am ravished to hear the News. It is some Support to my languishing Spirits, that whilst I am crumbling and dwindling away into the little Principles of which I was made, thou my Friend art growing in the Bulk of mortal Greatness, in the Favour of our glorious Sultan.

However, I cannot but suspect the pretended Kindness of him who rais'd thee, I mean the *new Vizir*; neither hast thou much reason to take this sudden Reconciliation for any other than a Mask of his old Malice. He cannot forget the Quarrel between thy Father and him, on the Account of *Dara Mesock*, the *Lieutenant-General* of the *Fanizaries*; when the brave old *Chieek* put a Stop to the designed Revenge of this inhuman Upstart.

Assure thy self, That he who has made his Steps to the Grandeur he now possesses, o'er the Neck of his *Master*, will not spare any from whose Wit or Power he may fear a Shock. And he knows both by Experience and Interest too great, not to mistrust the Son of his Enemy.

Beside, the eminent Command thy Brother has over the *Spahi's*, must needs be an additional Caution to the Man, whose Name sounds no where so sweetly, as in the *Chamber* of the *Fanizaries*.

Thou art sensible that the newly reviv'd Animosity between these *Military Orders*, threatens a Calamity to the *Ottoman Empire*, which cannot be diverted, without a Sacrifice on one side or other. And, since the *Spahi's* have engaged so many potent *Bassa's* in their Quarrels, who can expect to fall, but the mighty *Favourite* of the *Infantry*?

He knows this very well; and to prevent his own Ruin, he resolves on thine and thy Brother's: Thine under the Masque of Friendship, till by his Wheedle he has drawn thy Brother to *Constantinople*; where he will not fail to be strangl'd, that so a Creature of the *Vizir* may be promoted in his Room: And what will become of thee after this, I leave to thy own Judgment.

Perhaps thou wilt despise the Advice of a sick Man, and impute my Fears to an excess of *Melancholy*; from which Distemper, thou knowest, I am seldom free. But I tell thee, my *Reason* labours under no *Hypocondriack* Disorders, tho' my *Body* may. I am no *Enthusiast* when I counsel my Friend to avoid an apparent Danger. However, if thou thinkest it needless
for

for me to busy my self in such Cases, I have done. But I shall never cease to pray for thy Prosperity, as often as I comply with the *Law*, in kissing the Floor *five Times a Day*, and repeating the appointed *Oraisons of Faith*.

Methinks, when I write to thee now, my Pen is at a Loss. I am puzzled for a Style suitable to thy *new Honour* and our old Friendship.

But if I take too much Liberty, ascribe it to the Sincerity of my Affection, which knows not how to be reserv'd or strange to a Person, whom once I could call my other self: For no wider is the Distance between Friends.

Paris, 5th of the 7th Moon;
of the Year 1649.

LETTER XIII.

To Chirugi Muhamet, Bassa.

I Know not, whether what I am going to relate will be News to thee, or to any of the *Ministers* residing at the *sublime Port*. However 'tis so to me, and I am commanded to conceal nothing of Moment that comes to my Ears.

Mahomet, eldest Son of *Achmet*, the Dey of *Tunis*, is now at *Rome*, having embraced the *Christian Religion*. People relate variously the Motives that induced him to this Change. Some say, 'twas Interest, he having held a private Correspondence with the *Viceroy of Sicily*, who promised him in the King of *Spain's* Name, to make him Lord of several large *Territories* in the *West Indies*.

Others say, 'twas Discontent at his Father's Government, and austere Carriage towards him; the old Man

having forc'd him to marry the *Bassa* of *Tripoli's* Daughter against his Inclination.

But the greatest Part ascribe this Change in Religion to the Force of his *Conscience*; which they say was convinced by a *Miracle*, of the Truth of the *Christian Faith*. For, as they relate, being once at Sea in a *Vessel*, wherein were many *Christians*, and a dreadful Tempest arising, the Mariners, who were all *Mussulmans*, seeing the Havock that the Winds and Waves had made of the Ship-Tackle, gave over all for lost, and fainting under so much Labour, Watching and Terror as they had undergone, lay down, and let the Ship drive wherever the Storm would carry her. But there being a *Christian Priest* aboard, esteem'd a very holy and blameless Man, he excited the *Christians* to appease the Wrath of *God* by some extraordinary Acts of *Devotion*. Then they all made a solemn *Procession* on the Decks of the *Ship*, the *Priest* carrying before them that which they call the *Sacrament*, imploring the Mercy of *God*, and often calling on *Jesus* and *Mary*. When behold as the *Priest* stood aloft on the *Poop*, reading aloud part of the *Gospel*, the Storm suddenly ceased, the Clouds were dispers'd, the Air grew serene and calm, and the *Vessel* got safe into Harbour. Upon this they say, *Mahomet*, when he came ashore, took that *Priest* along with him, desiring to be instructed in the *Christian Belief*; making a Vow also. That he would renounce the Law of the *Mussulmans*, and embrace that of *Jesus*.

This is what such, as are zealous for the Honour of the *Christian Faith*, relate concerning this *Prince's* Conversion. However it be, it is certain, that he privately made his Escape from *Tunis* by Sea, and bent his Course directly for *Sicily*; where in a few Days he landed, and was receiv'd by the *Vice-Roy*, according to the *Dignity* of a *Prince*. A while after he was baptized by an *Archbishop*, who gave him the Name of *Don Philipppo*, by which he is called in all Places.

They say he was a little scandaliz'd at first, when he saw with what Freedom the *Sicilian* Women appeared abroad

abroad in the Streets, and convers'd with Men; but that afterwards he took a great Delight in their Company, especially those that could sing well, or play on any Instrument of *Musick*, to which he is much addicted. And therefore he chuses to frequent those *Temples*, where their *Service* is perform'd with Variety of excellent *Musick*, as it is in all great Cities. And for ought we know, the Character which the *Christian Priest* gave him of this *harmonious* Manner of *worshipping God*, might have no small Influence on a Man naturally affected with that *Science*. Certainly *Musick* has a mighty Force on our Affections; and it is a *Proverb* here in the *West*, That he who does not love *Musick*, has no Soul. One of the ancient *Philosophers* defined the Soul it self to be an *Harmony*. And another was so sensible of the various Effects of this *Science*, in raising different Passions in Men, that he left it as an *Aphorism*, Such as the *Musick* is, such are the People of a *Common-wealth*. Whence it was the great Care of such as took upon 'em to form the Manners of *Youth*, that no Tunes should be played in their hearing, which naturally provoked to Levity and Wantonness; but grave and martial Strains, such as prompted heroick Thoughts, and disposed them to Virtue. The *Italians* are great *Masters* of this *Science*; and the *Airs* which they compose for their *Church Service* are very deep and ravishing. Which causes their new Profelyte *Don Philipppo*, to pass his Time very attentively, during the Celebration of their *High-Mass* and their *Even-Song*. They report that he will turn *Jesuit*.

He went from *Sicily* loaded with Gifts and Presents, and came to *Rome*, the Seat of the *Christians* chief *Musti*, whom they call the *Pope*. He is much honour'd and caressed by the *Holy Father*, and all the *Cardinals*, who have told him so many fair Things of the *Nazarene Faith*, and shew'd him so many *sacred Relicks* of *Antiquity*, that he thinks himself already within the *Verge* of *Heaven*, and that *Rome* is no other than the *Suburbs* of *Paradise*. There is something very charming and sweet in the Conversation of the *Christian Prelates*, if they be Men of Learning, as most generally they are. And,

'tis

'tis no wonder that such polite Company should prevail much on the flexible Temper of a young Prince, who is as a *Pilgrim* in a strange Country, where he can hear nothing but perpetual *Eulogies* of the *Christian Religion*; nor see any Thing but Objects, which serve only to confirm in his Mind a venerable *Idea* of that *Faith* he has embraced. Besides, they say he is fallen deeply in Love with a young *Roman Lady*; so that there is no hope of rescuing him from the Power of so many Enchantments.

Therefore, giving him over as lost, let us pray the *Omnipotent*, to establish us in his *Truth*; that neither Interest, Passion, nor an erroneous Conscience may ever be able to make us swerve from the *Law* written in *Heaven*, but, that we may adhere to *God* and his *Prophets*, with a Thousand Souls.

Paris, 5th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER XIV.

To Sala Tircheni Emin, Superintendant
of the Royal Arsenal at Constantinople.

WE are all alarm'd here with the News of I know not what boisterous Adventures of the *Cossacks*, and their Neighbours, that possess the ancient Kingdom of *Colchis*. Had I not a firm *Faith* in the *Alcoran*, 'twould fill me with *Pannick Fears*. But, no Attempts can prevail against the Men fighting under the *Shadow* of the *Prophet*. He descended with a consummate Authority, from the *Monarch* who commands all Things. The *Mandate* of *Heaven* will disperse the *Infidels*. The *seven Vizirs* above, were Witnesses to the Words, whose *Echo's* caus'd Thunder, when the *Prophet* retir'd from the *Steps* of the *Throne*. Had not *Moses* given him
Warning

Warning (who remembred the Noise in the *Mount*) the *Apostle* had lost his *Address*, and been confounded before the *Angels*; but encourag'd with the Whisper of the *Man with Horns*, he made no Default in his *Congee*: And with little loss of Time arriv'd to the *ninth Sphere*, where he proclaim'd the *Nestiarum*; and all the *Inhabitants* of that *Orb* resorted to the *Banner* which he had in his Hands. The *Prophet* told 'em, 'Twas only for a *Trial* of their *Fidelity*. They made Obeisance and retir'd.

From that Place he made no Scruple, but that the *Elect* in *Heaven* and *Earth* would obey the *Divine Patent*. He finish'd his *Descent* triumphantly, and pitch'd his Feet on *Mount Uriel*. Those that believe *Hali*, say, 'Twas on the Top of the *ragged Rock*: But let *Hereticks* alone in their *Infidelity*. Be it where it pleas'd *God*, he spoke the *Words* that shall ne'er be revers'd when he display'd the *heavenly Silk*, and said, *Whoever takes up Arms against this Banner, shall be reputed an Infidel; he shall be exterminated from the Earth.*

I often think on these Passages in the *holy Memoirs*, the *Collections* of the *Life* full of *Wonders*. Then I comfort my self with this Thought, That if all the *uncircumcis'd* in the *World* should enter into a Combination, they would not succeed against the Men fighting under the *Commission* with the *Seal*.

I have sent a Letter to the *Bassa* of the *Sea*, acquainting him with the News of this *Expedition* of the *Cossacks*. Since which I am informed, That these *People* are headed by a famous *Pirate* in those *Parts*, a Man of a daring Spirit, and capable of the bold *stundertakings*. The *French Merchants*, who have traded in the *Black Sea*, give him a high Character; and portend great Injuries to the *Ottoman Empire* from the Success of his Arms: For, they say, He is a good *Captain*, both by *Sea* and *Land*. I have heard several different Stories of his Birth and Education; But, this I am going to relate, comes from the best Hands, and seems most probable.

His Name is *Pachicour*, a *Circassian* by Birth, but bred up in a *Sea Town* of the *Ukrain*, near the Mouth of the *Niester*. He left his *Native Country*, at the Age of twelve Years, out of a Desire to see foreign *Parts*, embarking

barking himself unknown to his Parents in a Vessel of *Podolia*, which then was ready to set sail from *Bala-Clug*. He carry'd with him a small Sum of Money, which he had purloin'd from his Father, and serv'd as a Fund of his future Fortune: For arriving at a certain Town in *Podolia*, he frequented the *Keys*, and offer'd his Service to several *Merchants*; one of which observing in his Face the Marks of a promising *Genius*, entertain'd him in his House. He liv'd with him seven Years, and perform'd his Office so well, that he made him his *Factor* to *Constantinople*.

Pachicour discharg'd his Trust there with much Profit to his *Master*, and *Honour* to himself. So that at his Return, several *Merchants* entrusted him with their Goods; and sent him to trade at *Cassa*, and other Towns on the *Black Sea*. His Judgment and Reputation encreasing with his Years, he became in Time famous in all the trading Towns. And such was his Credit in the *Ukrain*, that all the *Merchants* put their Vessels and Goods into his hands: So that he sail'd many Times with a Fleet of twenty Ships having the Disposal of all the Goods, committed to his Management. He grew so rich in Time by his Dealings, that he was able to drive a considerable Trade for himself. And then it was, he began to lay the Foundation of a Design, which he has since executed. His *Genius* was too active always to be confin'd to this slow way of growing *Great*: Therefore he was resolv'd at one Blow to raise his Fortune to the Pitch he aim'd at. He was the only *Brother Bankier* and *Merchant* wherever he came.

It was no difficult Thing for a Man of so vast a Credit to raise an extraordinary Stock; and *Pachicour* could easily silence the Alarms of *Conscience*. There happen'd also a Juncture very proper for his Design. For while he was at *Isgaon*, a Port of *Circassia*, Day and Night projecting how to exalt himself, a War broke out between his Countrymen and the *Mingrelians*. The latter appear'd with a Navy at Sea, which alarm'd all the *Maritime Parts* of *Circassia*. *Pachicour*, whose Invention was always busy, took a Hint from this, to accomplish his Plot. Expedition was his chiefest Game.

Therefore

Therefore he speedily made the utmost Use of his Credit among the *Podolian Merchants*: and other Foreigners residing at *Isgaou*. And, when he had amass'd together prodigious Sums of Gold, for which he only gave them *Bills of Exchange*, he privately sends away this huge Treasure, with all his Jewels, Tissues, and other rich Merchandize, to his Fathers House, who liv'd not many Leagues from this Town.

Within two Days after this, the *Mingrelian Fleet* made a Descent at *Isgaou*, sack'd it, carry'd away Two thousand Captives, and went to their Vessels again.

Pachicour, who knew how to make an Advantage of this Opportunity, privately fled after his Wealth, as soon as the *Mingrelian Fleet* appear'd before the Place. And it happen'd that most of his Creditors were made Slaves, and transported to *Mingrelia*. He had no need to take any further Care, but how to secure his Riches from his pelfering Neighbours: For the *Circassians* are all profess'd Thieves. He therefore makes haste to his Father; and having gratified him for his Trouble, he in a short Time purchas'd four *Men of War*, with which he sets up for a *Pirate*, infesting those Seas, and robbing all the *Merchants*, except those who had formerly entrusted him. His Bounty and Valour charm'd all that serv'd him. And his Fame spreading with his wonderful Success, many *Circassians* put out to Sea, and join'd with him: So that in a little Time he made no small Figure in the Kingdom of Neptune. Seeing himself Commander of a Powerful Navy, he found out quickly the *Mingrelian Fleet*, and engaging with them got a glorious Victory.

Soon after, a Peace was concluded, and *Pachicour* was declar'd Admiral of all the *Circassian* Sea Forces: To which the *Mingrelians* where oblig'd by Treaty to join theirs, and to obey *Pachicour's* Orders. In a little Time, this fortunate General became so famous, that the *Cossacks* sent to him an Agent, and enter'd into a League; furnish'd out three hundred Vessels, and join'd the *Circassian* and *Mingrelian* Fleets.

This is the Bottom of the new Expedition which makes so loud a Noise in these Parts.

Thou

Thou who art *Master* of the *Arsenal*, wilt know what Measures are fittest to be taken against this bold *Infidel* if he persists to break the *Peace* of the most *Serene Empire*. Yet, though he is an *Enemy*, let us not envy him the Praises that are due to his Wit and Courage. He seems to surpass the sneaking *Thieves* of his own *Nation*; and undertakes nothing but *Sovereign Cheats*, and noble *Thefts*, such as would pass for *virtuous Actions* in a Man of a *higher Birth*.

I do not plead for *Robbery*, nor take the Part of an *Infidel*; but if I had Time to tell thee some *heroick Passages* of this *Pirate*, thou would'st say, he is worthy of a generous and favourable Usage, should he become a Captive. In another Letter I will oblige thee with a Relation, which will not be unwelcome to a Man who gives not Sentence with the *Vulgar*. I had more to say on another Subject, but I am interrupted. Pardon the Effect of my Duty to the *Grand Seigneur*.

Paris, 19th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER XV.

To Melec Amet Bassa.

THERE is News arrived here lately of the Murther of the *English Ambassador* at the *Hague*. His Name was *Doristlaus*. He was sent by the new *Governors* in *England* to make an *Alliance* with the *States* of *Holland*, and to satisfy them in reference to their late Proceedings against their *Sovereign*. 'Tis said, his *Negotiation* would have had but little Success, in regard the *Prince of Orange*, who is *President* or *Chief* over the *States*, and who married the Daughter of the *English King*, takes to Heart the untimely Death of his *Father-in-Law*, and cannot be reconciled to his Murder-

ers. Yet 'tis to be thought that *Princes* are no farther touched with one another's Misfortunes than concerns their Interest.

However on the 3^d Day of the 5th Moon some *Scots* enter'd into the Lodgings of the *Ambassador*; and having dispatch'd him with several Wounds, made their Escape. It is not certainly known who set these *Assassins* at work. People descant variously, as their Affections byass them. Some reflect on it as a Judgment justly inflicted by *God*, though by an *unjust* Act of Men, on one who had been a notorious Promoter of his *Sovereign's* Death: Others censure it as a most impious *Sacrilege*, in regard the Persons of *Ambassadors* are by the *Law of Nations* esteem'd sacred and inviolable; and the Injuries which they suffer are interpreted not only as done to their *Masters* who send them, but to all Mankind, as if *human Nature* it self were wrong'd in the Persons of *Publick Ministers*.

Indeed there is no Method of establishing or conserving Friendships and *Alliances* between different *Nations*, if their *Agents* be not secured with an Immunity from Assaults and Violences.

The *French* relate a pretty Passage of one of their *Kings*, who before he came to the *Crown*, being *Duke of Orleans*, had receiv'd very ill Usage in his Travels from a certain *Italian Lord*, call'd the *Baron of Benevento*. After this Prince was possess'd of the *Kingdom* the same *Italian Lord* was sent *Ambassador* from the *Viceroy of Naples*, to congratulate his *Accession* to the *Throne* of his *Ancestors*. Some *French Courtiers*, who had been Witnesses of the Injuries this *Lord* had formerly done to their *Master*, now persuaded the *King* to revenge himself, by causing some gross Indignities to be done him whilst he had him in his Power. To whom the wise *Monarch* reply'd, *It becomes not the King of France to revenge on the Ambassador of Naples, the Injuries which the Duke of Orleans receiv'd from the Baron of Benevento.*

'Tis said, the *English Nation* have demanded Satisfaction of the *Hollanders* for the Murder of their *Ambassador*, but were answer'd, *That they themselves ought at first to expiate the Murder of their King.*

The

The *Scots* have revolted from the *New Government* in *England*, and are yet in suspense, whether they shall set up the Son of the late King, or form themselves into an *independent Republick*. The *Irish* are stedfast to the Interests of the *Crown*. And many Islands in *America*, subject to the *Kings* of *England*, have now deny'd all Obedience to the *new English Government*, which seems to tend towards a *Democracy*.

There is much Talk of one *Cromwel*, the *General* of the *English* Forces in *Ireland*. This Man from a private and obscure Estate, is ascended to the Dignity of a *General*, having purchas'd this Command by his Conduct and Valour. The *French* extol him for the greatest *Soldier* of this Age; and if Fame be true, no less a *Statesman*.

As a Mark of the Respect I owe thee, thou wilt receive with this Letter a Pistol of curious Workmanship, which being once charg'd, will deliver six Bullets one after another. If thou acceptest this small Present, it will be an Argument of thy Friendship.

Paris, 19th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER XVI.

To the Venerable Mufti.

I Have often wonder'd at the *Lethargy* wherein the *Nazarenes* seem to be drown'd. They forget what they read in their own *Bibles*; they there encounter with Expressions which savour of the *East*. Every Page of the *written Law* relishes of the *Dialect* which is pure and lively, though the *Translators* have cropt the Flower of the Sense. I have read their *Bible* in *Greek*, *Latin*, and *French*, but none of these *Languages* express to the Life the *original Hebrew*; nor can it be expected. It is impossible to screw up the dull *Phrases* of *Europe* to the significant *Idioms* of *Asia*. We may as well expect *Dates* to spring from

a Reed. And for that Reason it is forbidden the *true Faithful* to translate the *Volume of Light* from the *original Arabick*; which is no other than *Hebrew* in its *ancient Purity*.

This is the *Language* of those who dwell above the *seventh Orb*. 'Tis the *Dialect* wherein *God* converses with the *Pages* of his *divine Seraglio*, wherein all the *Records* of the *celestial Empire* are writ. And when he issues out *Orders* to the *Ministers* and *Bassa's* of *Heaven*, *Hasmariel* the *Secretary* of the *immortal Divan* uses no other Character, or Speech, but that which is peculiar on Earth to the *Sons* of *Ishmael*, the *Inhabitants* of the *Region* on the *East* of the *Red-Sea*. In fine, this is the *Language* wherein the *Omnipotent* thought fit to discover his *Pleasure* to *Mortals*.

Believe *Mahmut*, when he tells thee with profound Submission, that he has taken some Pains to pry into those *Languages* which have been the Channels of *divine Knowledge*. I have been peculiarly ambitious to study the *Anatomy* of *oriental Words*: And it would be no *Hyperbole* to say, I have learn'd to dissect even the very *Syllables*, wherein the various placing of *Points* and *Letters* alters the *Sense*, or at least makes it ambiguous. So significant and mysterious are our *sacred Characters*.

I speak not this in *Peevishness*, or to vindicate my self from the *Contempt* which *Ichingi Cap Oglani* has put upon me. I have no *Emulation* in that Point; nor can any little Spur of pedantick *Ambition* make me forward to contend with a Man, whose whole Talent consists in knowing and remembering other Men's *Works*; as if he had studied at *Athens* only for this End, to learn the facetious Art of turning his *Brains* into a *Catalogue* of *Books*. But I reflect on the *Learned* among the *Nazarenes*, who are chiefly to blame, having the *Custody* of the *Book* delivered to them from the *Jews*: And among them, the *Translators* of that *Volume* are past Excuse, for they have deflower'd the *Original*, and robb'd the *Virgin Language* of its Beauty and Honour, whilst the rest are *Witnesses* and silent *Abettors* of the *Rape*, in concealing the *Indignity* that has been done to the *Letters* form'd by the *Finger* of *God*, and full of *divine Mysteries*.

In

In thus accusing the *Christian Interpreters* of the Bible, I do not patronize the *critical* Whimsies of the *Jewish Cabalists*. They are exploded by all Men of Sense; yet there is a *Medium* between the Excess of that affected Niceness, which has render'd the *one* ridiculous, and of that study'd Carelessness to which the Obscurity of the *other* is owing. As the *Hebrews*, by pressing the Letters too close, have squeez'd out *divine Chimera's*; so the *Christians*, in using too slack a Hand, have scarce gain'd a gross Draught of common human Sense, leaving the genuine *Elixir* of the Writer's Meaning behind.

I will not lay much to the Charge of the *Translators* employ'd by *Ptolomy Philadelphus*, King of *Egypt*. These were no *Christians*, nor yet in the Number of those who adored the *celestial Bodies* and *Elements*: Nor did any of them pay their *Devotions* at the same *Altar* with that *Egyptian Monarch*, who was a *Worshipper* of the God *Serapis*! But they were *Jews*, seventy, or two more in Number, as the *Tradition* goes. And being every one commanded severally to translate those *Manuscripts* which the *Jews* esteemed the *Oracles of God*, without conversing with, or seeing each other, 'tis said, their *Versions* all agreed to a *Syllable*.

This is the Story of the *Jews*, and seems to be credited by the *Christians*: Yet some have found many Errors and Incongruities in that celebrated Copy. And 'tis easy for an impartial Eye, especially in the Head of an *Oriental*, to spy many more.

But the *Latin*, which they call the *vulgar Translation*, is full of Mistakes. And the pretended *Saint* who made it should have gone farther than *Palestine* for his Intelligence in *ancient Hebrew*. His Name (if I mistake not) was *Hieronymus*. He pass'd many Years in a Cell, near the suppos'd Tomb of the *Christians Messiah* in the *Holy Land*: Where they say he was inspir'd with the Knowledge of *Hebrew*; and from thence ventur'd upon a *Translation* of the *Old Testament*.

Thou wilt not expect a Certificate of these Things from *Mahmut*, who only tells thee what he has read in *Christian* Authors, whom they call the *Historians* of their *Church*.

But

But I can assure thee, 'twas no *Spirit* of the *last* assisted this *Ecclesiastic* in his *Version*. For he comes far short of rightly rendering the lofty *Hyperboles*, apposite *Similitudes*, elegant *Figures*, and other *Ornaments* of *Speech* peculiar to the *Writings* of those who first see the *Rising Sun*. Such are all those penn'd in the *East*: From which we must not exclude the *Manuscripts* of *Moses*, and the rest of the *Hebrew Prophets*, *Poets*, *Historians*, and *Philosophers*. Of these does the *Old Testament* consist, except one *Book* writ by my Countryman *Job*, who five Times foild the *Devil* in so many *set Combats* before *God*.

What shall I say then of the *Translations* that have been made of their *Bible* in other *Languages*, not so copious and significant as the *Latin*!

Since this Division arose between the *Roman-Catholicks* and *Protestants*, their *Bible* has been taught to speak the *Dialect* of all, or most Nations in *Europe*. Yet such is the Unhappiness of the *Franks*, that the more they tamper with the *Language* of great *Purity*, the worse they succeed. Which has occasion'd some learned Men, as I am inform'd, to mark above a thousand Faults in the last *French Version* of that *mysterious Book*.

What room will they leave for the *Censures* of the *Mussulmans*, if the *Christians* themselves are thus critical upon the *Grand Patent* of their *Salvation*?

It would be an endless Task to recount all the *Errors* that may be discern'd in the various *Traducts* of the *Bible*, by any Man that has convers'd in the *East*. Neither will I intrench on thy *Patience* to gain the Character of a *Critic*.

Permit me to glance only on the *Psalter*, or the *Odes* of *Sultan David*. How flat and dull are the *Measures* of the *Christian Translators*? How low have they sunk the *Sense* of that *Royal Poet*? He never began to warble forth any of those *Divine Songs*, till first inspir'd by a *Seraph*, whom he had lur'd down from *Paradise* by the *Melody* of his *Harp*. That *Seraph* was Master of the *Musick* above, as the *Hebrew Doctors* teach. Every time *David* play'd on his *Instruments*, *Ariel* (for so was the *Spirit* called) made his *Descent*, and sung with a *Grace* which cannot be express'd. The docile *Poet* soon learn'd both his *Notes* and
Words.

Words. Seven hundred Times *David* touch'd his harmonious Strings, and so often the *Angel* stood by him with the *Book* of the *Quire*. He taught him Seven hundred *Sonnets* that are chanted by the *Lovers* in *Paradise*. But the *Devil* stole 'em from the *King* whilst he was gazing on another Man's Wife, bathing her self in an adjoining Garden.

Yet there are above a hundred *Hymns* remaining, which *David* compos'd by Memory out of the former. But some *Sects* among the *Christians* have turn'd them to the *Ballads* of the *Vulgar*.

So have they dealt by that surpassing *Poem* of *Solyman*, taught him by the *Ethereal Tutor* of his *Father*. For *Ariel* was enamour'd of one of the *Virgins* of *Paradise*, at the same Time that *Solomon* enjoy'd *Pharaoh's* Daughter, and had newly built for her a *Seraglio* of *Cedar*. The heavenly *Lover* therefore, to accommodate himself to the *Passion* of the *Mortal*, taught him one of the *Pastorals* of *Eden*, a *Song* peculiar to his own *Amour*.

But the *Nazarenes* have turn'd it to a dry and insignificant *Allegory* by their *Glosses*; putting an *Affront* also upon *Rhetorick* and *Poetry*, in wording their *Translation*.

If I should go on and number the *Mistakes* they have made in the *Writings* of the *Prophets*, and other *Books* of the *Old Testament*, though it were but in this general Manner, I should tire thee out; but to recount the *Particulars*, would be a *thirteenth Task* for *Hercules*.

Yet after all these Defaults of the *Learned*, neither they nor the *Ignorant* can be excus'd from wilful Blindness, in shutting their *Eyes* against the *Twilight* which appears in the worst *Translation*, and is sufficient to direct any Man to the *East*, where *Wisdom* shines in her perfect *Splendor*.

There are Expressions all over the *Scriptures*, which point to the *Laws*, *Customs*, *Habits*, *Diet* and *Manner* of *Life* used in the *Regions* first visited by the *Morning Sun*. These are the same now as they were of old; and the *Musfulmans* of this *Age* observe no other *Rule* of *Life* but what was practis'd by the *Patriarch Ibrahim*. above three thousand *Years* ago, and by all the *Faithful* of those *Times*. Our *Marriages*, *Circumcisions*, *Funerals*, *Prayers*, *Washing*,
and

and all other Ceremonies of Religion or Civility, are the same now as then: There is nothing added or diminished save the Faith and Obedience we owe to Mahomet the Ambassador of God, and to the Volume put into his Hands by Gabriel, Prince of the divine Messengers.

Our very Habits, and the Manner of our Building; our Salutations and whole Address are the same at this Day, as the Scripture tells us were in use in those Ages next after the Flood among the Patriarchs and Prophets, and among all the true Believers, the Posterity of Ibrahim, especially the Descendants by the Right Line, the Stem of Ismael, the eldest Son of him who entertained three Angels at once in his Tent.

Yet the Infidels will not consider it; but persuade themselves they are the only Children of the faithful Ibrahim, pretending to practise, in I know not what figurative Sense, the Life we lead in Truth. Cheating themselves with empty Symbols, while we enjoy the Substance.

But thou, great Successor of Ibrahim and the Prophets, vouchsafe to pray for Mahmut, that whilst his Duty to the Grand Signior obliges him to dwell here in the West, and to converse with none but Infidels, he may still retain the Faith of the East, the Devotion of an Ismaelite, and the Purity of a true Believer; still crying in his Heart, even in the Temples of the Infidels, there is but one God, and Mahomet his Messenger.

Paris, 5th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER XVII.

To the Chiaus Bassa.

THE Peace agreed on last Year between the Germans and Swedes, is not yet fully established and confirmed, there has been a Cessation of Arms since that Time. And now the Duke Amalfi on the Emperor's Side, the Duke of Vandort for the King of France, and he of Erskin for the

the *Crown of Swedeland*, are met at *Norimburgh*, to conclude a final *Ratification* of the *Articles*.

During this *Consult*, the *Swedish Army* are permitted by the *Emperor's Agreement*, to quarter up and down in *seven Circles* of the *Empire*, and not to be discharged till all their *Arrears* are paid at the *Cost* of the *Germans*. 'Tis said it will amount to three *Millions* of *Sequins*. This *War* has lasted near thirty *Years*; in which above three hundred thousand *Men* have lost their *Lives*.

As to the *English Affairs*, the prevailing *Party* there have declared that *ancient Kingdom* to be a *free State*, and the *Monarchy* is abolish'd by a *publick Act*. Nevertheless, after *Charles* was beheaded, his eldest *Son* was proclaim'd *King*, both in *England* and *Ireland*, by some of the *Nobles* and *Gentry* that were *Friends* to that *Royal Family*. And in *Ireland*, a certain great *Duke* appear'd at the *Head* of a numerous *Army*, in behalf of the young *King's Interest*, having laid *Siege* to the *Metropolis* of that *Kingdom*; which with one other *Town*, were the only strong *Holds* that resisted the *King's Party*. But in the 8th *Moon*, the *Army* which the *English States* had newly sent over to that *Island* engag'd with the *Forces* of this *Duke*, entirely routed them, killing two thousand *Men* on the *Spot*, and taking many thousand *Prisoners*, with all their *Ammunition* and *Baggage*. This being seconded with other *Victories*, in a small *Time* reduced that *Kingdom* under the *Obedience* of the *English States*.

In the mean *Time* I hear no pleasing *News* from the *Levant*. *Vessels* daily arrive in the *Havens* of *France*, who confirm each other's *Relations* of a dreadful *Naval Combat* between our *Fleet* and that of the *Venetians*; wherein they say, we have lost seventy two *Galliot*s, threescore *Merchant Vessels*, and eighteen *Ships of War*: That in this *Fight* six thousand five hundred *Mussulmans* have lost their *Lives*, and near ten thousand were taken *Prisoners*.

I tell thee, these are great *Breaches* in the *Navy*, which belonging to the *Lord* of the *Sea* and *Land*, has assum'd to it self the *Epithet* of *INVINCIBLE*. These are *Blemishes* in the *Ensigns* of high *Renown*, *Reproaches* to the *Empire* which we believe is to subdue all *Nations*.

I reflect

I reflect not on the Courage, or Conduct, of the *Captain Bassa*; neither am I willing to help forward the Ruin of a Man, who cannot expect to be honour'd with a Vest, a Sword, or any other Marks of the *Sultan's* Favour, for his Service in this *Sea-Campaign*. I am naturally compassionate. 'Tis not in my Praise I speak it; for, I believe this Tendernefs, to be rather a *Vice* of my *Constitution*, than to have any Rank of *Morals*, much less to be of Kin to the *Family* of *Virtues*. I pity a Man falling into Disgrace, on whom the *Weather* of the *Seraglio* changes, from which he must expect nothing but Clouds and Storms. Those Tempests will prove more fatal to him, than any that ever tossed his *Fleet* on the ruffled *Ocean*. In all Probability, he will suffer a Shipwreck of his Fortune, if not of his Life. Therefore 'tis with extreme Regret I must say that which may hasten his Fall.

But I am commanded not to conceal any Intelligence, that relates to the Interest of the *Sublime Port*, nor to spare the Son of my Mother, if I know him guilty of criminal Practices.

All that I have to lay to the Charge of the *Bassa* of the *Sea*, is a private Correspondence which he holds with *Cardinal Mazarini*. This I discover'd by the Assistance of a *Dwarf*, whom I have often mention'd in my Letters to the *Grandeurs* of the *Port*. I need not repeat to thee, what I have said already to them, of the Birth, Education and Genius of *Osmin*, (for so is the little Spark call'd) nor of the Method I have put him upon, to wind himself into the Secrets of the *Publick Ministers*. Only thou may'st report to the *Divan*, that this diminutive Man continues to pursue his Advantages of Access to the Closets of the *French Ministers*, whereof I gave an Account last Year, in a Letter to *Chiurgi Mahammet Bassa*.

Thou may'st assure them also, That when he was Yesterday in the Chamber of *Cardinal Mazarini*, he cast his Eyes on a Letter which lay open on the Table, while the Cardinal was in earnest Discourse with an extraordinary *Courier* from *Rome*. He had not Opportunity to read more than the *Superscription*, and a Line or two of the Matter; which contained these Words:

VCL. IV.

D

The

*The Mild Commander, the humble Shadow of the bright Star
of the Sea, Bilal Captain Bassa.*

To the most *Illustrious Prince* of the *Kingdom* of the *Messiah*, eminent among the *High Lords* of holy Honour, the sublime *Director* of the *People* of *JESUS*, Assistant to the *Chair* of *Sovereign Dignity*, the *Seat* of the *Roman Cateph*, *Fulio Mazarini*, *Cardinal*, and our *Friend*. May whose latter *Days* encrease in *Happiness*.

THY affectionate Letter and Presents were deliver'd safe to me, as I lay at Anchor with the Fleet under my Command, not far from the Island of Chios. And as a Mark of my Acknowledgment and good Will to thee and all the Nazarenes, I embraced in my Arms the noble Captain Signior Antonio Maratelli, who had the Honour to be trusted with this Negotiation. I immediately disrob'd my self, and caus'd that brave Italian, thy Messenger, to be vested with my own Garment, as a Pledge of——

Before *Osmin* could read farther, the *Cardinal* approach'd the Table and took up the Letter, letting fall some Words to the *Courier*, by which the *Dwarf* was confirm'd in his Suspicion of the *Bassa's* Perfidiousness, and that this Letter newly came from him. He posted immediately to give me an Account of this Passage; believing it to be, as it is, of great Import. For he has a singular Regard for the *Family*, which first exterminated the *Greeks* from *Constantinople*.

Thou knowest what Use to make of this Intelligence. I am not cruelly inclin'd, but I must do my Duty. The rest I refer to thy Prudence.

I will only advertise thee of one farther Remark of *Osmin*, who by comparing what he has seen now, with a Discourse he once before overheard between *Mazarini* and a *French Nobleman*, whilst he lay under the *Cardinal's* Table (which I have insert'd in one of my Letters) concludes, That the *Bassa* there mention'd by the *Cardinal*,

Was this same *Bilal Bassa*, who was at the Instance of the *Janisaries* made *Bassa* of the *Sea*.

I could not, without making my self an Accomplice, conceal so foul an Ingratitude to the *Grand Signior*, and so villanous a *Treason* against the *Empire*, which holds the first Rank among all the *Dominions* on *Earth*.

Paris, 24th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER XVIII.

To Cara Hali, Physician to the Grand Signior.

WE have had a violent hot Summer in these Parts, with much *Thunder* and *Lightning*; which has done considerable Damage to the *Farmers*, in burning their Hay and Corn in their *Granaries*. Complaints arrive here daily from all the *Provinces*, that *Heaven* has consumed their *Harvests*.

This the *Court Party* interpret as a *Judgment* on them for their *Rebellions*; causing it to be industriously spread about in all Companies, that *Heaven* is angry with the *Inhabitants* of *Guyenne*, *Bordeaux*, and other *Provinces*, for taking up Arms this Year against their *Sovereign*. I know not how far this Censure is justifiable: But 'tis observ'd that the People of these *Rebellious Provinces* have receiv'd more apparent and irreparable Injuries by the *Lightning*, than those of other Parts. Several *Members* of the *Parliament* of *Aix* were found dead in their Beds, after a tempestuous Night of *Lightning*. And next Day, the *Roof* of the *House* where they assembled fell down and kill'd several.

In the great *Church* of *Bordeaux*, as they were celebrating their *Mass*, a Ball of Fire broke in from behind the *Altar*, smote down several *Images*, and filling the *Church* with an intolerable Stink, flew out at a Window,

without doing any farther Harm. And a great Bank of Money, rais'd by this City to pay their Soldiers, was all melted down by *Lightning*, to the Astonishment of those who saw it; for it was done in the Day-time, the *Grande* of *Bourdeaux* being present. It would be endless to recount all the Mischiefs that have been done in those Parts. We had no great Harm here, save that almost all the *Wine* in the City was turn'd to a Kind of *Vinegar* in one Night. Which the *Philosophers* attribute to the peculiar *Energy* of *Lightning*, which plays the *Chymist* with this Liquor, and in a Moment separates and drinks up its Vital Spirits, leaving only a *mortuum Caput* behind.

The *Season* has been so hot during the *Dog-Days*, that the Air it self seem'd combustible; and the very Winds, from whence we look'd for Refreshment, were like the Breath of a Stove: All Things seem'd ready to take Fire, as if the *Elements* waited for the *Grand Conflagration*. Heat was the Cry every where. Men's Bodies were scalded with internal Flames; the Shade of Trees afford'd no Relief, the Fountains could not allay their Thirst. All *Nature* seem'd to be in a *Fever*, ready to expire.

Now those Fervors are abated, and we begin to have frosty Mornings. The nitrous Air restores Men's Appetites. Abundance of Rain has new moulded the gaping parch'd Earth, and produc'd a *second Spring*. The Husbandman comforts himself with the Hopes of another Crop of Hay, to repair the Loss of the former, which the *Lightning* robb'd him of. In the mean Time, the Winds are very busy in disrobbing the Trees, and scattering not only their Leaves, but also the Fruit that is not gather'd, on the Ground; whereby a *Banquet* is prepar'd for the *Hogs* in every *Orchard*, who claim as much Right to feed on what lies on the *common Table* as their *Owners*: And 'tis no unpleasant *Musick*, to hear a Herd of *Swine* set their Teeth at work on the wind-fallen Apples. At least, this Spectacle and Noise is delightful to me, who have been without Appetite these three *Moons*, and but just begin to recover my Stomach. I often ride out of *Paris*, on purpose to take the Country Air, where my Bread tastes more favourily than in the City: There appears something so harmless and innocent in the

Faces

Faces and Behaviour of the *Rusticks*, as effectually relieves my *Melancholy*. I cannot discern in them any Signatures of *Court-Craft* and Villainy. Their Conversation cheers my Spirits. I love to hear them talk of their *rural Affairs*. My Eye follows the Ploughmen with Envy. Then I could wish it had been my Lot to have been bred up in some homely Cottage, where I might have tended Oxen, Sheep or Asses; all which act regularly according to their *Nature*: Whereas, he that is the *Servant* of *Princes*, is compelled to do many Things contrary to his *Reason*; which is the greatest Unhappiness can befall a Man. How sweet is the Sleep of the Husbandman by Night, and how void is his Mind of imbittering Cares by Day? He rises with the *Lark*, and is as chearful as that pretty Bird, saluting *Aurora* with a *Song* or *Lesson* on his Pipe. He snuffs up the wholesome and fragrant Dew of the Morning, as he walks over the Lands. He beholds, with Admiration and Pleasure, the gilded Clouds and Tops of Mountains, when the *Sun* comes forth of his *Bed-Chamber* in the *East*. He spurs himself on to his daily Labour, by the Example of that active *Planet*, following his Work with Content and Joy. His Food is pleasant both in his Mouth and his Belly; he feels no After-pangs through Satiety; but well refreshed and nourished with his homely Diet, he lies down with the Lamb, and sleeps in Peace, never dreaming of *State-Intrigues*, or the *Plots* of the *Mighty*. Thus he passes his Life in a Circle of Delights.

Tell me, dear *Hali*, are not these proper Objects of Envy to a Man in my Circumstances? Or, canst thou blame *Mahmut*, who has neither Health of Body, nor Peace of Mind, for wishing himself in a Condition, which would entitle him to both? I am entangled in a thousand Snares; my Employment is a perfect Riddle. I must say and unsay the same Things, as often as Occasion requires. I must tell an hundred Lies, swear and forswear my self every Hour, if the Interest of the *Grand Seignior* be at Stake. I must be a *Mahometan*, *Christian*, *Jew*, or any thing that will serve a Turn; dissemble with God and Man, blaspheme the *Prophets*,
D 3 curse

curse the *True Believers*, and my self too, rather than baulk the *Cause* I am engag'd in: And yet, all this while they will persuade me, I am a good Man, and shall go to *Paradise*. As if the *Mufti's* Despensations were available to cancel the exprefs, positive *Law of God!* Do they think to amuse me with such Umbrages, and send me muzzled to *Hell* with my Eyes open? I tell thee, I have a *Conscience*, and such a *Conscience* as will not let me be at Rest in this manner of Life. It were better to die, than to live stain'd with so many Prevarications. I know not what to do amidst so many Terrors: I feel my Body decay apace, and hastening towards its Dissolution. What will become of me, if I should die under the Burden of so many Sins? What Answer shall I be able to make to the *two Inquisitors* of the *Grave*, the *Angels* who shall examine me, who is my *God*, and who is my *Prophet*, and, what is my *Faith*? The Darknes of that *Region of Shadows* will not be sufficient to hide my Blushes, and the Confusion I shall be in at so pressing a Tryal.

All my Comfort is, That I have yet Friends left, to whom I may freely vent my Thoughts, and ask their Counsel.

If thou hast any Remains of that Friendship that has been between us, weigh my Case thoroughly, and tell me whether I am not lost for ever, without a Change of Life? Flatter me not, neither use the Artifices of Civility, in palliating my Crimes; but search my Wounds, and give me thy Advice without a Veil, and *Mahmud* shall esteem thee *Physician* of his *Soul*.

Paris, 24th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

To Kenan Bassa, Chief Treasurer to his
Highness at Constantinople.

IF I have not addressed to thee before, attribute it to my Ignorance of thy *Quality* and *Person*. As soon as I heard of thy Advancement to this important Trust, I resolved to salute thee, as becomes a *Slave* in my Post, and to wish thee all the Happiness thou canst desire. Yet, when I congratulate thy *Rise*, remember, I do but welcome thee to a *Precipice*, a mere *Pinnacle* of *Fortune*, where thou hast no Reason to expect secure Footing. The Blast of an envious Mouth will make thee totter. Thou breathest in an Element full of Tempests. The sly Practices of a *Rival* may undermine thee; or the more open Frowns of thy *Sovereign* may cast thee down. Thou art ever liable to the Malice of the Vulgar, and not a little in Danger of thy own Weakness, the inseparable Companion of Humanity. If thou shouldest once look with Disdain on those that are beneath thee, the vast Distance and Height of the Prospect may make thee giddy. Therefore it would be good for thee to have thy Eyes always fix'd on thy self. That will prove the best *Chart*, by which to steer thy Course through the Rocks and Sands, which on all Hands threaten the Life of a *Courtier*. It will not be amiss also, to place before thee the Examples of wise Men, thy Predecessors. There is a greater Force in these, than in the best Counsels; because Matter of Fact leaves no Room for Distrust: Whereas Men are naturally jealous of those who pretend to instruct them. We are all fond of our own Reason and Judgment; and are apt to suspect him of some Design who seeks to persuade us, though to our Good. Besides, there is a *Species* of *Pride*, a *Punctilio* of *Honour* in *Mortals*, which will hardly permit us to yield our selves in a Condition to need another's Advice: Whence comes the *Arabian Proverb*, which says, *A Man*

profits more by the Sight of an Idiot, than by the Orations of the Learned. We all love to make our own Experiments, and sooner trust any Sense than our Ears. Therefore the *Lacedemonians* caused their *Slaves* to be made drunk in the Presence of their Children; that from the *Squalidness* of the *Spectacle* they might conceive a Hatred against that Vice, which by all the *Instructions* in the World they would never learn to abhor.

The Crimes of some in thy *Station* have more of Sobriety in them, but less Honesty. Wonder not at the Expression, nor accuse me of Impudence. I reflect only on the Wicked: Number not thy self among them.

Thou knowest it has been an ancient Custom for our renowned *Emperors*, to divert themselves at certain Times with the Sight of their *inestimable* Treasury. I am no Stranger to the Ceremonies used at such Times; one would think it impossible, amidst so much Caution, that the *Grand Seignior* should be defrauded of the least Part of his Wealth. I do not speak of the *Chamber of Arms*, or those others which make up the *Imperial Wardrobe*. The Bulk and Weight of those rich Velvet *Brotadoes*, and other Furniture of Gold and Silver, discourages the Theft. But who can number the *Robberies* that have been committed among the *Jewels*, and *invaluable Rarities* of the *mysterious Closet*? It has been found easy to conceal and transport from thence, whole Beds of *Diamonds*, and Chains of Pearl, undiscovered, I will not say unsuspected, at the Times when *Anackaar-Agass* gives three Knocks on the *Cabinet* of the Keys.

These are Hours of Munificence and Royal Bounty, when the *august Lord* of the *Mines* is pleas'd to gratify his *Slaves* with Gifts, and make them sensible they serve him, who commands this *upper World*, and that underneath.

No Prince can discommend this domestick Sport of our *Sovereign*, when he makes his *Pages* scramble for *Diamonds* and *Rubies*, since it gives him a Taste of his own *Humanity*; nothing being more agreeable, in Cases on this side of amorous Jealousy, than to let others partake of our Pleasures: And 'tis the peculiar Delight of

Kings

Kings sometimes to lay aside their State and Grandeur, to be familiar with their Attendants, making them their Companions, or, at least, their *Proxies* in many Enjoyments.

But 'tis pity this Favour should be abused, as it has been, in the Instance I mention'd. Thou art no Stranger to the *Records* of the *Hafna*, which tells us, That when *Gelep Chians Bassa* was made *chief Treasurer* in the Reign of *Sultan Mustapha*, the Lucre of the glittering Jewels had tempted him to defraud his Master, to the Value of five hundred thousand *Sequins*; which upon the Information of three *Pages*, and a diligent Search, were found in his Trunks.

It has been whisper'd also, That few have enjoyed that Office, who have not purloin'd something from the *Imperial Coffers*. They say, 'Tis an hereditary Theft deliver'd by Tradition from one to another; every *Hafnadarbassi* being advanc'd to that Honour by the Recommendation of his *Predecessor*, for the Service he has done him in conniving at these Practices, which cannot be hid from any of the *Sixty* who guard the *Royal Wealth*.

Thou canst not blame me, for putting thee in Mind of these Things; in regard I am commanded to write with all Freedom to the *sublime Ministers*, whatever concerns the Interest of our *great Master*.

I have no more to say, but to desire thee, in transmitting what Money is appointed for me, to be timely and punctually, to send *Duplicates* by different *Posts*, that if one should miscarry, I may not be at a Loss: For, there is no Credit for a *Mussulman* in *Paris*. *Eliachim* would supply me with what may suffice a *Dervich*; but it belongs to thee to take Care, that I want not what is requisite for an *Agent* of the *Grand Seignior*.

Paris, 22d of the 10th Moon,

of the Year 1649.

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LETTER

LETTER XX.

To Pestelihali, his Brother.

I Unwillingly concluded my last Letter, before I had vented half my Thoughts, on those *Oriental* Subjects, so full of Instruction and Pleasure. Thy *Journal* is become my Pocket-Companion. I carry it with me to the *Gardens* and *Solitudes*, and even to the *Libraries* and *Churches*: To which last I am obliged to go sometimes, that I may avoid Suspicion.

The *Christians*, when they enter the most delightful *Gardens* of *Paris*, spend their Time, and weary themselves, in walking forward and backward. They will measure several Leagues in traversing one *Alley*: Which vain Custom, thou knowest, is contrary to the Practice of the *Eastern* People, who love to solace themselves, in sitting still under the cool Shades, and feeding their Eyes with the grateful Verdure of Trees, their Noses with the fragrant Smell of Herbs and Flowers, and their Ears with the pretty Melody of the Birds: All which serve as Helps to their Contemplation.

After this manner I many Times pass away some Hours in the *Gardens* of this City, whereof there are great Plenty. And when I am cloy'd with the fore-mentioned Pleasure, then I take out thy *Journal*, and fall to reading; which winds up my Thoughts afresh, like a Watch that is down: Nay, it opens new Sources of Contemplation, and serves as a miraculous *Talisman* to bring *China*, *India*, and all the *East* into the Place where I am; so lively and natural are thy Discourses of those *Parts*.

When I am in *Churches* it serves me instead of a *Prayer Book*: And, whilst others are babbling over they know not what, or at least they care not what; I offer up to *God* the *First Fruit* of my Reason and Knowledge, which he has given me to distinguish me from all Sorts of Beasts, whether in human Shape, or not.

When

When I go to the *Libraries*, I compare thy *Journal* with the *Writings* of others who treat of the same Matters; and find, that thou agreeest with some, correctest the Mistakes of others, and in all, shewest a *Genius* elevated above all others of the common *Historians* and *Travellers*; who seek rather to amuse the Reader with uncouth Stories and Adventures, than to instruct him with what is really useful and profitable.

Thus thy *Journal* is become the Companion of my Solitudes, the Object of my Studies, and the Help to my Devotions abroad; and it is no less the Diversion of my Retirement and Melancholy at home. I am a great Admirer of *Antiquity*; and therefore an old craggy Rock, o'er-grown with Moss, and full of gaping *Chasms*, is a more agreeable Sight to me, than the flow'ry Meadows or verdant Groves; because the former looks like a *Relick* of the *primitive Chaos*; whereas, I know the latter to be only the Product of the last *Spring*. 'Tis for this Reason, thy *Narrative* affords me so vast a Delight, because it treats of the most ancient *Kingdoms* and *Governments* in the *World*: And is not stuffed with *Chimera's* and *Fables*, as most *Relations* of those Countries are; but gives us a sincere and true Account of whatever is considerable, without touching on *Impertinences*.

But above all, I am delighted with that Part which relates thy Travels in *China*: That Country being of so vast an extent, so rich, so populous; the People so industrious, learned and politick (besides the *Antiquity* of their *Empire* which cannot in that point be match'd by any *Government* under the *Heavens*;) that the exact Knowledge of these Things seems to me of greater Moment, than any other Discoveries whatsoever.

What thou sayest of the *Chinese* Letters and Words, shews, That thou hast made some Inspection into that *Language*. And thy Remarks on the long *Succession* and *Series* of their *Kings*, is an Argument that thou art no Stranger to their *Chronology*, which takes in many Thousands of Years before *Noah's Flood*. Thou art very exact in enumerating their publick *Tribunals* and *Courts* of *Justice*; as also in describing some remarkable *Bridges*,
Temples,

Temples, Palaces and other Structures: Which serve to give the Reader a true *Idea* of the Magnificence and Grandeur of the *Chinese Emperors*; and of the Ingenuity of the *People*, who seem to excel all others in *Arts* and *Sciences*. In a Word, it is evident, that thou didst not pass thy Time with thy Arms folded, whilst thou wert in that *Kingdom*. And I know not how better to express the Esteem I have for thee, on the account of the Pains thou hast taken to inform both thy self and me in Matters of so great Importance, than by giving thee an Account of what Progress the *Tartars* have made in the *Conquest* of that *Empire*, since thy return to *Constantinople*. In my last I acquainted thee with the *Coronation* of the *Tartar King* at *Pekin*; since which other Vessels are arriv'd from those *Parts*, which bring an Account that the young *Tartarian Conqueror* soon pushed forward his Victories; and marching with an Army into *Corea* (which *Kingdom*, thou knowest, borders on *Chian*) the King of that *Country* made his Submissions; and entering into a League with *Zunchi*, held his *Crown* in Fee of that *Victorious Emperor*.

Afterwards he hastened to subdue the *Provinces* which remain'd unconquered. His Method in accomplishing this great Work was by swift Marches, like another *Alexander the Great*; and by laying Siege to the principal City of a *Province*, which he never failed either to take by Force, or compelled to surrender, that so they might escape Famine: And when this was done he took Possession both of it and the whole *Province*, summoning the Cities of lesser Note to surrender; which they seldom refused after they had beheld the Fate of the first. Thus in a little time he became *Master* of all that spacious *Empire*.

The Fame of his Success quickly brought innumerable *Tartars* out of their *Native Country* to follow the Fortune of their *Emperor*. To these he gave the chief Offices of his *Army*, and continued the *Chineses* in the Administration of *Civil* affairs; and, as a Token of their Subjection, he commanded all the *Chineses* to cut their Hair short, and to cloath themselves after the Fashion of the *Tartars*.

They

They give a high Character of this young Prince, who amidst so many Successes and Triumphs discovers not the least Vain-glory, but contains himself within the Bounds of a virtuous Moderation, ascribes all to the Decrees of *Destiny*, and is not in the least puff'd up with any of his glorious Actions; which is an Argument of a Spirit truly heroick. And yet this Prince is an *Idolater*, as are all the *Tartars* of that Nation; or rather, they are Men of no *Religion*, which makes their *Morals* the more admirable: For according to the Relation of those who came last from *China*, the *Tartars* are a very temperate and continent People, abhorring those Vices which are but too common in other Parts of the world, and from which the *true Believers* themselves are not free. They are rigorously just also, and punish all manner of Fraud and Deceit with immediate Death. As for their Conduct and Courage in the Wars, there is no Nation surpasses them, few are their Equals. They are passionate Lovers of an active Life, spending most of their Time on Horseback, either in hunting wild Beasts, or fighting with their Enemies: And their Horses are the best and most courageous in the World. There is nothing the *Tartars* so much despise, as the sedentary Life of *Students* and learned Men; accounting them the Burthen of a *Commonwealth*, lazy Drones, fit only to be sold for Slaves. But Men of Service and Merit in the Wars they have in great Esteem; never failing to reward such with Dignities and Commands proportionable to their Deserts and Capacities. Nay, such is the martial *Genius* of this Nation, that the very Women ride to the Wars with the Men, and perform Exploits above what is expected from that soft and delicate Sex. Both Men and Women are habituated from their Infancy to live in Tents or Waggon, there being very few Cities in all *Tartary*: There they are inur'd to Hunger, Cold, Thirst, and all the Methods of a frugal and hardy Life. This is that which renders them excellent Soldiers, and a Terror to all the Nations round about them. This is that which so soon reduced all *China* to their Obedience; the *Chinese*, among all their Virtues and Accomplishments, being the most effeminate People on Earth. This no doubt thou hast observed.

Brother,

Brother, I advise thee to go to *Kerker Hassan Bassa*, our Countryman, and present to him these Observations on the *Tartars*; which thou may'st easily do by transcribing what is for thy Turn out of this Letter. He inherits his Father's *Genius*; who, thou knowest, was one of the greatest *Hunters* in all *Arabia*, and has a Character not much different from what I have here given thee of the *Tartars*. That *Bassa* will take great Delight in these *Memoirs*, and will think himself obliged to make thee some proper Acknowledgment. He is generous and great, and it lies in his Power to promote thee. I have writ to him already, and have given him an *Encomium* of thy Ability. I will second it with another Letter, in answer to one I lately receiv'd from him, wherein he desires a farther Account of *China*. I will inform him therefore of several Passages out of thy *Journal*. He no doubt, to make a farther Tryal of thy Knowledge, will ask thee several Questions relating to these Matters. So shalt thou have a fair Opportunity of rendring thy self conspicuous, and of gaining his Esteem. Follow my Advice; take Time by the Forelock, and the Event shall prove happy.

Paris, 8th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year, 1649.

LETTER XXI.

To *Kerker, Hassan Bassa*.

I Received thy commands, and am proud of the Honour thou hast done me in requiring the smallest Service at my Hands, especially one of this Nature; which is an Argument that my former Relation of *China* was acceptable to thee. This I account my Honour and Happiness, that I have a Brother who has made such considerable Improvements in his *Travels*: For 'tis to him I owe the Knowledge I have of that Country, and the other Parts of the *East*. As for my Cousin

Isouf,

If you, he would never vouchsafe to send me a Syllable relating to his *Travels*, though he had rambled throughout all *Asia*.

I desired this Favour of him in several Letters, but have received no Answer; so that I know not whether he be dead or alive. My Friends are very backward in writing to me; and unless it be some of the *Ministers of State*, who sometimes honour me with a *Dispatch*, though very rarely, I hardly receive a Letter from my familiar Friends and Relations in twenty *Moons*; which makes me conclude, that Absence of so long a Date, has quite blotted me out of their Minds.

As to what thou desirest farther to know, concerning *China*, my Brother says, That *Empire* contains 4400 wall'd Towns and Cities; 3000 Castles and Towers of Defence on the Frontiers, wherein are always garrison'd a Million of Soldiers, who are reliev'd at due Times by others of equal Number. There are a Million also constantly kept in Pay to guard the *Governours of Provinces*, *Embassadors*, and other *Officers of State*. The Emperor of *China* maintaining five hundred thousand Horse to attend his Person. All this is in time of *Peace*. But upon any *Revolt* or *Invasion*, the Forces are innumerable. There are in *China* 331 Bridges, remarkable for their Strength and Magnificence, beyond all others in the World; 2099 Mountains; Lakes and Medicinal Fountains 1472; 1159 triumphal Arches and other Monuments, erected in honour of valiant and learned Men; 272 Libraries, abounding with all manner of excellent Books; *Temples*, 300000, and as many *Priests*; besides the *Convents* of their *Religions*. They reverence 3036 Male *Saints*, and 208 Female. All which have *Temples* dedicated to their Honour, besides those which are consecrated to the Sun, Moon and Stars, Fire, Air, Earth and Water, and to the *Heavens* which comprehend All, and to the *Celestial Gods* who rule All, and to the *supreme God*, Creator of the *Worlds*. In these *Temples* they celebrate the Praises of their *Gods* and *Heroes* with Musick and Songs, Incense and Sacrifices; believing, That all Things which are conspicuous for the Excellency of their Nature, or from which Mankind receives any
general

general or extraordinary Benefit, ought to be worshipped with *divine* Honours. In this they differ not from the ancient *Pagans* of *Greece* and *Rome*, who had almost as many *Gods* and *Goddeses* as there were several Creatures in the World; so that there was no Beginning nor Ending of their Superstitions; and the the most learned and contemplative of their *Priests*, found the *Ceremonies* of their *Religion* to be an inextricable Labyrinth, where they were often lost. Certainly happy are the *faithful Mussulmans*, who adore but one *God*, the *Fountain* of the *Universe*, without entangling themselves in the *Aburdities* of *Infidels*.

The *Chineses* are great Admirers of themselves, and their own Notions; believing that no People can stand in Competition with them for Learning, Wisdom and Riches. They have a very contemptible *Idea* of all other *Countries*, with their Inhabitants, esteeming them either as *Idiots* or *Monsters*.

This Conceitedness is owing to their Ignorance of the rest of the World; for they seldom or never travel beyond the Limits of their own *Empire*.

I could say a great deal more of this People, but it will be better for thee to hear it from my Brother, who has been there, and can give thee an ample Satisfaction in all things relating to that *Empire*. I have wrote to him to go and kiss the Dust before thy Feet. If thou makest tryal of his Abilities, thou wilt find him improved by his Travels, a Man fit for Business, and one in whom thou may'st confide; which is a Virtue never enough to be prized in these corrupt Times.

In these things however mingle thy own Discretion with the Kindness of a Countryman and the Affection of a Friend.

Paris, 8th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

To Cornezan, Bassa.

WERE *Ovid* alive, the Events of this Year wou'd afford him Matter for new Fictions. He would either tell us, That the Goddess of Love had set a Spell upon Mars, and charm'd him into good Nature; or, That he had drank so large a Draught of *Nepenthe* as has made him forget his old Trade of embroiling Mortals in War. However it be, *Hymen* seems to have the greatest Share in this Year's Actions. For instead of Battels and Sieges, the *Nazarene Princes* have been engaged in Encounters of a softer Character, the gentle Affairs of Love and Marriage.

In the first Moon the new King of Poland, whom they call *John Casimir*, married the Widow of his deceased Brother. In the ninth, the Prince of *Hainault* espous'd the Duke of *Holstein's* Daughter: And the last Moon was remarkable for two Matches; one of the King of Spain with *Anna Maria*, the German Emperor's Daughter; the other of the Duke of Mantua with *Isabella Clara* of Austria.

These are all brushing forward in the Crowd of the Living; they are busy in augmenting the Generations of Men; whilst others of as high Blood are gone to increase the Number of the Dead; being enroll'd among the Ghosts, and made Denizens in the Region of Shadows.

The Empress of Germany died in the fifth Moon, the Duke of *Braganza* in the ninth; the Dutchess of *Modena* in the eighth; and a certain German Prince, whose Name I have forgot, died in the Moon of October. Besides these, Death has also arrested *Ossalmski*, the great Chancellor of Poland; *Wrangel*, General of the Swedish Army; *Frederick*, the German Ambassador at Rome; *Ferdinand*, Elector of Cologne; and the Vice-Roy of *Bohemia*, who was by his Enemies thrown out of a Window, and his Brains dash'd out. So that tho' Mars may have seem'd

to lie dormant this Year, yet his Companion in Mischief, old *Saturn*, has been very active as the *Astrologers* say, who attribute all Events to the *Influx* of the *Stars*. Some are also of Opinion, that the *Eclipses* of the *Sun* and *Moon* this Year were Prefages of the Death of these great Persons. They might as well plead, that the daily *Rising* and *Setting* of those *Luminaries*, portended all the tragical Events that happen'd on Earth; since it is not more *natural* for them to continue unalterably moving from *East* to *West*, than it is for them to be obscur'd, at certain determined *Stations*, in their Journey by *Interpositions* which happen of Course.

We are Strangers to the *Chronologies* of the *Chinese* and *Indian Gentiles*. Neither can any good Account be now given of the ancient *Egyptian* and *Assyrian Records*: They run many *Ages* back beyond the common *Epocha* of the *Beginning* of the *World*.

But the whole *System* of known *History* relates but two extraordinary or preternatural Changes in the Course of the *Sun* during these six thousand Years.

One, when that *Luminary* stood still in the Time of *Jehoshua*, General of the *Israelites*, to serve Ends of *Destiny*, and prolong the Light of the Day to a double Proportion, till the opposite Army was quite destroy'd, and not one of the *Uncircumcis'd* could escape the Swords of the victorious Sons of *Jacob*.

That Day prov'd a long Night to their *Antipodes*: They turn'd themselves in their Beds, when they had outslept the usual Hours of Night, and said in their Hearts, Surely the *Sun* is fallen asleep, or is banquetting with the Gods of the Sea: Perhaps *Thetis* detains him in her Embraces, whilst the *Tritons* fasten his slumbers with their softest Musick; or *Neptune* regales in the Palaces of the Deep. Thus the disconsolate Nations argu'd in their Chambers: They were alarm'd with Fears of unknown Events.

Such as dwelt on the Borders of the Earth, and were accusom'd to mark the constant *Ebbing* and *Flowing* of the Sea, admired the Delay of the usual Tides, and ask'd, What was become of the *Moon*? for that Planet also stood still with the *Sun*.

The

The Light of their Souls was eclipsed, and their Reason labour'd under a greater Darkness than that which troubled their Eyes. They were ignorant of the *Works of God*; and knew not that the *celestial Orbs* stood still at the Command of the *Spirit* which formed them, even at the *Word* of the *Prophet* inspir'd from above.

So in the Days of *Hezekiah*, King of the *Jews*, the *Sun* went back in his Circuit, and all the *Frame of Heaven* was retrograde to confirm the *Prophet's* good News, when he told the sick King, *That Fate had prolong'd his Life for fifteen Years*. This was in the Days of *Merodach Baladan*, the King of *Babylon*, who sent *Ambassadors* to congratulate *Hezekiah's* miraculous Recovery.

Besides these, nothing has happen'd to the *Sun*, or any of the *heavenly Bodies*, beyond the Ordinary Course of *Nature*. A Man may as well prognosticate from cloudy Weather, the Calamities of *Emperors* and meaner Men, as from the *Eclipses* of the *Sun* and *Moon*; since the one, as well as the other, obscures the Light of those *heavenly Bodies*: And the former quite hides them from us; which is the greater Eclipse of the two.

Let us pray *Heaven* to grant us the continual Use of our *Senses*, and not eclipse the *Light* of our *Reason*, and we need fear no *Disasters* from the common *Appearances* of *Nature*.

Paris, the 7th Moon Chaban,
of the Year 1649.

The End of the First Book.

LETTERS

LETTERS

WRIT by a

SPY at *PARIS.*

BOOK II.

LETTER I.

To Muhammed Eremit, *Inhabitant of the*
Prophetic Cave in Arabia the Happy.

PARDON my Importunity, if I this once trouble thee with an Address of Scruples, begging thy Counsel in the Affairs of my *Soul*. I seem to my self as a Traveller lost in a Wilderness of Doubts and Uncertainties, without Guide or Conduct. Not that I question the Truth of our *Holy Religion*, or mistrust the *Authority* of the *Sent* of God. Certainly I revere the *Book of Glory*, whose *sacred Versicles* are transcribed on my Heart. But there is wanting to every Man a particular Conduct in the *Intricacies* of this Life. I have not the Art of applying the

the general *Precepts* of the *Law* to my own personal Occasions and Necessities. Infinite Difficulties arise from my daily Affairs. My Conversation with *Infidels*, and the Duty I owe my great Master, entangle my Conscience. I am embarrassed on all Hands; and whilst I study to conserve Purity, I find my self still defiled.

I am no *Heretick*, nor in the Number of those who are predestinated to be damn'd for the injurious Love they bear to *Hali*: Injurious I say, because it derogates from the Honour they owe to *Omar*, *Osman* and *Ebubecher*, the true Successors of the *Apostle* of God.

As I firmly believe the *Alcoran*, so I give an entire Faith to the Book of *Affonak*, or the Agreement of the *Wise*, with the Writings of the four principal *Imaums*, *Hanif*, *Schafi*, *Melichi* and *Hambeli*. And I am resigned to the Sentence of the *Musfi*, as our Fathers were of Old to the oraculous Determinations of the *Babylonian* Califfs. I curse the *Kyzilbaschi* with as much Devotion, as I pray for the Health and Felicity of true Believers. I spit at the naming of them, who deny the Chapter of the Covering, and the Versicles brought down by the Squire *Gabriel*, in Honour of the Prophet's Wife. I never lifted up my Hand against any, who descended from the divine Messenger: And it, in my Passion, I have ever curs'd a *Mussulman*, I took off the Dust under his Feet, and laid it on my Lips, before the Shadow of the Sun had advanc'd a Hair's Breadth; and so I hinder'd the swift Recorder of our Words from registering the Imprecation: For that Dust, I believe, has Power to blot out the Memorials of our evil Words and Works.

When I meet a *Santone*, or one of those divinely mad, I put in practice the Lesson of *Orchanes*; and honouring the holy *Frantick*, I fall down and adore *Virtue* in that contemptible Disguise.

I neglect none of the *Purifications* commanded by our holy Law-giver; but rather add those that we *Arabians* have received by Tradition from our Fathers, the Sons of *Ismael*: Yet I hope, in Case of Neglect, some

some Indulgence is allowable to a *Mussulman*, in a Country of *Infidels*. I use the *Washing* of *Abdest* at all times in my Chamber, where no curious Eye can observe my Cleanliness, or suspicious Apprehension draw Conclusions of my being a *Mahometan*. But I cannot thus practise the *Washing* of *Taharet*; there being not such Conveniences for that purpose in *Paris*, as in *Constantinople*: Yet I am careful to supply this Want by other Methods of Purity; otherwise I should be an Abomination to my self. There is no Necessity that I should frequent the *Bath*, who never touch'd a Woman; yet I often go into the River, taking a Boat with me for that End, and causing my self to be rowed half a League from the City, where in a little Bay or Creek, I wash my whole Body, that I may do something beyond the Obligations of the *Law*, to expiate the involuntary Breaches of my Duty. Yet, after all this, I cannot call my self clean.

I pray at the appointed Hours; or at least, if the Affairs of my *Commission* hinder me from complying with the *Law*, as to the exact Times of the Day, I atone for that Neglect by *Watching* the greatest part of the Night: And to the *Oraisons* appointed by *Authority*, I add *super-numerary Prayers* of my own, to evidence the *Sincerity* of my *Devotion*.

I fast, and give *Alms* according to my Ability. I bestow much Time in reading and meditating on the *Alcoran*. In a word, I do all that my Reason tells me is necessary to render me a good *Mussulman*; and yet I have no Peace in my Mind. Methinks I see our *holy Prophet* furrowing his Brows at me, and darting angry Looks from his *Paradise*: He seems to reproach me with Uncleannefs and Infidelity. By Day my Imagination troubles me; and at Night I am terrified with fearful Dreams: Which makes me conclude, that notwithstanding all my Obedience to the *Law*, and the strictest Care I take to acquit my self a *true Believer*, yet I am far short of my Aim; and therefore I number my self with those with whom *God* is displeased.

It is impossible to express the Horror which this Thought creates in me. I am over-whelmed sometimes with Melancholy and Despair. And because I am forced to keep

keep my Grief to my self without having the Privilege of venting it to a bosom Friend, it is ready to burst my Heart.

This is my Condition at certain Seasons, which I esteem as bad, or worse, than those who are doom'd to *Aaraf*: For as they cannot enjoy the Felicities of *Paradise*, so they are secured from the Torments of the Damned; whereas, for ought I know, my Portion may be in *Hell*. Wilt thou know how I redress this evil Temper of Mind, and what Method I take to cure my Melancholy? Receive it not as Flattery, when I tell thee thou art my Physician, and the *Idea* of thy innocent Life my Medicine. When I have roll'd over ten thousand Thoughts, which afford me no Ease or Relief, no sooner do I fix my Contemplation on the *Solitary* of Mount *Uriel*, but a sudden Beam of Light and Comfort glances through my Soul. I promise my self greater Satisfaction from thy Advice, than from all the *Imaums* and *Mollahs* of the *Empire*.

Tell me therefore, O holy and pious *Eremit*, how I shall dissipate these Mists of Grief and Sadness, which envelop my Mind, and threaten to suffocate my Intellect.

If, in this Darkeness and Confusion, I should apply my self to the *Disciples* of *Alhazon* for Instruction, they will puzzle me with intricate Niceties about the *Essence* and *Unity* of God; whereas I am too much troubled already with distracting Speculations: I seek not to dive into that which is *incomprehensible*, but to be instructed in the plain and intelligible Way to *Happiness*. What imports it, whether God be Good by his *Goodness*, or by his *Essence*? This is to throw *metaphysical* Dust in my Eyes, and so leave me in a worse Condition than they found me.

No better Light must I expect from the *Momsconderran*: For if they are strict Observers of the *Law*, so am I, where the *Precepts* are applicable to my Condition and Circumstances. But I want a Direction in many Emergencies, for which the *Alcoran* seems to have made no Provision, but leaves every Man to the Conduct of his own Prudence; and I must confess, I dare
not

not trust mine in all Cases of this Nature. Besides, instead of interpreting to me in a plain Style, the *Statutes* of the *Law*, they will confound me with high and unintelligible Notions of the *divine Attributes*, which are sufficient to dazzle the Intellect of the brightest *Seraphim*: And if they could once persuade me to be zealous for their Speculations, I might, in Time, turn such another religious Fool, as was one of their *Followers*, the *Poet Namisi*, who being wrapt in his profound Speculation of the *divine Unity*, and hearing an *Imaum* pronounce the *sacred Sentence*, *God is One*, gave him the Lye, and told him, That he multiply'd the *Divinity*, in assigning it any *Attribute*, tho' it were only that which expressed his *Unity*. For which impudent Assertion he was slay'd alive.

In as bad a Condition should I be if I ask'd the Advice of the *Muſerin*, those *Infidels* in Masquerade, who, under the Disguise of *Muſſulmans*, deny the Being of a *God*, assert all things to come by Chance, and live without Hope or Faith of another Life. For if this were true, that there were no Reward or Punishment of good or bad Works, I would either soon make my Way to earthly Happineſs, by not boggling at any Vice that would conduce to that End: Or if I fail'd in that Attempt, I would not tamely wait for a *Martyrdom* from Men, but bravely rid my self of a Life which was attended with nothing but Misery.

Almost as bad as these are the *Hairer*, those *Mahometan Scepticks*, who dare not trust their own Reason, but are ever wavering and irresolute. If I should seek for Instruction at their Hand, they would answer me, *God knows best what I ought to do*; and so leave me in the same Suspence as I was before.

Much worse are the *Guaid*, those morose Interpreters of the *Law of Mercy*, who damn a Man irrecoverably to Hell for committing one mortal Sin. This is enough to drive all Mankind to despair.

Indeed the *Morals* of the *Sabin* please me, who seem to be perfect *Mahometan Stoicks*, ascribing all Events to *Destiny*, and the *Influence* of the *Stars*. I could willingly

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ly embrace the Advice of *Philosophers* who appear so void of Passion; but I could never join with them in adoring the Sun, Moon and Constellations of *Heaven*, because the *Alcoran* has expressly forbidden it. And were there no such Prohibition, my own Reason would convince me, that I ought as well to adore the Fire for warming me and serving my other Necessities, or the Water for quenching my Thirst and purifying me, or my own Hands for feeding me, as to pay these divine Honours to the *Celestial* Bodies; since the one, as well as the other, act according to their Nature.

In a Word, of all the innumerable *Seets* into which the *Mussulman Empire* is divided, I cannot expect entire Satisfaction from any; for if they appear Orthodox in some *Tenets*, in others they are manifestly *Heretical*. Yet I cannot but set a higher Value on some than others, as their Doctrines and Practices approach nearer to Reason and Truth. For I am not yet such an *Academick* as to ask that Mock-Question, *What is Truth?*

Doubtless our *Fathers* knew it, and the *Messenger* of *God* was sent to divulge it on Earth. But if Ignorance, Superstition and Error have banish'd it from *Courts* and *Cities*; let us seek it in the *Desarts*. Perhaps we may find this Wanderer among the Rocks and Woods; or 'tis possible she has shelter'd herself in some Den or Cave; as hoping for greater Favour from the wild Beasts, than from the Society of Men.

If *Truth* be no where to be found entire, but has divided herself among the different *Religions* and *Seets* in the World, then rather than miss of this *divine* Jewel, I will search for it in Fragments, and whatsoever is rational and pious in any *Seet* I will embrace, without concerning my self in their Follies and Vices.

After all, the *Munafiki* seem to me the only Orthodox and illuminated of *God*; who declining the private By-ways of *Schismatics*, walk in the high Road of pristine Justice and Piety, following the Steps of the *Ancients*, and obeying the Traditions which know no Origine. Among these thou appearest as another *Pythagoras*, confirming them by thy Example in an innocent Life; enduring the utmost Severities of Abstinence, rather

ther than be guilty of shedding the Blood of those Creatures, which the *great Lord of all things* created to enjoy the Herbage of the Field, and to partake of the common Blessings of *Nature* as well as we.

To thee therefore I have recourse, as to an *Oracle*: Tell me, O *sacred Sylvanian*, am I not obliged to obey the inspirations of my *Nature*, or *better Genius*, which tells me, 'tis a butcherly and inhuman Life to feed on slaughtered Animals. Did not all those who aim'd at *Perfection* among the *primitive Disciples* of the *Prophet*, abstain from murdering the Brutes? 'Tis true the *Messenger of God* did not positively enjoin *Abstinence* from *Flesh*; yet he recommended it as a *divine Counsel*: And those to whom he indulg'd the Liberty of eating it, he ty'd up to certain Conditions. Do not all the *religious Orders* preach up *Abstinence*, both in their *Sermons* and *Lives*? I make no longer Doubt, but the Corruption of Manners, and Voluptuousness of Men, are the Causes that this *ancient Sobriety* is now disus'd and slighted. My own Experience confirms me in this Opinion, who have often attempted to live in *Abstinence*; but by the Force of a voracious Appetite, suffer'd my self to be carried back to my old Intemperance.

Yet in eating *Flesh*, I have been precisely careful to observe the Prohibition of our *holy Prophet*, so long as it was in my Power; I never knowingly tasted of *Blood*, nor of any thing strangled or knocked down. But it is impossible for me to assure my self of this, or that all the *Flesh* I eat was killed, in pronouncing that *tremendous Name* which gave it Life. Neither could I once escape a Necessity of eating *Swine's Flesh*.

But I abominate my self for this involuntary Crime; and to obviate the like Temptation for the future, I will taste of nothing that has breath'd the common Air; being inclined to believe the *Metempsychosis*: which if it be true, I wish for no greater Happiness, than that in my next Change, my *Soul* may pass into the Body of the *Camel*, which shall carry thee to *Mecca*.

Paris, 14th of the 1st Moon
of the Year 1650.

LETTER

LETTER II.

To Minezim Aluph Bassa.

MY Intelligence from the *Imperial Post* sometimes arrives late; either through the neglect of *Kifus Darmolec*, to whom that Care is committed, or through the Badness of the Roads, which many Times are impassable; besides the frequent Stops, and Interceptions of the *Posts* in this Time of *War*: which is the Reason I do not always hear of the *Alterations* at the *Seraglio*, and the *Changes* that are made in the *Governments* of the *shining Empire*, till many *Moons* are pass'd: Who is exalted, or who made *Mansoul*, are Things to which *Mahmut* is for a Time a great Stranger.

Therefore thou hast no Reason to be offended, that I am thus late in sending to thee my congratulatory Address; but rest confident, that I wish thee increase of Happiness, like the *sprouting* of the *Palm*.

As a Mark of my Duty and Affection, I shall now acquaint thee with News, which though it may seem of small Import to the *Divan*, yet has startled all *Europe*.

It is the Imprisonment of three of the *French Princes*; not those of the *ordinary Rank*, but *Branches* of the *Royal Stem*, whose Names are not unknown in the *Seraglio*, the *Residence of Fame*. They are the *Princes* of *Conde* and *Conti*, Brothers, and the *Duke of Longueville*, Husband to their Sister. They are the principal Subjects in this *Nation*; all three having the *Majestick Blood* of the *Kings of France* running in their Veins.

They owe their Confinement to *Cardinal Mazarini*, or rather to their own inartificial Conduct. The *Prince of Conde* is a passionate Man, and has never learn'd how to conceal his Resentments. When he first return'd from the Battel of *Lens* in *Flanders*, whereof I formerly gave an Account, the *Insurrection* in *Paris* began. The *Prince* block'd up the City, and promis'd the *Cardinal*, (against whom alone all this Storm was rais'd) That he

would either bring him back in triumph to *Paris*, or die in the Attempt. He perform'd his Word; and the *Cardinal* rode through the Streets of *Paris*, in the same Coach with the King, Queen, and all the *Royal Blood*, after the Siege was rais'd, and a *Peace* concluded. And the *Prince*, when he alighted out of the Coach, address'd himself thus to the *Cardinal*: Now, Sir, I esteem my self the happiest Man in the World, in that I have been able to perform my Engagements in bringing your Eminence back to *Paris*; and that by my Presence the Hatred which the Multitude have for your Person, was repress'd whilst we pass'd through the Streets.

This too nearly touch'd the *Cardinal*. And indeed the Queen, with all the rest, were sensible, that the *Prince* had too far over-shot himself in this last Expression. However, the *Cardinal* reply'd in a Kind of Modesty, not wholly void of Choler and Disdain; Sir, You have not only oblig'd me to that Height, but have done the Kingdom so considerable a Service in this Action, that I fear neither their Majesties nor my self shall be ever in a State to make you answerable Compensation.

Those who stood by and heard these interchangeable discourses, were apt to interpret the first for a Reproach, and the second as a Menace. Since it is not usual for great Men to over-value the Services they do their King and Country; and for Princes, when they cannot duly reward an eminent Performance, to turn their Gratitude into Hatred.

This is certain, That the *Prince of Conde* has presum'd much on the Merit of his late Services; and it was not easy for the *Queen* or the *Cardinal* to invent such Acknowledgments as he expected. For he imagin'd they ought to deny him nothing, who had so often hazarded his Life for their Interest.

It was on this Ground he thought he had a Right to interpose in a Marriage which *Mazarini* design'd to make between one of his Nieces and the *Duke of Mercœur*.

This *Duke* is of a Family which has been a long time at Variance with that of the *Prince of Conde*: And therefore the *Prince* was jealous lest the *Cardinal*, by the

the intended *Match*, should fortify his Interest among the *Prince's* Enemies, and so be in a Condition not to want his Protection; the only thing he was ambitious of. For cou'd he have once reduc'd the *Cardinal* to this Necessity, he himself had been absolute *Master* at *Court*. Therefore he oppos'd the *Match* with all Vigour and Industry. This nettled the *Cardinal*. He complains to the *Queen* of the *Prince's* Unkindness. She interceeds, and uses her utmost Endeavours to reconcile the *Prince* to this Marriage. But his Brother, the *Duke of Longueville*, has so possess'd the *Prince* with a Jealousy of the *Cardinal's* Proceedings, That no Arguments could prevail on him, or overcome his fix'd Aversion for *Mazarini's* designed Alliance with the *House of Vendosme*, (so they call the Family from whence the *Duke of Mercœur* is sprung.) He rails at the *Cardinal*, and lampoons him in all Companies. This begets ill Blood in the *supreme Minister of State*, who secretly resolves the *Prince's* Ruin.

In this his Policy and Malice exceeded the petty Revenges of the *Prince*; who being of a frank, open Heart, contented himself with Railleries and satirical Expressions, whilst the *Cardinal* conceal'd his Anger under the Masque of extraordinary Civilities; returning all the Contempts of the *Prince*, with a Respect which seem'd to speak much Affection and Devoir.

He has been a long time tampering with a *Faction* which goes by the Name of the *Frondeurs*. These were his Enemies, not so much in Hatred of his Person, as out of a Zeal to serve their Country, which they imagin'd was oppress'd under the Conduct of this *Minister*.

These he has lately gain'd over to his *Party*, by representing to them the *Prince of Conde*, as the Author of all those Evils which they ascrib'd to himself: Whilst at the same time he persuad'd the *Prince*, that they had some Design against his Person. Thus he artificially blinded both *Parties*, and engag'd them in mutual Revenges; privately animating the *Frondeurs* against the *Prince*, and provoking the *Prince* to seek the Ruin of

the *Frondeurs*. By this Trap the *Prince* was inveigled to consent and give Orders for his own *Imprisonment*, whilst he was made to believe the *Arrest* was design'd against his *Enemies*; and the *People* were satisfy'd, since they were perswaded the *Faction* of the *Frondeurs* had a Hand in the *Plot*.

The 18th of the last *Moon* the three *Princes* were taken into *Custody*, and sent to a Place they call the *Castle* of the *Wood* of *Vinciennes*, some Leagues from *Paris*. The same Day the *Queen* sent for the *Dutchess* of *Longueville*, to come to her; but the wary *Dutchess* would not put herself into a *Cage*. She immediately fled in Disguise to a *Sea Town* belonging to her Husband.

'Tis said the *Prince* of *Conde* had Notice given him of his design'd *Imprisonment*; but that he would not escape, projecting to himself some greater Advantages from the Discontents of the *People* (who now behold him as a *Patriot*) than from a clandestine or fugitive Liberty. This is certain, his Coach broke on the Road between *Paris* and *Vinciennes*; and 'tis thought his Friends might easily have rescu'd him: For this Accident occasion'd a Stop of six Hours in their Journey, time enough to have rais'd a Thousand Men to his Relief, being only guarded by sixteen *Cavaliers*. But it seems he courts the *Cardinal's* Persecution, that he may have deeper Grounds for Revenge. I know not whether his Policy is justifiable or no; but if I were in his Circumstances, I should hardly take this Method to gratify my Resentments, which in all Probability I shou'd not be in a condition to accomplish 'till the *Greek Calends*, that is, never.

Paris, 4th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1650.

LETTER

L E T T E R III.

To the Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of
the Ottoman Empire.

THE Devotees among the Franks talk much of the Jubilee that is to be celebrated this Year at Rome. They enrich their Fancies with the Hopes of I know not what *spiritual Treasure*, which the Roman *Mufti*, or *Pontiff*, will distribute among the *Pilgrims* that resort to Rome during this *holy Year*.

This, as I am told, is celebrated in Imitation of the *Sabbatical Year*, formerly observ'd by the *Jews* when they possess'd the *Holy Land*. The *Hebrew Writers*, such as *Josephus*, and others, call that also the Year of *Jubilee*. Their *Cabalists*, like the *Pythagoreans*, pretended to derive great *Mysteries* from certain *Numbers*: And the Number *Seven* was had in particular Veneration by the *Hebrews*: Therefore they kept every *seventh* Day, Week, and Year, *Holy*. In the *seventh* Year it was not lawful to till the Ground, plant Vineyards, or sow any Seed. And when *seven* times *seven* Years were expired, the Year of *Jubilee* was proclaim'd, being always the *Fiftieth*: They proclaim'd it by Trumpets, throughout the whole Country of *Palestine*, in the forty ninth Year. And the *Muezzins* cry'd in the Gates of their Cities and *Synagogues*, at the Beginning of the *Jubilee*: " Let every Man return this Year to his own Possession and Tribe, whether he be a *Slave* or *Free*. He that has sold his Houses or Lands, if he was not before able to redeem them, let him this Year take Possession of his Inheritance. He that is become another Man's *Slave*, and neither himself nor his Friends can redeem him, let him this Year be dismiss'd, and sent home to the Family to which he belongs; for henceforth he is free by the Indulgence of the Law. Let no Man sow the Ground, nor gather the Fruits that grow of themselves this Year: But let the Earth, as well as its In-

“habitants, enjoy Liberty and Rest; for this is the Year
“of Grace and divine Bounty.

After this manner was the *Hebrew Jubilee* proclaim'd and observ'd: And, they say, from hence arose the Custom among the *Christians*, who, in many Things, may be styl'd the *Jews Apes*. But others say, That the present *Roman Jubilee* is deriv'd from the *secular Games*, celebrated by their *Pagan Ancestors*; in regard this was renew'd every hundred Years at first, even as those *Games* were. Whence it was, that the *Cryer* in those Days, at the *Indiction* of the *secular Games*, said, “Come to the *Plays* “which no Man living has yet seen, nor shall ever see “again.” For Man's Life being generally so short, they thought it improbable that any *Mortal* should live to see this *Solemnity* repeated.

The modern *Jubilee* was first publish'd by *Boniface IX.* Bishop of *Rome*, in the Year 1300 of the *Christians* *Hegyra*: At which Time he promis'd full and entire *Remission* of *Sins* to all who should resort in *Pilgrimage* to *Rome* that Year. After him it was celebrated every hundred Year, according to his Institution, till the Days of *Clement VI.* who at the Instance of the *Roman Citizens*, reduc'd it to every fiftieth Year. Then *Urban VI.* another *Pope*, reduc'd it to the thirty third Year. And, last of all *Paul II.* contracted the Interval to five and twenty Years: Which Space of Time has been observ'd by all his *Successors* to this Day.

If thou wouldst know the Reason why they have thus alter'd the *Periods*; it is for Profit. For in the Year of *Jubilee*, there is a vast Conflux of People from all Parts of *Europe*; who bring a far greater Treasure into the *Roman Coffers* than they carry away from that City. Though the *Pope*, 'tis said, is very liberal of that which they call the *Treasure* of the *Church*: Which is a certain *Fund* of *Merits* and *Superabundant Graces*, left by the *Messiah* and his *Saints* in the Custody of this *Prelate*, to supply the Defects and Infirmities of sinful Men: And they believe 'tis only in his Power to dispose of this *heavenly Wealth* to whom he pleases. They talk also of *Indulgences* and *Pardons*, whereby the *holy Father* can redeem Men from all Sin, and the Punishments that are due to it:

it: And this wonderful Prerogative, they say, does not only benefit the *Living*, but extends even to the *Souls departed*; whom the *Pope*, according to their Persuasion, can free from the *Torments of Purgatory*, and at his Pleasure admit into the *Gates of Paradise*.

We that are *Mussulmans* cannot declaim against the *Doctrine of praying for the Dead*, since it is practis'd by all the *Faithful*: Neither have we Reason to inveigh against *Indulgences*, or *Releases from Penance*: But that the Power of granting and dispensing these Favours should be only repositied in the *Christian Musri*, will not accord with the *Faith* of a *true Believer*. We know who swore by the *Hoofs of his swift and faithful Elborach*, which in one Night carry'd him a Journey of *six Moons*, that from thenceforth the *Key of Aaraf*, or the *Place of Prisons*, was committed to him. Doubtless the *Omnipotent* can transfer his *Commissions* when, and to whom he pleases. If he once gave this Authority of *remitting Sins* to the *Messiah*, and *Peter* his *Lieutenant*, does it follow that all *Peter's Successors*, the *Cailiffs of Rome*, have retain'd this *Privilege*? There have been many good Men in that Seat, and not a few wicked; some *Prophets*, and some *Magicians*; a *Catalogue* interspers'd with *Saints*, *Martyrs*, *Butchers* and *Devils*.

But 'tis evident they forfeited their Authority, when they declin'd from the Truth, from the unblameable Profession of the *Divine Unity*, and resisted the *Messenger of Heaven*, sent to correct their Errors, reform their Vices, and reduce Mankind to *one Law of Purity and Light*.

I write not partially, nor am I imbitter'd against the *Patriarch of the Romans*: He is a Man like others, subject to the *Will of Destiny*. The *Babylonian Cailiffs*, and those of *Egypt*, successively enjoy'd the same Power, transmitted to them from the *Prophet*, who seal'd up all the former *Dispensations*: Yet in Time through their Sins they forfeited their Authority, together with their *Empire*, when the *bright Osmans* conquer'd all Things. Then was the *prophetick Office* translated to our *Musli*, the *Guide of those who possess the Sepulchre of Mahomet*:

met: To him all the *World* ought to have Recourſe for Solution of their Doubts, Direction in their Lives, Abſolution from their Sins, and for the Paſſport of Immortality, the Feſta requir'd of all that enter the Gates of *Paradiſe*.

But all Mortals are naturally tenacious of whatſoever advances their Honour and Intereſt. *Kings* hug empty Titles that yield them no Profit. And the *Roman Biſhops* are unwilling to acknowledge themſelves diveſted of the Privileges which were once annex'd to that Chair of *Peter*! They ſew the Keys, the Symbols of a Power which they have loſt. And the credulous *Nazarenes* believe that *Heaven* and *Hell* are open'd and ſhut at their Pleaſure. On the Eve of the *Meffiah's Nativity*, the preſent Pope knock'd three Times with a golden Hammer at the Gates of the principal *Mofque* in *Rome*; which were then open'd, to ſignify the enſuing Year of *Jubilee*; when the *Chriſtians* are perſuaded, that *Heaven* is open to all that viſit *Rome* in this holy Time.

I wiſh thee a Life of many *Jubilees*.

Paris, 9th of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1650.

LETTER IV.

To the Flower of High Dignity, the moſt
Magnificent Vizir Azem.

WHEN I firſt heard the News of the Troubles that have been at *Conſtantinople*, the Depoſition of *Ma-homet*, the late *Vizir Azem*, and the Advancement of the *Fanizar Aga* to that Dignity, I imagin'd it had been *Caffim Hali*. But it ſeems that brave old Soldier is elevated to a more lofty Station: He has enter'd the immortal Poſſeſſions, being tranſlated to an high Seat: For I underſtand he has his Reſt in *Paradiſe*. On that Hero be the Mercies of the ſupremely Indulgent; whiſt I turn my ſelf to thee, his
late.

Late Successor in that *military Honour*, but now the *Lieutenant* of the *Shadow of God*. I touch the Earth thrice with my *Forehead* when I salute thee, *Great Prince* of the *Vizirs*, in token of my *Humility* and *Reverence*; and in Remembrance of my *Original*: That I, who am but the *Product* of *Dust*, a mere *Worm*, may not commit an *Indecency*, when I address to the *bright Image* of our *august Emperor*, who is the *Type* of the *Sun*.

In speaking of *Persons* of thy *immense Power*, I strive equally to shun *Flattery* and *Disrespect*; endeavouring to deport my self with an even *Course* between those two *Extremes*, as *Mariners* steer between *Scylla* and *Charybdis*. These are dangerous *Places* in the *Sicilian Seas*.

All *Europe* celebrates thy *Praises*, and extols thy *Justice* for releasing the *Ambassador* of *Venice*, imprison'd in the 4th *Moon* of this *Year*. They say, since thy *Assumption* to this important *Trust*, the *Ottoman Port* is reform'd, and grown more civiliz'd; (for the *Franks* esteem all the *Followers* of the *Prophet*, who could neither write nor read, as *Barbarians*.)

Here is much *Talk* about the *Defeat* given to our *Forces* in *Hungary*: The *French* spare for no *Encomiums* on the *Bassa* of *Buda*, who fought valiantly till his *Legs* were shot off; and then caus'd himself to be carry'd up and down through the *Army* to encourage his *Soldiers*. Neither do they diminish the *Glory* that is due to his *Son*, who received his *Death* in defending his *Father*, at what *Time* the old *Captain* was taken *Prisoner*.

But they blame the *Conduct* of him who besieg'd the *Fort* of *Clissa*, in regard he undertook it in the wrong *Season* of the *Year*: The *Defect* of a *General's* Judgment in such *Cases*, is many times fatal to an *Army*. The *French* are the best in the *World* at 'spying *Advantages*, and the most dextrous in making use of them. Most of their *Campaigns* are spent in their *Trenches*, or in light *Skirmishes*, seldom hazarding a *Battel*, unless on some unequal *Terms* to their own *Interest*; and then they never let slip the *Opportunity*. This commends
their

their *Policy*, but is no great Argument of their *Courage*. For true Valour never regards Dangers.

Adonai the *Jew* sends me Word, that the *Venetians* are put in great Hopes of accommodating their Affairs with the *mysterious Divan*, since the Release of their *Bailo*: Yet both they and all the *Nazarenes* highly resent the strangling of his *Interpreter*.

They understand not the Measures of the *sublime Port*, full of Wisdom and Justice; and that by the Terror of such *Examples*, the *Ministers* of the *Righteous Throne* seek to prevent future Wickedness.

In these *Western Courts*, a little Gold or a great Friend, shall easily palliate and procure a Pardon for the *greatest Crimes*. Their Processes here are slow in the Execution of Justice; being Strangers to the impetuous Orders and swift Performance practis'd in the *East*. Besides, this *Interpreter* sported himself to Death by the Licentiousness of his Tongue. He delighted to play upon *Majesty*, and with an insolent Lasciviousness of Speech, to deceive him whose high, sublime and remote Intellect, uses no other Expressions of his Wrath, but the Hands of his *Mutes*. It does not become the *Emperor* of the *World* to be profuse in Words, as the *Christian Princes* are, who take great Pains to satisfy their *Vassals* of the Justice of their Proceedings. They cannot condemn the Wicked without a formal Process, wherein various Wits shew their Skill in canvassing the Cause, which, upon sincere Evidence, may be decided in two Words. This is the *Masquerade* of *Christian Justice*, a mere Trap for Gold, the Secret of the *Western Lawyers*; who enrich themselves at the Price of other Men's Folly, and to the Disgrace of the *Monarch*, who there pretends to command.

Should those *Men of Law* see this Letter, and know who wrote it, how would they not circumsise and slay the minutest Dash of my Pen, to find Arguments of Revenge against a *Mussulman*?

All Men are full of themselves and their own Principles: And the *Nazarenes* of the *West* are so brimming with them, that there is no Room left for Instruction or Amendment. Like the *Chinese* they boast of their
own

own Science and Wisdom, reputing all the rest of the World *ignorant* and *blind*.

They are so narrow in their *Tenets*, so dogmatical in their *Decisions*, and so conceited of *all*, that it is difficult for a Man who has convers'd in a free Air, to frame himself to their Rules.

By what I have said thou may'st determine, that it is no easy Task for an *Arabian* Native, bred in the *Seraglio*, to conform himself *adroit* to the Humours and Fashions of *France*. Yet I curb all the *natural* Propensions of my *Birth*, *Blood* and *Education*, as much as in me lies, that I may serve the *Grand Seignior*. I am *incognito* in all Respects, save those wherein I cannot be hid. And I would change my *Masque* a hundred Times over, rather than fail of my Ends.

What can I say more to him, who only values a *Slave* for his Deeds?

I turn not my Back on thee, sublime *Idea* of *absolute Power*; but retiring after the most respectful Manner of the *East*, I make a thousand Obeisances, till the *Antiport* has cover'd me from thy *illustrious Presence*.

Paris, 17th of the 4th Moan,
of the Year 1650.

LETTER V.

To Sedrech Al' Girawn, Chief Page of the
Treasury.

THOU wilt have Reason to wonder at a Man pretending Acquaintance with thee, whom thou canst not remember to have seen. 'Tis from my Brother *Pesteli Hali*, thy former *Master*, I received the News of thy late Preferment, who art thy self but early in Years; yet no Time is unseasonable to a Man mature in Virtue and Wisdom.

I knew

I knew thee an Infant in the Arms of thy Mother, the Widow of an *Arabian* Soldier, who served my Brother in the Wars of *Persia*. There appeared then such evident Symptoms of thy future Wit and Dexterity, as prompted thy Father's Captain to take thee into his Protection and Care; and thy Mother by her Charms soon found a Way to his Bosom.

I write not these Things to reproach thee with the *Meanness* of thy Birth: Thy *Merits* equal thee with those who are born of *Nobles*. It is not the Custom of the *East* to prefer Men for their *Parentage*, or because they can shew the *dusty Statues* of their *Ancestors*. This is the peculiar Oversight of the *Infidels*, to give that Honour to *Names*, and Men of a *noisy Descent*, which is only due to *Virtue*. There are *Families* in *Rome* at this Day who boast of their *Pedigrees*, and that they spring from the renowned *Heroes* that are recorded in the *Histories* of that *Empire*: But they glory in their Shame, since they are quite degenerated from the brave *Qualities* which ennobled their Progenitors; and by their sordid Actions are become a daily Subject for the Descants of *Pasquil*. This is an *Image* in a certain publick Place in *Rome*, to which in the Night-time they affix the *Libels* which they dare not own: A kind of dumb *Satyr* on the *Vices* of the *Grandeess*, not sparing even the chief *Mufti* of the *Christians*, if he is guilty of any Follies which merit to come within the Verge of a *Lampoon*.

It is no contemptible Jest which was in this manner put upon the present *Pope*, and one of his *Nephews*, at the latter End of the last Year. It seems the good old *Father* had advanced this *Spark* from a poor ignorant *Taylor* to the *Dignity* of a *Roman Baron*; bestowing on him *Offices*, which brought him a *Revenue* sufficient to maintain his *Title* and *Port*. All the ancient *Nobility* were disgusted at this; and some arch *Wag* was set at work to ridicule the *Pope's* Conduct, and the new *Baron's* Honour. Wherefore on the Day which the *Nazarenes* celebrate with great Solemnity for the *Birth-Day* of *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*, early in the Morning the fore-mentioned *Image*, *Pasquil*, was observ'd to be apparell'd all in Rags; and

and a very nasty Habit, with a *Schedule* of Paper in his Hand, wherein was writ, *How now, Pasquil; what! all in Rags on a Christmas-Day?* (for so they call the *Nativity* of their *Messias*.) And underneath was inscribed this Answer; *Alas, I cannot help it; for my TAYLOR is become a LORD.*

Yet notwithstanding the *Obscurity* of this Man's *Birth*, and the *Meanness* of his former *Trade*, he became an eminent *Statesman* after the *Pope* had exalted him to that *Dignity*; and lived with an unblemish'd Reputation, whilst he saw all, or most of the ancient *Nobility* pass'd every Day for their effeminate Vices.

By what I have said thou may'st be assured, that I have not the less Esteem for thee, because thou wast not the Son of a *Bassa*; since, had thy Father liv'd, his Fortune and Courage might have promoted him to that *Honour*, or a Command equal to it; and thou thy self art in a fair Way to supply some future Vacancy in those great Charges of the *Empire*.

I have no News at present to send thee, save, that the three *French* Princes, of whose Imprisonment I gave an Account to *Minezim Alouph*, are remov'd by Cardinal *Mazarini's* Order from the Castle of *Vinciennes*, to a *Sea Town* call'd *Havre de Grace*, for fear they should be rescued by Marshal *Turenne*, who is much devoted to their Interest. The Princess of *Conde* is retired to *Bourdeaux*, a City at this Time in Arms against the King, having also with her the young *Duke of Enguien* her Son.

The Marshal *de la Meilleray* is gone with his Army to besiege this Place; and 'tis said, the King will soon follow with the whole *Court*. All Things seem to portend another Relapse of this *State* into the old Disorders.

But this is not of so near a Concern to us that are *Mussulmans*, as the Quarrels that I hear are broach'd between the *Fanizaries* and *Spahi's*. They say, the whole *Ottoman Empire* is warp'd this Way and that Way into contrary Factions; and that the *Seraglio* it self is full of different Cabals, on the Account of these *military Orders*. It afflicts me with extreme Grief to receive nothing

thing but sad News from the *Port*, which is, or at least ought to be, a *Fountain of Joy* to the *whole Earth*. I pray *Heaven* avert the *Omen*! for it looks with an ill *Presage*, when the *Champions* of the *divine Unity* are thus divided against themselves.

If thou wilt take my Advice, enter not thy self into the Secret of either Party; but posising thy Affections with Prudence, stand neuter to all Things but the *Grand Seignior's* Interest. In that be as zealous as thou canst. As for the rest, wait the *Decrees of Destiny*.

Paris, 29th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1650.

LETTER VI.

To the Kaimacham.

Graphul Eben Shahenshab the Arabian Philosopher has said it, and every Man's Experience confirms it, That no human Care can prevent the Accomplishment of what *Heaven* has decreed. There are certain Moments of our Lives wherein *Fate* delights to mock our Wit and Prudence, to baffle our strictest Caution, and to ridicule all our Conduct, that we may learn the Lesson of *Resignation*, and not trust too much to our selves.

When I first saluted the Light of this Morning Sun, my Spirits were serene and joyful: No melancholy Dreams had left their black Impressions on my Mind, no sadning Thoughts possessed my Soul; I awak'd chearful and sprightly as the Lark. After I had ador'd the Omnipotent, and perform'd my accustomed Holy Things, I began to reflect on my own Happiness; in that I had so many Years served the sublime Port in this Station, full of Difficulties and Perils, yet by no Misfortune had ever betray'd the least Secret of my Commission. It pleas'd me to think I still pass'd for Titus of Moldavia among the French, who are the most apprehensive People

People in the World; and even in the Opinion of Cardinal *Mazarini*, who like *Janus*, has more Eyes than two. I embrac'd my self (if I may so speak) in the Conceit of my good Success; concluding I was born under *fortunate Stars*, and that no Disaster could ever hurt me.

But I took wrong Measures of the *Ways* of *Destiny*, which are as untraceable as the Mines: For before Mid-day my *Sun* was eclipsed; the *Air* of my *Soul* ruff'd with *Storms*, and all my *Joy* turn'd to *Mourning* and *Sadness*.

Wilt thou know the Occasion of my Grief? It was this. In the Year 1645, according to the *Style* of the *Nazarenes*, I receiv'd some particular Instructions from the then *Vizir Azem*, putting me in Mind of the Hazards I run in this Post, and giving me strict Charge to bestow all my Letters in a secure Place, whether the Transcripts of those I write to the *Ministers* of the *Port*, (for I always retain'd a Copy of the Original,) or the *Dispatches* I receive from thence.

That *Minister* was afraid, lest I might some time or other be discover'd; and consequently that my Chamber would be search'd. Therefore obeying his Hint, I immediately carry'd all my *Writings* to *Eliachim* the *Jew*; knowing his House to be free from any Jealousy of the *State*, and that the most important Secrets in the World might be there an *Age* unreveal'd.

The *Letters* of my writing were enclosed in one *Box*, and those which I receiv'd from the *invincible Port* in another. And this was my constant Custom from that time; as oft as I writ to the *Ministers* of the *Divan*, or had perus'd the *Dispatches* which came from them, I disposed of both in proper Places, leaving all to the Care of *Eliachim*.

But neither his Cautions nor mine were sufficient to prevent the *Resolves* of *Heaven*: It was determined above that we should lose some of these Papers. *Eliachim* came to me to Day, before the *Hour* of *Ulanamist*, all in *Passion*, astonished, raving and staring like a mad Man. As soon as he enter'd my Chamber he tore his inner Vest, which was of *Crimson Silk*, fring'd
round

round with Gold; and cry'd, *We are undone, betray'd and ruin'd.*

I presently thought of my *Writings*; and ask'd him whether they were safe. In a Word he told me he had lost the *Box*, which contain'd the Letters sent from the *Ministers* at the *Port* to me, and that his *Slave* a *Negro*, whom he kept in his House, was missing. Thou may'st imagine, sage *Minister*, That this News put me into no small Confusion. I presently suspected that this Villain of a *Negro* had got the *Writings*, and was gone to *Cardinal Mazarini* with 'em: But then recollecting with cooler Thoughts, that this *African* understood not *Arabick*, in which *Language* alone *Eliachim* and I us'd to converse; and that consequently he never could know our Affairs, or read the *Letters*, which might tempt him to such a *Treason*, I was at a loss what to think of it: Neither am I better satisfy'd now, though I have ruminated on it these twelve Hours: Only I think, if *Cardinal Mazarini* has these *Papers* in his Custody, he would have given Orders before this Time to seize the supposed *Titus* of *Moldavia*; for some of these *Letters* take Notice of my having assumed that Name: But I cannot perceive any Attempt has been made in that kind, or that any body has been to enquire for me at my *Lodging*; for I set *Spies* to observe, as soon as I departed thence with *Eliachim*, which was about Noon. We are now together in a Friend's House, where we shall continue 'till we hear farther of this Event. As yet we are in the Dark, and full of Fears; but Time, which brings all Things to Light, will convince us what we have to trust to.

In the mean while there is little News, save a Discourse of a certain *Convention* at *Norembergh*, and the great *Jubilee* which is celebrated at *Rome*, where they say, the *Christians Chief Musti*, the Week before their *Beriam*, or *Easter*, wash'd the Feet of twelve *Pilgrims*; and that *Cardinal Ludoviso* entertain'd nine Thousand of these *Devotees* at once with a very magnificent Feast. They say also that the *Pope* will get this Year two Millions of *Sequins*, by the Resort of *Pilgrims* to that City.

The

The King of Denmark's Resident at this Court has receiv'd a Letter, which certifies him that his Master has declar'd Prince *Christian* his Son Successor in the Throne.

They talk also of a Marriage lately solemniz'd, between *Charles* a German Count, and *Charlotte*, Sister to the Landgrave of *Hesse-Cassel*.

But that which most takes up Mens Ears, and employs their Tongues and Thoughts, are the *Civil Wars* of this Kingdom; which is all in a Flame, by Occasion of the Imprisonment of the Prince of Conde, and his Brothers. The Citizens of *Paris* are very jocund, at the repeated News of the King's ill Success; for they wish not well to his Arms, whilst employ'd against the *Mal-contents*.

Illustrious old Grandee, I wish thee the Years of Nestor, and those calculated by Full Moons of Prosperity. But I pray Heaven avert from thee some of his Moments, wherein they say he was tormented with the Gout, as I am at this Instant: It is a Pain hardly to be supported.

Paris, 11th of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1650.

LETTER VII.

To the same.

BY the God whom I adore, and by his Shadow, I swear there is no Disloyalty in *Mahmut*, yet his Life is full of Temptations and Perils. The Box of Letters I mention'd in my last, is irrecoverably gone, and laid up in the Bowels of the Earth, if we may believe the Confession of a Man; every Angle of whose Heart has been search'd with exquisite Torments, even to Death.

Eliachim's

Eliachim's Slave, the *Negro* whom I spoke of, mistook that *Box* for one very like it, out of which he had often seen his *Master* take *Jewels*: for this is the particular Merchandise of that *Jew*: And the Weight of each was not so unequal as to rectify his Error. *Lucre* tempted him, and the Desire of Liberty; whilst the Darkeness (for he committed the Villany before Sun-rising) and his own guilty Fears, conspired to baffle his intended Theft. The *Boxes* stood together, (so careful was *Eliachim* of the sublime Secrets as not to venture 'em in a Place less secure than that of his *Jewels*.) and the Villain hasty to be gone, and confounded for want of Light, took up that wherein were the *Writings*, instead of his designed Prey, the *Jewels*. He went directly into the Fields, purposing to bury this supposed Treasure in the Earth, in some private Place where he might take it forth at Discretion: But first opening the *Box*, to supply himself with such *Stones* as he thought would be unquestionable Pawns for Money, to answer his present Necessities, that so he might the better provide for his Concealment; he was astonished, and his Heart became like Lead, when he found nothing but Papers full of Characters, to which he was wholly a Stranger. A Thousand Resolutions presented themselves to him in that Agony of his Mind, and he knew not what to fix on. Sometimes he thought to carry the *Box* back again as he found it; and since his Design had been thus strangely baulk'd, to content himself till another Opportunity. But then he consider'd 'twas too late to return before his Master would miss both his *Slave* and *Box*; for the Sun was now far advanced in our Hemisphere, and *Eliachim* is an early riser. In a word, therefore he thought it the safest way to bury it in the Ground, as he first intended had it been the *Box* of *Jewels*, and so shift for himself. Proposing to himself this Advantage in hiding the *Papers* in a secure Place, that if they were of Value he might at any time make Composition with his *Master*, by discovering where they were.

All that I have here related is drawn from his own Mouth in the midst of Tortures. For *Eliachim* soon heard

heard of his fugitive *Negro*, who was seiz'd on the Road to *Lyons* by some Correspondents of this *Jew*. Who having Intelligence of it, took Horse immediately, and went to the Place. He did not think it safe to make a publick Business of it, or to arraign him before the appointed *Judges* of the *Country*; but relying on the *Justice* of his *Cause*, and the *Right* of a *Master*, he privately put him to *Tortures* of divers Kinds, in a House where he could command any thing.

The stout *African* at first deny'd that he had medled with any *Box*, saying, he escap'd purely for the sake of *Liberty*. But when a Succession of divers *Torments* had quite overthrown his Constancy, he confessed all that I have already related. *Eliachim* still suspecting worse, and that he only fram'd this as a plausible Story, to be freed from, or at least to respite the Pains he suffered, caus'd sharp Thorns to be thrust under the Nails of his Fingers and Toes; believing that the Extremity of so sensible a Pain would extort the true Secret from him. But he could get nothing else from the poor excruciated *Negro*, though now almost ready to expire, than that he had hid the *Box* under Ground in a certain Corner of a Field out of the City, to which he knew not how to direct *Eliachim*, but promis'd to shew it him if he would carry him alive to *Paris*.

This was no hard Task to perform in the Opinion of the *Jew*; it being but a Day's Journey to this City from the Place where they then were. But he was deceived in his Hopes; and now all the Applications and Cordials they could use, came too late; for that very Night the *Negro* breath'd out his Soul.

However, when *Eliachim* came to *Paris*, he follow'd the Directions of his dead *Slave*, as well as he could, in searching every Corner of the Fields on that Side of the City where this *Black* had been seen to go out. But all to no Purpose. He could find nothing; nor have we any Hopes ever to see that *Box* again. Yet I have many Qualms of Fear, lest some time or other it should come to light, to our Disadvantage and Ruin.

I desire thy Instructions, sage Governor of the *Capital City*, how I shall deport my self if it be my Lot to be discover'd. As to the remaining *Box*, which has in it the Transcripts of my own *Dispatches*, I have taken it home to my Lodging, believing it will be as safe here as in the House of *Eliachim*: since that faithful *Jew* is no more exempted from Contingencies than my self: And I have no Servant to betray me.

This *Kingdom* abounds at present in Treasons and Rebellions. The *French* spare not to massacre one another for the sake of a Passion: While the *Spaniards* make their Advantages of these intestine Feuds; for under Pretence of assisting the *Princes* of the *Blood*, they get Footing in *Picardy*, from whence it will not be easy to expel them. *Leopold*, Arch-duke of *Austria*, is at the Head of the *Spanish Army*, and has taken several Towns belonging to the *French King*.

When the *Quarrels* of these *Infidels* will end I am not solicitous; my Thoughts being ever taken up in the Service which I owe to the *Empire* of true Believers.

I cannot bid thee adieu, illustrious *Kaimacham*, 'till I have assur'd thee I am macerated with Zeal for the *Grand Seignior*.

Paris, 23d of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1650.

LETTER VIII.

To Solyman Kuslir Aga, Prince of the
Black Eunuchs.

AFTER I had perus'd thy *Dispatch*, wherewith thou hast honour'd thy *Slave Mahmut*; and I was full of Joy for the continued Demonstrations of thy
Friendship

Friendship and Protection; so my Breast conceived an Indignation at the Affront which has been offer'd to the sublime Port by the *Cham* of the *Tartars*, in presuming to demand the *Tutelage* of our august *Emperor*. It is an Indignity to the *Ministers* of *supreme Justice* and *Honour*, *Lights* of the *Imperial Divan*, to whom is committed the Cognizance of all human Events; the illustrious *Vizirs*, who manage the Affairs of the mighty and invincible *Sultan Mahomet*, whose *Throne* may *God* fortifie, 'till the *Moon* shall no more appear in the *Heavens*.

Those People have been ever thirsty of Rule, and 'tis number'd among the *Virtues* of their *Ancestors*, that they enlarg'd their *Dominions* by the keen Edge of their *Swords*. But in all the *Registers* and *Archives* of the *Empire*, it has not been found, that any of that Nation challeng'd a Right to govern our *Sultans*, though during their *Minority*. It is sufficient that they shall have the Honour (according to the ancient *Capitulations*) to succeed in the *Throne* of the *Osman Princes*, if ever that *sacred Line* should be extinct: Which *God* avert, 'till the final *Consummation*.

It is a Wonder they demanded not also his *Royal Brothers*, the other *Sons* of *Sultan Ibrahim*; that so they might at one Blow cut off the whole *Osman Race*, and take Possession of the *vacant Throne*.

I have not heard any thing these many *Moons* what is become of those *high-born Infants*; whether they are alive, or sacrificed to the *Jealousy* of the *Sultan*, as has been the Custom. Here are various flying Reports concerning them. Some say that thou hast convey'd away *Sultan Achmet*, and that he is privately educated in the House of a certain *Georgian*. The Blessing of *Mahomet* be upon thee, and refresh thy Heart if thou hast taken this Care to preserve the *Life* of an *Osman Prince*, which is more precious than a Hundred thousand of *common Birth*.

As for *Solyman* and the rest of that *sublime Race*, the *French* give 'em over for lost; and I cannot contradict 'em, for want of true *Intelligence*. Besides I have Reason to fear it is too true, in regard it has been the cruel Practice

of

of all, or most of our late *Emperors*, either to slaughter their Brethren as soon as they ascended the *Throne*, or to put 'em to a more lingering Death and Martyrdom in a Prison.

'Tis true indeed, our present *Sovereign* is not yet arrived to those Years wherein Children commonly lose their native Innocence. I believe he suspects none of his Brethren, nor harbours any unkind Thoughts against their Lives. Yet Cruelty may be insinuated into his tender Years by the Artifices of his Mother; especially against those of his Father's *Blood*, that did not also partake of hers. For *Sultan Ibrahim*, thou know'st, had Children by other Women beside the *Sultana-Valede*.

The *Maltese* think they have one of these *Royal* Infants in their Possession. Thou knowest the whole Story of thy *Predecessor's* Voyage toward *Egypt*, with his beautiful *Slave* and her Son, whom these *Infidels* honour as the Off-spring of the *Grand Seignior*. Thou art not ignorant also, that this *Infant*, with his *Mother*, were banish'd out of Jealousy, by the Order of *her* who bore in her womb *Sultan Mahomet*, our glorious *Sovereign*. The Remembrance of which makes me tremble for the sake of the young *Princes*, if there be any yet remaining alive. It is in thy Power to certify me, and in doing so, thou wilt rid me of much Anxiety.

I am but a *Slave* of the *Slaves* who serve the *Grand Seignior*; and 'tis not decent for me to descant on the Actions of our most *absolute Monarch* whose will is not to be controul'd: But I am still a Man, and have some Share of Humanity and Reason. Thou also art my particular Friend, and wilt permit me to discourse with freedom. Was it not a *bloody Feast*, to which our King's Great Grandfather *Mahomet III.* invited nineteen of his Brethren on the Day of his *Inauguration*? Was it not a cruel Act, to cause those *Royal Guests*, in whose Veins ran the *Blood* of his own Father, to be strangled before they departed from his Table? No less inhumane was it of *Mahomet*, the late *Vizir Azem*, to guide the Hand of this our present *Sovereign*, when but six Years old, and incapable of knowing what he did, to sign a *Warrant* for

for the Execution of his Father. Well may the Nazarenes call us Barbarians, when they contemplate the Empire of the Mussulmans, supported by such unnatural Methods.

Thou that hast the superlative Honour of being the immediate Guardian of our young Emperor, wilt pardon the Liberty I take. Ascribe all to the Force of my Zeal and Loyalty. Thou art valiant and wise. Protect thy Charge as the Chrystal of thine Eyes, which thou wilt not suffer to be hurt by the Dust of the Streets.

Paris, 14th of the 10th Moon
of the Year 1650.

LETTER IX.

To Dgnet Oglou.

NOTwithstanding all my Philosophy, I have not Command enough of my Passion, to conceal it from thee, who hast always been the Partaker of my unequal Fortunes. Whatever Magnanimity of Spirit I pretended to formerly in my Sickness, 'tis at present overcome by the Desire of Ease. At that time I remember some Stoical Considerations made me industriously hide from thee the tormenting Pains I felt. I endeavoured to disguise my Sufferings, and to paint my Misery in such Colours, that it could hardly be distinguished from Happiness. But now I have not Courage enough to hide from thee my Fears and Apprehensions: And all Seneca's Morals are too little to hinder me from complaining of the Uncertainty that we daily experience in human Affairs. This is a Theme so popular, that were not my particular Misfortunes very pressing, 'twould make me sick to say any thing on a Subject, that has been in every Man's Mouth since the time that our first Father appear'd among the Trees. Therefore thou may'st

be assured, I am not going about to make a *Declamation*, or play the *Orator*; to expatiate and make large Descants on the *Instability* of *all Things*. What I have to say, refers to my self, and no Body else, save to those who are the Occasion of my *Melancholy*.

In the 10th Moon of the last Year, I sent a *Letter* to *Kenan Bassa*, the new *Hafnadar Bassy*. I have a *Copy* of it by me, as I always retain of whatever *Dispatches* I send to the *sublime Port*, whether to the *publick Ministers*, or my *private Friends*.

I have perus'd this *Letter* several Times within these eight and forty Hours, and can find no just Ground of Offence, which that *Grandee* cou'd take thereat; unless he was angry with me for desiring him to be careful in transmitting my Money. As for the Rest, I only obey'd the particular Instructions I received from *Mahomet* the late *Vizir Azem*; who commanded me not to spare the greatest *Minister* of the *Port*, If I had Reason either to counsel or to reprehend him: For said he in his *Letter*, *To this End art thou plac'd at such a Distance, that besides the Service thou dost our Sovereign in disclosing the Secrets of the Infidels, thou mayst also be free to write, whatever thou thinkest will conduce to his Interest, without standing in fear of the Revenge of the Grandees.* These were the very Words of the *prime Minister* of the *Ottoman Empire*.

Now I only told him of some *Miscarriages* in his *Predecessors*, warning him to be wary in his *Station*. Either he was offended at this Freedom I took, or because I presum'd to advise him how to order my *Bills*. Be it which it will, I have a severe Reprimand from the *Reis Effendi*, whom I have the greatest Reason in the World to esteem my friend.

It wou'd never have vex'd me had he wrote plainly, and not disguised his Sentiments. But all was obscure, saying one blunt Expression, which convinc'd me, That the real Ground of all this Anger was my *Letter* to *Kenan*, wherein I desir'd his Care as to my Money.

Can

Can that *Minister* blame me for being apprehensive of Want in a foreign Country; a *Region of Infidels*, where I have no other Commerce but with *Courtiers* and *Strangers*: where if I should be in the least suspected, they would presently put me in Prison, which wou'd hazard a Discovery of the *sublime Secrets*? Does he not know that *Money* commands all Things; and that the greatest *Potentates* obey the Power of *Gold*? It cannot be imagin'd, but that a Man in my *Post* has a thousand pressing Occasions for Money, which 'tis troublesome to express; and I have had very wrong Notions of my *Employment*, if I deserve on this Account to be reprov'd and threaten'd with such politick Circumlocutions: For the *Secretary* charges me with Unwillingness to continue in the *Service* of the *Ever-happy Port*; as if he thought my Fidelity were corrupted, or that I had an Inclination to the *Nazarene* Interest.

I tell thee, my *Dgnet*, *Perfidy* I ever abhorr'd: This appears to me the most terrible and odious of all Vices; I could bear the Guilt and Reproach of a great many Crimes, which have less of Malice in their Constitution. I am not ashamed of many venial Frailties which I daily commit, though the *Law* is severe against them. But cou'd any Man accuse me of wilful Treachery and Ingratitude, I wou'd pray instantly, That the *Luminaries* of *Heaven* might be extinguish'd, and that no *terrene Substance* might henceforth have in it the least *potential Light*; that so I might neither be capable of seeing my self, or of being expos'd to the Eyes of others: And the better to escape the Confusion which would attend that horrid Guilt, I would not only avoid human Society, but if it were possible I wou'd run away from my self.

After all this, methinks such a Temper need not be suspected, as averse from the Interest to which he has solemnly sworn.

I wou'd not have troubled thee with the News of any other Affliction; but to be suspected of what I never was guilty of, and to be menac'd in dark mysterious Terms, not by an Enemy, but by my Friend, and one who has

in his keeping the *immortal Records* of my Zeal and Integrity; this cuts me to the Heart: And I had no other Way to ease my self, but by venting my Anguish to thee.

If any of the *Ministers* will charge me with Weakness, or want of Ability to act in this *Station*, I should have no Reason to repine; since none of them can think so meanly of *Mahmut*, as he does of himself. I boast of nothing, but a Loyalty to my Trust, incapable of being corrupted.

But I forget that I am a *Mussulman*, and therefore ought to be resign'd to the *Will* of *Heaven* in all things without Complaint or Murmur. Besides, I am infinitely obliged, in many Regards to the *Reis Effendi*; and therefore he may be allow'd to take his own Advantages. Perhaps his Reproofs may be just, and 'tis my own Peevishness that hinders me from discerning it. However, I cou'd wish he wou'd henceforth express his Resentments with less Obscurity, and not give me Grounds to apprehend the Loss of his Friendship.

For, where I once love, I hate a Change. And if thou beest of the same Mind, we two shall continue our *Friendship* to the other side of the *Grave*.

Paris, 30th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1650.

LETTER

LETTER X.

To the Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.*

IF thou wilt permit me to learn something from *Husbandmen*, they say, 'tis not profitable to plow the Fields, whose barren Glebe brings forth nothing but Briars and Thorns. Such are the Grounds of Passion and Anger among Friends; Let 'em lie fallow for ever. Perhaps thou wilt call it Presumption in me, to challenge such a Relation between us: Or, if thou ownest the Title of a Friend, thou wilt claim a Right to reprove me. Be it how it will, Reproofs make the best Impression when they are given with Mildness and Moderation; especially they ought not to be founded on a Mistake, or false Apprehension. For they appear like Arrows discharg'd in the Dark, which being shot at random, may, by giving an undeserved Wound, make an Enemy of a Friend, or at least render a Friend suspected to be an Enemy.

But I tell thee, I will not blow up the Embers of a Fire, whose Flame is extinguish'd long ago, and whereof by this Time, I hope there remains not the least Smoak. I never lov'd to add Fuel to such Cases: Otherwise, had I return'd an Answer to thy angry Letter in the Heat of my Resentments, I might have play'd the Incendiary: For I had both Matter enough, and Passion sufficient to ventilate the already kindled Sparks. And of this I know thou art sensible.

Well; to make the best Construction of it: The *Hafnadar-Bassy* was affronted, I believe, at the Freedom I took in advising him; not knowing that I had positive Orders to do so, even to the *first Minister of State*, if I saw Occasion. And to vent his Choler, he misrepresented the Business to thee, hoping by thy Means to awe me into a fawning Acknowledgment of my supposed Crime. If this was thy Intention in writing that sharp Letter, I smile at his

Mistake, but am sorry for thine, because I esteem thee my Friend. 'Twas but an Oversight in you both; and so let it pass.

Thy Friendship I court, and refuse not his, nor that of any *Officer* of the *Seraglio*. I honour all the *Bassa's* and *Ministers* of the *Imperial Port*: I shew to every one the Respect that is due to his *Quality*: But I am commanded to write with freedom to all, and not to speak, as if I had the bearded Head of a Barley Stalk on my Tongue, which is apt to slip down a Man's Throat, and threatens to choak him that speaks whilst it is in his Mouth. This Charge I first receiv'd from the late *Vizir Azem Mahomet*, and it has been since renew'd with fresh Instructions from others of *great Authority*. They all tell me with much Assurance, that one chief End of my being placed here is, that being out of the Limits of the *Ottoman Empire*, yet holding a constant Intelligence, I may freely, and without fear, reprove the Vices, and encourage the Virtues of the greatest *Governors* and *Princes* among the *Mussulmans*. Nay, I am threatned with Punishment, and the *Sultan's* Displeasure, if I neglect any Opportunity of this Nature, or appear partial and timorous in my Reprehensions.

For it seems this is judged the most ready and effectual Method to reform the Corruptions that are crept into Court, Camp and City; since every Man is obliged to communicate the Letters which he receives from me: And they are all *registered* by thy Care: Whereby the *Grandees* are compell'd, either to live within the Limits of Justice and their Duty, or else to be the Discoverers of their own Faults; which will unavoidably bring them into Disgrace, if not the Loss of their Liberty and Lives; or at least put them to the Expence of costly Presents to make their Atonement. And thou knowest some Men would almost as willingly part with their Lives as their Money, which is their *God*.

After all this, I hope thou wilt not be displeased if I perform my Duty. It is not for me to be frightened with Menaces, or softened with Bribes. My Integrity is Proof against the Pride of the one, and Baseness of the

the other. Yet I have great Esteem for the *Treasurer* and thee, with other *Ministers* who are my Friends. I could to serve such freely hazard my Liberty, Fortune, and any Thing but my Honour, which I value at a far higher Rate than my Life.

Thou may'st register it for a Truth, That an *English Ambassador* was in the 6th Moon of this Year murder'd by *Villains* in his Chamber at *Madrid*, the Capital City of *Spain*. There has been also a great Battel fought in *Scotland*, between the Army of that Nation, who maintain their King's Interest, and the Forces of the new *English Commonwealth*; wherein the latter obtain'd a signal Victory, having kill'd three thousand on the Spot, taken nine thousand Prisoners, fifteen thousand Arms, two hundred Ensigns, and all their Cannon and Baggage. These are prosperous Beginnings of that Republick, and redound much to the Honour of the *English General Oliver*, whom every body extols for a gallant Man. And I can assure thee the *Western Nations* are not barren of *Heroes*.

Principal Scribe of the Mussulmans, I wish thy Heart may be a Transcript of the best Copies.

Paris, 1st of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1650.

LETTER XI.

To Solyman Aga, Principal Chamberlain
of the Womens Apartments in the Seraglio.

THESE *Tartars*, of whom I spake to thee in my last, are a strange sort of People in their Manner of Life. But we must not censure 'em, because we are of Kin. I speak not of my self: For though I am an *Arab*, yet the greatest Part of those who serve in the

Armies of the *Grand Seignior*, are descended from the *Crimis*. I mean the *Spahis* and *Timariots*. Thou know'st the *Originals* of the *Military Orders*, and that they are more honourable than the *Fanizaries*; who being *Strangers* by *Blood*, are brought up to the *Lure* of the *Seraglio*. They know neither Father nor Mother, (I speak to the *Tributary Youths*,) nor have they any partial Fondness for their *Native Country*. They are educated in a perfect Resignation to the *Grand Seignior*, and his *chief Ministers*; yet often disobey both, and not seldom put them in hazard of their *Lives*. How many *Vizirs* have been sacrificed to a cunning *Fanizar-Aga*; who, to prevent his own Ruin, has tempted those under his Command to mutiny, and accept of no Atonement for their pretended Grievances, less than the *Life* of the *first Deputy*? The rigid *Fate* of *Sultan Osman*, Uncle to our present *Sovereign*, will not be forgot by those who love the *Ottoman Family* better than these *bastard Hectors*. Shall the *Empire* of *true Believers* be ruin'd by the *Renegades*? Besides, their *Discipline* is extremely corrupted; they marry, and follow *Mechanick Trades*, repugnant to the austere Manners of the *primitive Guards*, who are wholly attentive to martial Exercises.

Were this to come to the Hands of a *Fanizary*, he would curse me to the *Pains* which have neither *Medium* nor *End*. Yet I had once a Friend of that Order, *Cassim Hali*, the *chief Aga*, a brave Man, and of the same Sentiments as my self: He sought to reform that disorderly *Militia*, but was oppos'd by the wise Men in Power. He wou'd freely have sacrificed his own Grandeur and Interest for the Good of the *Mussulman Empire*; but was over-aw'd by those who had no other Interest but in its Ruin.

Thou know'st who I mean. Neither am I a Stranger to the heroick Bravery of the faithful *Solyman*, when he bearded the *Bostangi Aga* on that Account. That *Gardiner* was of the *Faction*, being the Son of a *Fanizary*, and train'd up in all the Practices of the *Seditious*. It makes me asham'd, when I hear the *Infidels* upbraid

upbraid the *Wise* of the *Wise*, the *supreme Monarch* on *Earth* with Folly, for permitting this insolent and mutinous *Soldiery* to continue in the *Empire*. And I tremble to think, that one time or other the renown'd *Off-spring* of *Ertogriel* will owe its Ruin and *Catastrophe* to these disloyal *Vipers*, whom he cherishes in the *Seraglio*.

Much more assur'd is the *French King* of his *Guards* of *Switzers*; whose Fidelity was never stain'd with the least infamous Brand of *Persidiousness*, in taking up Arms against their *Master*, whose Bread they eat. These are mercenary Soldiers, who travel out of their *Native* Country to serve *Foreign Princes*, and will shed the last Drop of their Blood rather than betray their Trust. Therefore they are admitted into the *Palaces*, and nigh the Bed-Chamber of the *Pope* and the *King of France*, with full Confidence of their Valour and Integrity.

As for their *Country*, it is barren and poor, consisting chiefly of *Rocks* and *Deserts*; which occasions the Youth, who are generally very strong and hardy, to seek their Subsistence abroad, by serving in the *Guards* and *Armies* of neighbouring *Monarchs* and *States*.

Some Regiments of the *Switzers* now serve in the *Wars* of *Candy*, under the *Standard* of *Venice*.

There are Vessels arriv'd lately in some of the *French* Harbours, which bring News of the ill Success of our Arms in the *Siege* of *Candia*; the chief City of that *Island*. They talk, as if above two thousand *Mussulmans* were blown up in the ninth *Moon*; and that *Chussein Bassa*, discourag'd by this Loss, and with the Inconveniencies of the approaching *Winter*, was forc'd to to raise the *Siege* in the *Moon* of *October*.

The *French* magnify the Valour of the *Knights* of *Malta*, who signaliz'd themselves by many brave Actions during the *Siege*: And if all be true that is related of these *Christian Champions*, we cannot in common Justice deny 'em their due Character, and number some of them at least among the *Heroes*.

Otherwise, we should come short of these *Western Nazarenes* in *Generosity*, who, with no less honourable Expressions, extol the repeated Courage and invincible

Constancy of the illustrious *Chussein*, and the Alacrity of all the *Mussulman* Soldiers in the Service of our great Master.

Yet they cannot forbear reflecting on the Cowardice of the *Fanizaries*; who, after that fatal Blow, had they stoutly maintain'd their other Posts, that brave *Bassa* wou'd not so soon have quitted the Siege of this important Place.

As for other News I have little to acquaint thee with, save a seeming Calm at present in this Kingdom of France, which has for the greatest Part of the Year, been harra's'd with *Civil Discords* and Slaughter. *Bordeaux*, the chief City which held out against the King, is now reduc'd to Obedience, the pacify'd Monarch retired, and there is now Appearance of Peace.

The Queen of Sweden, we hear, was solemnly crown'd in the tenth Moon of the last Year, having declared for her Successor *Carolus Gustavus*, Prince Palatine, and her Cousin.

In the same Moon died the Prince of Orange; and soon after the Count d' *Avaux*, a French Grandee, and Minister of State.

In the mean time I rejoice to hear, that my old Friends are alive and flourishing; and that the Knot is not loosened which was tied in our Youth. May it continue firm to the Day of the Earth-quake, and to a Term unlimited.

Paris, 29th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1651.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

To Kisur Darmelec, Secretary of the
Nazarene Affairs at the Port.

IN the Name of God and his Prophet, what Occasion hadst thou to send me such an angry Letter; thou that art thy self but a *Slave*, as I am, to the *Slaves* of him whose *Throne* is above the Flight of the Eagle! Dost thou think to frighten *Mahmut* into sordid Compliance with thy Ambition, whom nothing can terrify, so long as he preserves himself free from any Stain of Disloyalty? I tell thee I'm another *Achilles*, invulnerable all over, save the *Soles* of my *Feet*, which are the *Emblems* of our most tender *Affections*. There thou may'st wound me with the soft *Arrows* of pretended Friendship. But if once thou appearest with the naked Face of an Enemy, I'm presently on my Guard.

Thou accusest me of many Crimes whereof I was never guilty, loadest me with a Thousand undeserved Reproaches, and all to vent thy Choler: Threatning me with Revenge, because I once excus'd the Lateness of my Address to *Minezim Aluph Bassa*, then newly vested by our munificent *Sultan*, by laying the Blame on the Badness of the Ways, or the Insolence of Soldiers, by whom the *Posts* are often intercepted in Time of War: Or, in fine, on thy Neglect in not supplying me with more early Intelligence. Wherein 'tis easy to discern, that thou wert the last I wou'd accuse to that *Minister*, tho' thou wert principally in the Fault. For I was afterwards inform'd, That the *Posts* were neither retarded by any *impassable* Roads, nor stop'd by the Orders of *military* Men, but arriv'd here at their accustomed Seasons. Wherefore thou hast no Reason to be offended at me, unless it be for the Shortness of my Accusation, and that it was defective in Malice.

Thou wou'd'st take it ill, if in my own Defence I should complain to the *Vizir Azem* of thy frequent Neglects.

Neglects in this kind. But I scorn to vindicate my self at the Price of another Man's Disgrace and Peril. Only I advise thee to forbear Threatning. It is a Reflection on thy Prudence to menace a Man who has no other Resentments of thy Passion, than to own himself oblig'd to thee for so open a Discovery of it. Would'st have the very spleen of my Humour? I smile at thee. Thou has made me as jocund as *Democritus*. If thou know'st not who I mean, he was a pleasant sort of a Philosopher, to whom all human Actions were Objects of Mirth. There was another whining *Sage* that perpetually wept. The most comical Passages, and such as mov'd all Men to Laughter, drew Floods of Tears from his Eyes: His Name was *Heraclitus*. It is hard to determine which of these two was in the right. But I think I am not much in the wrong to be a little pleasant with thee: Perhaps it may put thee into a better Humour. However, I would not have thee be displeased with thy self for being of so peevish a Disposition. 'Tis observ'd, that passionate Men are always best natur'd, and free from sacred Malice. *Choler* is as necessary as our *Blood*: Without the latter we could not live; and if we were void of the former, our *Lives* wou'd be as *unactive* as that of *Snails* and *Oysters*: We should be absolutely *Drones*.

Hippocrates, the famous Physician, says, This *Complexion* is the most noble of all the four, transforming Men to *Heroes*, and refining our *earthly Mold*, to a Constitution like that of the *immortal Gods*; whose *Bodies*, according to the *Poets*, consist wholly of an *athereal Flame*.

Therefore be not discouraged, neither repine at a Temper which ranks thee among those to whom *Sacrifices* are made. On the other side, take it not amiss from *Mahmut*; if he tells thee, he has not Devotion enough to become thy voluntary *Victim*.

Yet if I cannot be so obsequious as to throw my self away by acknowledging Crimes wherein I was never concerned, and for which I have a natural Abhorrence; rest satisfy'd at least, That I will serve thee as far as I can, without entrenching on the Duty I owe to the Grand

Seignior.

Seignior. And be assur'd, I will do thee no Harm, so long as thou observest that Rule.

In fine, I advise thee to order thy Steps like a Man that is walking in the *Bogs* of *Egypt*, where, if he observe the *Track* of those who have gone before him, he may be safe; but if his Foot slips he sinks in the *Mire*. Such is the *Life* of *Courtiers*.

Paris, 18th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1651.

L E T T E R XIII.

To Minezim Aluph, Bassa.

IN the Beginning of the last Year I sent thee a *Dispatch*, wherein I acquainted thee with the *Imprisonment* of three *Princes* of the *Royal Blood* of *France*; now thou shalt receive the *News* of their *Liberty*.

They were released by an *Order* from the *King* on the 13th Day of this *Moon*, and arrived in this City on the 16th, which was Yesterday, attended by a numerous *Cavalcade*, consisting of some *Princes*, divers of the *Nobility* and *Gentry*, and, one would think, of half the *Citizens* of *Paris*. Even those who triumph'd last Year, and made Bonfires for their Confinement, Yesterday throng'd out of the City to welcome them Home with Acclamations of Joy, and to congratulate their Release. So fickle and inconstant a Thing is the *Multitude*, driven hither and thither with every artificial Declaration of *Statesmen*, or Pretence of *Faction*.

But there were divers *Princes* and *Noblemen*, who, from the first Hour of their being seiz'd, resolved not to leave a Stone unturn'd to procure their Freedom. The *Grandees* that were their Friends, retir'd to their *Governments*, and rais'd *Rebellions* in the *Provinces*. All the *Kingdom* was harass'd with *Civil Wars*. The *Parliaments* decreed against the *Court*; and there wanted not

Cabals

Cabals of seditious *Courtiers*, even in the *Palace* of the *King*, to undermine the *Royal Authority*; which the *Cardinal Minister* thought to establish, by the Imprisonment of the *Princes*. In all Places the *King's Interest* ran retrograde.

Thou wilt not wonder at this when thou shalt know, that the *Princes* of *France* are not *Slaves* to the *King*, like the *Bassa's* of the most serene *Empire*, who owe all their Greatness to the sole Favour of our munificent *Sultans*. These *Princes* enjoy all that and more by Inheritance, which our *Grandeess* acquire only by their Merits, and the Smiles of their *Sovereign*. Hence it is, that their Interest is rivetted in the Hearts of the People, who revere the *Blood Royal*, in whatsoever Channel it runs.

Therefore thinking Men blame the *Cardinal's* Conduct in this Affair; saying, there was neither *Justice* or *Policy* in it. Indeed, if a Man's Wit is to be measured by the Success of his Contrivances, the Censure of these People is true; for the *Cardinal* seems to have made a Trap for himself.

As soon as he perceiv'd the *King* was prevail'd on by the Importunity of his Uncle, the *Duke of Orleans*, and the *Parliament* of *Paris*, to release the *Princes*, and that they had at the same time earnestly begg'd of him, that this *Minister* might be removed from the *Court*; he suddenly pack'd up his Moveables, and withdrew privately towards the Place where the *Princes* were confin'd: Hoping, that though he had lost his first Point, yet he might make an indifferent after-Game, by going in Person to the *Royal Prisoners*, and assuring them, 'twas to him they ow'd their Release; since it was in his Power to carry 'em away with him, as also those who brought them, the *King's Mandate*. For he travelled not without a considerable *Guard*.

'Tis said the *Princes* receiv'd him with seeming Compliments and Addresses of Civility; promising their Friendship to the *Cardinal*, now a *voluntary Exile*, and in a worse Condition than themselves.

It is very strange that so great a *Minister*, who inherited all that *absolute Power* which his Predecessor *Richlieu* had.

had at this *Court*, should thus on a sudden abandon his Fortune. But it is thought he is not gone to pick Straws.

However, he has by this timely Flight, avoided the Displeasure of seeing himself compell'd to depart by an Arrest of *Parliament*, which was published within two Days after he was gone; commanding him to depart the *Kingdom* within fifteen Days.

The wise *Minister* foresaw this Disgrace approaching and therefore thought it more becoming his Honour to depart of his own Accord: Having still the Advantage to reproach the *State* with Ingratitude, in that they have reduced to such Streights, the Man by whose auspicious Conduct, *France* has been elevated to an extraordinary *Grandeur* in *Europe*.

By this thou may'st comprehend, illustrious *Bassa*, that there's no *Stability* in *human Greatness*; but that the *Wheels* of a *Courtier's* Life, run thro' *unequal Tracts*, often sticking in the *Mire* of the *Valley*, and not seldom threatening to overthrow a Man, and cast him headlong from the *Precipice* of a *Mountain*. Against these *inconstant Turns* of *Fortune*, I advise thee to be arm'd with *Moderation*; since no Man can avoid his *Destiny*.

Paris, 14th of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1651.

LETTER XIV.

To Isouf, his Kinsman at Fez.

I Am glad to hear thou art alive. Thy Letter came in a good Hour; for I bear a true Affection to those of my *Blood*, and have been particularly anxious for thee these many Years. The Sun has nine times measur'd the *twelve Signs* of the *Zodiack*, since I receiv'd thy last Letter before this, or heard any News of

of thee. It seems thou hast travell'd a great Part of the Earth during that time.

'Twas kindly done of thee, to remember thy sick Uncle's Request when thou wert at *Aleppo*, in making Oblations for his Health to *Sheigh Boubac* the *Santone*; and distributing *Corban* to the Poor, in honour of *Sytana Fissa*.

Thou hast sent me a large and satisfactory Account of thy Observations in *Asia*: Yet I am sorry thou hadst not time to penetrate into the Religion and Secrets of the *Indian Bramins*. I am more ambitious to pry into the Wisdom and Learning of those *Philosophers*, than into any other Species of Knowledge whatsoever. Methinks 'tis pity the Records of so vast an Antiquity should be conceal'd from the rest of the World, and only known to those happy Priests: I protest 'tis impossible for me to think of it without Envy: But perhaps it is the Will of Heaven to lock up those Mysteries in the remotest Provinces of the East, as a Reward of their Constancy, in adhering to the Traditions of their Father, which know no Origin; and as a Reproach to all other Nations, who, in Matters of Religion, have been mutable as the Winds.

I have convers'd with several *Jesuits* and others, who have been in the *Indies*; but they seem to relate all things partially, out of a natural Aversion for the Manners of the East; and I knew not how to disprove 'em 'till thy Brother *Pesteliali* undeceived me. He has also visited those Parts, and resided a considerable Time in *China*. It is a difficult thing for a Traveller to keep himself within the Bounds of Truth in his Relations; but I believe he has not exceeded. Thy Journal touches but lightly the *Indian Affairs*, not having Leisure, as thou tellest me, to observe much. However, thou hast made Amends in thy Relations of *Persia*, *Tartary*, and the Land of the *Curds*.

I depend much on thy Promise of sending me a Journal of thy Travels in *Africk*. To that Quarter of the World I am much a Stranger, not having met with any authentick Relation of the Regions of the South.

It seems thou has been in *Ethiopia*, *Libya*, *Egypt*; and in fine, all over the *Torrid Zone*.

Historians

Historians tell wonderful things of these *Parts*; *Herodotus* mentions a sort of *People* in *Africa*, whose *Bodies* were more venomous than *Serpents*. These affronted once at the *Winds* for driving the *Sands* of *Libya* into their *Country*, and filling up all their *Wells* and *Streams*, enter'd into a *War* against the *Kingdom* of *Æolus*; but the *South Wind* met 'em in their *March*, and bury'd 'em under *Mountains* of *Dust*.

I do not represent this to thee as a *Truth*, tho' related by that learn'd *Grecian*. Thou may'st repute it for a *Fable*, as I do, but let this *Passage* be a *Hint*, that I expect from thee none but solid *Remarks*.

It would please me to be assured of one *Thing*, which perhaps thou hast heard of when thou wast in *Barbary*. Very credible *Authors* report, that when the *Phœnicians* were expell'd by the *Israelites*, and driven into this *Corner* of *Africk*, they set up two *Pillars* of *Marble*, whereon they engraved these *Words*, as a *lasting Monument* of their *Expulsion*, WE ARE A REMNANT OF THOSE, WHO FLED FROM THE FACE OF JOSHUA, THE ROBBER, THE SON OF NUN.

The *first Invention* of *Ships* is by some ascrib'd to these *People*, whom *Necessity* taught to seek *Rest* on the unquiet *Ocean*; since the more turbulent *Sons* of *Jacob* would not permit them to enjoy any *Repose* on the *Land*, having harass'd 'em from one *Place* to another, till at length they drove 'em to the very *Borders* of the *Earth*. But thou knowest, the *Chinese* pretend to the *Use* of *Ships* many thousand *Years* before this *Depredation* of the *Israelites*. Every *Nation* aims to be esteem'd the most ancient. And when there was formerly a *Dispute* between the *Egyptians* and *Scythians* on this *Point*, 'twas adjusted in favour of the latter. But the *Chronologies* of the *Chinese* and *Indians* far exceed all others in the *World*. For they seem to out-strip *Time* it self in *Antiquity*; at least, they transcend the *common Date* of the *World's Creation*.

I have heard a *Traveller* assert, that as he was journeying thro' the *Desarts* of *Libya*, he discover'd an *Altar* of *Stone*, with this *Inscription* on it, in *Grecian Characters*, I PO-

LYSTRATUS

LYSTRATUS OF ATHENS, HAVE CONSECRATED THIS ALTAR, TO ALL THAT IS GOOD IN HEAVEN; AND IF THAT ALL BE BUT ONE, AS SOME SAY, MAY THAT ONE ACCEPT MY VOWS.

I desire thee to inform me, whether thou hast ever seen or heard of such an *Altar* when thou wert in those Parts. You *Travellers* must expect this kind of Trouble from your Friends: Every body is naturally inquisitive, and desirous of *Knowledge*.

'Twill be acceptable also to send me an *Abstract* of the present State of *Fez*. I should be glad to hear of the Health of *Abel Melec Muli Omar*, the *Superior* of the magnificent College in that City, built by *Al' Habu Enmor*, King of the Country. They say, it cost him Two hundred and forty thousand *Sequins*.

'Tis added, That in *Fez* there is a *Mosque* near half a League in Circuit; in which are as many *Gates*, as there be Days in the *Revolution* of a *Moon*. And that the Number of the Pillars which support it, is equal to the Year of the *Hegyra* wherein it was founded; being encompassed also by seventeen high *Minarets*, besides innumerable *Domes* and *Terrasses*; having also 900 Lamps burning in it by Night, and 300 *Windows* to let in the Light of the Day. The Revenue of this famous *Mosque* is said to be 36500 *Sequins* a Year. They relate many other Things of *Fez*, and the *Provinces* belonging to it. Of all which I desire thee to send me a distinct Account.

I had almost forgot one Passage, which I have read in the *Ancients*, concerning a certain subtle *African*, whose Name was *Psaphon*. This Man had train'd up a *Parrot*, to repeat very frequently these Words, *Psaphon is a great God*. When the Bird had perfectly learn'd his Lesson, he let it loose; which being accustomed to a *Domestick* Life in a Cage, fled not presently to the Fields, but perch'd on the *Temple* of the Town, where it was heard by the People to utter the aforesaid Sentence aloud, and very often. They, ignorant of the Quality of *Parrots*, and led with native *Superstition*, esteem'd it an *Oracle* from *Heaven*. Wherefore, immediately flocking to the House

House of *Psaphon*, they offer'd *Sacrifice* to him, and in all Respects treated him as a *Divinity*.

Whether this Story be true or no, 'tis certain *Idolatry* had no better Foundation than Artifice and Lies: Unless we shall conclude with the Poet, *That Fear made the first Gods in the World*. Cousin, let there be a frequent Intercourse between us. It will be profitable to thee and me.

Paris, 5th of the 4th Moon,
of the Year 1651.

LETTER XV.

To Kerker Hassan, Bassa.

TIS a Custom in the Court of *Rome*, That every Nation of the *West* has a Protector among the Cardinals there, who are Princes of the Roman Church: Such I esteem thee, in the most exalted Court of the *East*.

Arabia gave thee thy first Breath: But thy own Merits have lifted thee up to the Dignity of a *Bassa*, a Prince of the *Ottoman Empire*, whose Limits far exceed those of the modern, or even of ancient *Rome*.

'Tis from hence our Countrymen address to thee, as to their Patron, using thy Power and Mediation with the *Grand Seignior* in all their Necessities.

Among the rest, wonder not that the humblest of thy Slaves, *Mahmut*, the Son of thy Father's Neighbour, falls at thy Feet in a Time of great Distress, in the Agonies of his Spirit, the Hazard of his Fortune, and Peril of his Honour, which he values more than his Life.

I complain not of the many repeated Abuses and Contempts I have received from some in the *Seraglio*, to whom it belongs not to meddle with Things out of their Sphere, much less to discourage the faithful Agents and Missioners of the *Grand Seignior*. Yet the Persecutions

tions I have felt from their Hands are such, as would drive another Man, less patient of Injuries, either to Revenge or Despair.

They have vilify'd all my Conduct in this *Station*; reproach'd my best Actions with the odious *Character* of *Imprudence* and *Disloyalty*; and misrepresented the smallest *Peccadilloes*, (for which also I have the *Mufti's* Dispensation) under the ignominious *Title* of *Infidelity* and *Atheism*. In a Word, they thirst after my Blood: Nothing will satisfy their greedy Malice, but my Life.

I never was afraid to *die*, since I perfectly understood what it is to *live*. Nor can I be fond of protecting my Breath, when my *Great Master* shall please to call for a Surrender of it, for whose Service only it was given me. But it would render the *Scene* of my *Death* tragical, and strew my Passage into the *other World* with Thorns, to be sent out of *this*, under the Notion of a *Traitor*, who have acted my Part without a real Blemish.

Ikingi, that learned Tutor of the *Royal Pages*, was the first that broach'd this Enmity against me; (for I have forgot the Prevarication of *Shashim Istham*, the black Eunuch, since the Time he acknowledged his Fault with much Candour and Ingenuity.) 'Twas that *Athenian Saphist*, who debauch'd the Integrity of my *Cousin Solyman*; and persuaded the unwary Youth to enter into a Conspiracy against his Uncle. But I reprehended my Kinsman's Folly in one Letter; and his Answer, though late, convinc'd me, that he was not guilty of Malice, so much as of Rashness and Credulity. I was extremely oblig'd to the *Kaimacham* for his Benignity and Friendship in this Affair. The good old Minister had a real Kindness for me, and took no small Pains to penetrate into the Causes of my *Cousin's* eager Passion and Malice against me. At length he found it to be only the Practices of *Ikingi*, who took Advantage of *Solyman's* Temper, equally loyal and flexible, insinuated into his youthful Mind monstrous Ideas of me; and, in fine, set him a railing at me with a fierce kind of Liberty wherever he came. The wise *Bassa* soon open'd my Kinsman's Eyes,

Eyes, brought him to his Sense; and the Issue of all was, That *Solyman* writ me a Letter of Apology.

But since this, the *Master* of the *Pages* has laid new Trains for me, and drawn a great many more to his Party. He has corrupted *Mustapha Guir*, an *Eunuch*, and *Page* to the old *Queen*; with whom I once held a Correspondence, and, as I thought, had contracted a Familiarity and Friendship; but, it seems, it was only an Appearance, without Reality. I could give thee a long List of those, whom this *Academick* has taught to slander *Mahmut*; but I will not appear so revengeful: Besides, this is not the only Grievance of which I complain.

Shall I remonstrate to thee, most excellent and serene *Bassa*, the true Cause of my Uneasiness? I am weary of living among *Infidels*. Favour me with thy Assistance and Intercession, that I may have leave to retire from this Place, and vindicate my self before the Faces of my Enemies. And having had that Honour, rendring also a just Account of the Affairs wherewith I am entrusted, I may visit my *Native Country*, and spend the Residue of my Days in *Arabia*, the Scene of all our *Prophet's* great Actions, the Place where I first drew my Breath. I languish for the Aromatick Air of *Admoim*, the Chrystal Fountain, and cooler Shades of that happy Province. I long to see the Groves which encompass the *Village* of my *Nativity*, the Turrets of thy Father's House, and the *Mosque* of *Hafen* the *Prophet*; for tho' I took no Notice of these Things in my Infancy, yet having once seen 'em in my riper Years, when I was able to make more lasting Reflections, I shall never forget these delightful Objects so long as I live.

If this be an Infirmity, pardon it, illustrious *Arab*, since it is natural to all Men. Thou, thy self, hast enjoy'd the Pleasure of revisiting that sweet *Region*: Pity *Mahmut*, who burns with Desire to taste the same.

Or if this shall be thought too great an Indulgence to the poor *exil'd Mahmut*, yet it will be easy for thee, who art a Favourite, to obtain of the *Grand Seignior*, that I may at least be recall'd from this *Employment*, and some body else substituted in my Place. There are those among

mong my Enemies who are ambitious of the Fatigue; and *Ikingi*, my old Friend, would exchange all the Honours he is possess'd of in the *Seraglio*, for this obscure, yet hazardous Post. 'Tis Pity but such a Man's Thirst of Perils should be gratify'd.

But if after all that I have said, my *Superiors* shall think it expedient to continue me here, I am resign'd; only desiring, That from henceforth my Slanderers may be suspected, as Men ill affected to the *sublime Port*, for traducing a Man that has waded through a thousand Difficulties, Temptations and Perils; and serv'd the *Ottoman Empire* in this *Station* Fourteen Years, without making a false Step, or transgressing the least Point of his Instructions.

I hear that *Chusaein Bassa* is made *Vizir Azem*. The *French* have a very great Opinion of his Valour. They are generally *impartial Criticks* in *martial Affairs*, scorn- ing to deny a *brave Enemy* his *due Character*.

We are at present barren of other News, save a new *Arrest* of Parliament against Cardinal *Mazarini*, and all his Kindred and Creatures; whereby they are declar'd *Enemies* of the *State*, and charg'd with a large Cata- logue of Crimes, whereof perhaps they were never guilty.

Here are also some flying Reports of the *Cardinal's* Death: who, say they, has poyson'd himself for Grief of his ill Success in this Court. But I esteem this only as the Froth of his Enemies Malice, who really wish him dead; and, to discourage his Friends, give it out that he is so.

Serene Bassa, I commit my Affairs to thy Protection; beseeching thee, to do the Office of a Countryman and a Friend, to the Betray'd for God.

Paris, 26th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1651.

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

To Chusaein Bassa, *the Magnanimous Vizir Azem, and Invincible General of the Ottoman Forces in Candia.*

I Am not much above forty three Years old, yet have I seen great Changes in the *World*, mighty *Revolutions* in *Kingdoms* and *States*, and the *Death* of many *Sovereign Monarchs*, illustrious *Generals*, and wise *Statesmen*. Doubtless, all *sublunary* Things are subject to *Vicissitude*. There appears nothing *constant* and *settled*, but the *Heavens* and *Stars*: They indeed persevere in their *immutable Courses*, never change their *Orb*, nor start from their *eternal Posts*. The *Sun* rises and sets at his accustom'd *Hours*; and the *Moon* exactly observes the determin'd *Periods* of her *Encrease* and *Wane*: These vary only as the *Seasons* of the *Year*, with exquisite *Regularity* and constant *Returns*.

But here below, there is an universal *Transmigration* and *Metempsychosis* of *States*, and *Forms* of *Things*; a perpetual *Flux* and *Reflux* of human *Events*. Men die hourly, and others are hourly born to supply their *Places*. One *Age* treads close upon the *Heels* of another. And we, who live at present, as we walk in the *Steps* of our *Fathers*, so shall we follow them down to the *Grave*, where our *Flesh*, by a new *Metamorphosis*, shall be turn'd into the *Bodies* of *Worms*, *Insects*, and *Serpents*; and what shall become of our *Souls* is uncertain.

I was born in the *Reign* of *Sultan Achmet*, from whom our present *Sovereign* is the sixth *Emperor*, that has ascended the glorious *Throne* of the *Ottomans*. May *God* grant him a long *Life*, and a *Series* of *Years* bless'd with a continual *Health*, and *Victory* over his *Enemies*. I pray *Heaven* also, to perpetuate thy new *Office* to the last *Period* of the *Sultan's* *Life*; and in wishing this, I say all that can be expected.

But

But when I reflect on the frequent and bloody *Tragedies* that have been acted in the *Seraglio* since I can remember; and the many *Sacrifices* that have been made of *Sultans, Vizirs, Bassas* and *principal Ministers of State*, besides the *Massacres* and *Butcheries* of meaner Persons, it makes me melancholy amidst the Joys I conceive for thy late *Exaltation*; and fills me with Fears lest my good Wishes to the *Grand Seignior* and thee, who art his Right Hand, should by some sinister *Decree of Fate*, be almost as soon disannull'd as pronounc'd. I pray *Heaven* avert my melancholy Presages.

The Death of the old *Queen* (the News of which is lately arriv'd at this Court) does but revive and encrease my Apprehension of greater *Tragedies* to come, because one Act of Cruelty still propagates another: Revenge is prolifick, and Mischief is never at a Stand. 'Tis true indeed, as it is not decent to insult o'er the *Ashes* of *illustrious* Persons; so neither has a loyal *Mussulman* any great Reason to mourn for the Fall of a Woman, by whose Connivance her *Royal Son*, and our late *Great Master Sultan Ibrahim*, fell a *Sacrifice* to the *Mufti's* Indignation. 'Twas an unnatural Part in a Mother: And we may say, the *divine Justice* has overtaken her, in making her *Grandson* sign the *Warrant* for her *Death*, with the Consent of that very *Mufti*, at whose *Instigation* she had consented to the Murder of his *Father*.

Yet after all, may she not have left behind her a Party in the *Seraglio*, or at least in the *State*, who will study to revenge her Fall; or, however, do some Mischief to prevent their own! Let me not seem to contradict my own Arguments, and whilst I plead against Revenge and Cruelty, appear an *Advocate* for those inhuman Passions. I do not mention the surviving *Creatures* of this unhappy *Queen*, to excite in thee false Sentiments of Justice, suspicious *Chimeras* of a possible *Conspiracy*, and so stimulate thee to punish them by Anticipation for Crimes of which perhaps they never will be guilty. I rather suggest these Things, that after so many *Tragedies* in the *Royal Family*, a Stop may be now put to future Mischiefs; lest whilst Men pursue a particular and self-interested Re-

venge,

venge, the Contagion shou'd spread, and *Cruelly* become universal and infinite.

Let it suffice, that no less than three of our *Sultans* have been depos'd and strangled within these thirty Years: Not to mention the *Deluge* of Royal Blood that has overflow'd the private Chambers of the *Seraglio*, the Prisons of the *Ottoman Princes*, Brothers or Sons to the *Emperors* formerly reigning.

These were barbarous Cures of untimely Jealousies; and it is pity that such Royal Massacres shou'd ever be repeated again. Why shou'd the *Posterity* of *Ottoman* be in this Regard the only *unfortunate Princes* on Earth? Were it not much more noble, and equally wise, to take the Measures of *Aethiopian* Policy, where to prevent Sedition and Discords about *Succession*, the *Princes* of the *Blood* are confin'd indeed, but to a very pleasing Liberty. Whilst they have Palaces, and Parks and large Fields at command; are serv'd by a *princely* Train, and deny'd no lawful Pleasures within the *Pale* of their *Restraint*. For there is an exceeding high Mountain in the Country, the Top of which is very spacious, containing large Tracts of *Ground*, many beautiful *Seraglio's* furnish'd with whatsoever can contribute to the Enjoyment of these *Princes*, or at least to compensate for their Want of greater Liberty. This Mountain is environ'd with a high and strong Wall, having but one Entrance, and that guarded by Soldiers, so that no Man can go in or out who has not the *Emperor's* Warrant, or at least a Permission from the *Prime Minister* of *State*: For he, upon the *Death* of the *Emperor*, immediately calls a *Council* of the *Supreme Officers*, who, from among these imprison'd *Princes*, chuse him whom they think most worthy to succeed. The rest, who never felt the Appetite to *reign*, (for they are carried to this Place in their Infancy, and kept in perpetual Ignorance of *State-Affairs*.) pass away their Time without Envy, or repining at the Exaltation of their Brother, addicting themselves wholly to the innocent Delights of that rural Life, or to the Study of *Books*, whereof they have great Plenty in their *Libraries*, and those altogether treating of Matters of Divine and Natural Speculation.

Whereby, tho' they know nothing of *State-Artifices* and *Intrigues* of *Courts*, yet they become able *Philosophers*, and vers'd in all the *Liberal Sciences*.

Wou'd to God our *Ottoman Princes* (I mean the younger *Brothers*) had but half this Liberty granted them, then the *Infidels* wou'd have no Reason to call the *exalted Port* a *Nest of Vultures*.

But we must not find Fault with the Actions of our *Sovereigns*, though they tend to the Scandal and Ruin of the *Mussulman Empire*. Yet I know to whom I write these Things; having often heard thee declaim against this *barbarous Custom* of shutting up the *Royal Off-spring* in a *Dungeon*, without Light or Comfort during their Lives; which many times are also cruelly shor-ten'd by the Hands of the *Executioner*.

But turning our Eyes from the *Tragedies* of the *East*, let us fix them on the Affairs of the *Nazarenes* in the *West*.

The chief Discourse at present is about a Marriage lately solemnized between the *Emperor* of *Germany* and the *Dutcheſs* of *Mantua*. She is his third Wife successively; for *Polygamy* is not allow'd, even to the *Sovereigns* in these *Parts*, where the *Priests* bear all the Sway.

The Post from *Sweden* informs us of the Death of *General Torstenson*, of whose Exploits in *Germany* thou hast often heard. That *Empire* is very unfortunate, spending its Time and Vitals in unprofitable *Assemblies* and *Consults*, whilst her active Enemies take whole *Provinces* from them with Ease; but this need not grieve us.

Great *Atlas* of the *Mussulman Empire*, I wish thee the *Continence* of *Scipio*, the *Fortune* of *Alexander*, and the *Temperance* of *Cato*; who, when he was marching through the Sands of *Libya* with his *Army*, all ready to expire with Thirst, and one of his Soldiers brought him his *Helmet* full of *Water*, as a rare Present in that general Distress, gratify'd the Soldier for his Gift, but spilt the *Water* on the Ground, saying, That since there was not enough to satisfy the whole *Army*, he wou'd not taste a Drop; and that he was unworthy to be a *General*, who

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who wou'd not endure as much Hardship as the meanest Soldier.

Paris, 26th of the 5th Moon
of the Year 1651

L E T T E R X V I I .

To Nassouff, Bassa of Natolia.

Praise be to God, Lord of the seven Heavens, and of all that is within their Circumference: These Western Nazarenes are always a quarrelling. They are resolved to do their Parts towards the fulfilling the Mussulman Predictions, and those of their own Prophets. It makes me smile to see these Infidels employing their Arms against each other, contending about petty Rights and Possessions, whilst they neglect the General Conservation and Defence of Christendom, from the impetuous Torrents of our invincible Armies.

The Elector of Brandenburg is enter'd into the Dutchy of Mons with considerable Forces, pretending to adjust I know not what Differences between those whom they call Catholicks and Protestants.

'Twould be too tedious for a Letter to run back to the first Original of this War, and trace it down from above a hundred Years ago to the present Time. Besides, 'tis of no Import to a Mussulman, to hear a long Story of the Marriages, Deaths, Heirs, and Law-Disputes of these petty Infidel Princes. Yet that thou may'st know something of it, I will relate the whole Business as briefly as I can.

In the Year 1546, William Duke of Mons, Juliers and Cleves, married Mary, the Daughter of Ferdinand I. Emperor of Germany, and by this Match obtain'd of the Emperor (whom they call Casar, as they did the ancient Emperors of Rome, whose Successor he pretends to be) some Privileges, touching the Succession of his Children, and their Right to his Dominions; and particularly, that this vast Estate should not be divided, but rest in the

entire Possession of one *Heir-Male*; or in Default of that, it should descend to the next *Female*; which, as I am told, is a Custom in *Germany*; that so the *Grandezza* and Authority of *Princely Families* may be supported.

I will not trouble thee with the Particulars, which would take up a *Volume*. But in short it appears, that notwithstanding all the strict Provision that was, or could be made, this great *Estate*, after it had remain'd sixty Years *united*, was at length *divided* between two *Princes*, both claiming an equal Right to the *Whole*; yet to prevent Wars and Effusion of Blood, each was contented with *Half*. These were *Wolsang*, Duke of *Newburgh*, and *Ernest*, Marquis of *Brandenburgh*. In whose *Families* the parted *Succeffion* has continued to this Day.

The Occasion of the present Quarrel is their *Difference of Religion*; the Duke of *Newburgh* being a *Catholick*, and he of *Brandenburgh* a *Protestant*. It seems the *Brandenburghers* had formerly made Inroads on those of *Mons* and *Fuliers*, carrying away Captive their *Priests* and *Dervises* from their *Altars* and *Convents*, and detaining them in Servitude for many Years, contrary to certain *Articles* that had been drawn up between them. They also used 'em with great Cruelty, and committed a thousand Insolencies on the *Roman Imaums* where-ever they got them in their Power.

Thus their Affairs continu'd till the late *Agreement at Munster*. Since which time the Duke of *Newburgh* endeavour'd to free his Subjects from their former Calamities, and restore Things to their ancient State.

The *Elector* of *Brandenburgh* making this an Occasion of *War*, has now invaded the *Dominions* of the said Duke. He is not gone in Person, but has sent a good Soldier, whom they call *Otho Spar*, with four thousand Men, to begin the Campaign: Who, 'tis said, will be follow'd by a greater Army.

But before he took the Field, the *Elector* of *Brandenburgh* had an *Interview* and *Conference* with the Duke of *Saxony* about this Affair, who is also a *Protestant*: So

that

that 'tis thought no small Disturbance will arise in the Empire. All Joy and Peace to true Believers!

He of *Brandenburgh* has caus'd a *Declaration* to be spread abroad full of specious Pretences, that so his Conquests may be the more easy. He talks of nothing but restoring the People of *Fuliers* and *Mons* to their ancient Liberties and Rights, both in *Civil* and *Religious* Matters, promising the fairest Things in the World to those that obey him, and receive his Armies with Friendship: On the other side, threatening to treat those who resist him with the utmost Severity that is due to Traytors and Rebels; and all this for the Sake of two or three insignificant *Ceremonies* and *Opinions* wherein they differ; mere Trifles, literal Whimfies, the Sport of their *Doctors*, the Spawn of wanton and luxuriant Brains. For no greater was the original Differences between the *Lutherans* and those of the *Roman Church*. One will be sav'd by the Strength of his *Fancy*, which he calls *Faith*, without doing any good *Work* towards it: The other toils all his Life-time to merit *Heaven*, and thinks he can never do enough to obtain his End. He wears out the Pavement of *Churches*, and makes the Skin of his Knees like that of a *Camel*, with perpetual kneeling and praying to *Images* and *Pictures*. And after all, they may be both damned. For ought I know for their ill Lives. They tear and devour one another like wild Beasts, and think to gain *Paradise* by their unnatural Zeal.

The Duke of *Newburgh* has publish'd a *Manifesto* against the Proceedings of *Brandenburgh*, and solicited the Duke of *Lorraine's* Aid, as also that of *Leopold*, Arch-Duke of *Austria*. What will be the Issue no Man knows; but oft-times a small Spark kindles great Fires: And it is not impossible, that this little Feud may set the whole Empire in a Flame.

Mighty *Bassa*, I pray Heaven bless thee with *Peace*, *Health*, and thy due *Revenue*. If these be not enough to make thee *Happy*, I wish thee an *Increase* of *Honours*, and all the glorious *Fatigues* which *Mortals* court as their, *Way to Bliss*.

Paris, 20th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1651.

LETTER XVIII.

To Useph Bassa.

SUSPECT me not : I have an equal Esteem for thee, as I have for the other *Bassas* and *Ministers* of the *Divan*. But I find it difficult to please any. They are captious, and every one wou'd have all my Letters address'd to himself : As if I were plac'd here to serve particular Interests, and not the *Publick*. However, I can but acknowledge the tacit Honour they do me in being so covetous of poor *Mahmut's* Correspondence. I wish I were in a Condition to be more partial : Then I wou'd quickly make thee and some others sensible, which are the Persons for whom I have a peculiar Regard.

But as the Case is at present, I must observe the *Instructions* I have receiv'd; and by turns write to all.

Wherein, if I fail of *Arithmetical Proportions*, I will make amends by the *Rules of Geometry* : If I write but seldom to some, I desire that the Length of my Letters, and Solidity of the Matter, may be accepted as a proper Supplement.

But thou hast no reason to complain on this Score, unless it be with thy self for travelling into *remote Countries*, whither I know not how to follow thee with Letters, or any other Way. Besides, the former Friendship that has been between us, is a sufficient Counterscarp against all Suspicion of Neglect on my Part, who am a thousand Times obliged to thee for many repeated Favours. For the Sake of *God* therefore and all that is *Good*, wound my Heart no more with these undeserv'd Reproaches ; but believe steadfastly, that *Mahmut* can never be ungrateful and false.

Thy

Thy Letter is a Miscellany of friendly Complaints and Compliments. Thou givest me a Character to which I do not pretend. 'Tis true, indeed, and I thank God and my good Stars for it, that I was not born Blind, Deaf or Dumb. Nature gave me my Senses free from any manifest Defect; and I have an indifferent good Memory. When I was young I had an Inclination to read Books; and Fortune has since favour'd me with many Opportunities for that Purpose. But I found the most profitable Study to be that of MY SELF, to which all the laborious Pains of the Schools and Academies serve only as a certain Gradation and Discipline. Nay, without these a Man may attain all the Knowledge that is necessary to the Accomplishment of his Nature; for so did the first Philosophers, before Books or Letters were extant. If thou wilt be perfectly wise, read the *ALCORAN*, and the *UNIVERSE*; after that, peruse *THY SELF*; thou wilt find Matter of Wonder and Improvement in each; but most of all in the last; for Man is a Medley of all Things.

Were this Lesson well learn'd and practis'd in the Court of France, there would not be so many little Quarrels among these *Infidels*; or at least such petty *Originals* would not produce so many fatal Consequences.

From the first time the Prince of Conde with his Brothers were releas'd from their Imprisonment, (whereof I have given an Account to *Minezime Aluph*), there appear'd much Coldness in the Queen's Reception of 'em, and their Addresses to her. On both sides they were at a Loss how to behave themselves, for all their Civilities were forc'd. 'Tis true, there was a splendid Umbrage of Reconciliation; but it soon vanish'd. Their suppress'd Passions discover'd themselves by Degrees, and at length broke out into an open Enmity.

The Queen appear'd full of Condescension and Favours: But young Conde is as full of his Merits and brave Exploits; remembering what Services he had done to this Crown. Besides he is not void of Suspicion and Jealousy, lest all those Excesses of Royal Kindness are strain'd only to render him more secure, and so entrap him a second time with greater Advantage. The Horror of his first Imprisonment is yet fix'd in his Mind; from whence it will not be easy to

efface it. Three principal Servants of the *Queen* were banish'd to remove his Fears; for she imagin'd them to be Instruments of Correspondence between the *Queen* and his old Enemy *Cardinal Mazarini*. Yet she publish'd a Declaration, signifying, That the Cardinal should be forever banish'd, not only from the Court, but from the Kingdom.

And this *Moon* the King being come of Age, invited the Prince to the Ceremonies usual on such Occasions: Which Conde apprehended as a Snare, and so fled out of *Paris*.

The Event of these Emergencies is yet in the secret Pages of Destiny: But in all likelihood a Civil War will follow. People are whispering, caballing, and making Parties on both sides. All the Powder in *Paris* is engrossed and gone; but no Body knows by whom. Some say the Prince is posted into *Flanders*; others report, that he is retir'd to his own Government, there to raise an Army. The most knowing aver, that wherever he is, he has two hundred thousand Sequins in Bank to give Life to his Designs, let them be what they will.

Think not this News of small Importance, serene Bas-sa: But when thou hearest of the Civil Wars among Christians, especially in the Realm of *France*, the first and most victorious Empire of the West, look on thy Right Hand and on thy Left, for our holy Prophet, or his Herald, is near at Hand.

Paris, 23d of the 9th Moon,
of the Year, 1651.

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

To Solyman, his Cousin at Constanti-
nople.

THOU see'st what thy *Libertinism* has brought on thee. For my Part, I am sick in reading thy Letter, full of Melancholy, and the worst kind of *Enthusiasm*.

Hadst thou follow'd my Advice; or if that be condemn'd, hadst thou but obey'd the Precepts of thy Father, an honest Man, and one that went down to the Grave in Peace, thou would'st have liv'd as happily as other Men; but now thou art overwhelm'd with *Hypochondriack* Vapours, and Dreams of a sickly Brain. I counsel thee to purge thy self with *Hellebore*; for thou hast more need of that than of *Books*. In all my Life I never heard of such religious Nonsense from a *Mussulman*, as thy last Letter is stuff'd with.

I have no Patience to make Repetitions, or answer every particular *Whimsy* of thine. But in God's Name, what makes thee fright thy self with such a wrong Notion of *Hell*? It is a common *Maxim* in Nature, *That nothing violent is permanent*. Either therefore the Pains of the *Damn'd* are not infinitely Intense, or else they are not Eternal in their Duration. Thou wilt say, The *Alcoran* it self asserts the Eternity of those Torments. But dost thou understand the figurative Manner of Speech us'd in that divine Book, and in all our Eastern Writings? Is it not common to call a very high Mountain, *The Mountain of God*? As if all the Mountains and Valleys of the Earth, were not equally his. So to express an uncertain length of Time, 'tis customary to use the *Epithet* [Eternal.] Thus we in ordinary Conversation say in *Arabia*, *I love you eternally; I will serve you, fight for you, &c. eternally*; and the same of the contrary Passions: And yet we all know we shall live but a few Years.

But granting, that the *Alcoran* speaks in a *literal* Sense; it does not follow that those *Pains* are without *Intervals* of *Rest*. We read of the Tree *Zaeon*, which grows in the *Center* of *Hell*: But who will interpret what is understood by this *Plant*?

Cousin, make use of thy *Reason*, and practise the *best Things*. As for our *Condition* after *this Life*, trouble not thy self; for no Man knows what will become of him when he goes hence. However, we cannot believe the *Supremely Merciful* delights in *Cruelty*.

There is a *Path* which the *Eagle* has not wing'd, nor the *Serpent* trac'd, though 'tis obvious to both. But their own *Rashness* blinds them, and they cannot discern the *Way* of the *Wise*. There are Men of tow'ring *Speculations*, and others very crafty; neither one nor t'other can grope out the direct *Road* to *Bliss*. If I may advise thee let *Nature* be thy *Guide*. Do nothing but what *Humanity* prompts thee too: 'Tis this alone distinguishes thee from other *Animals*. Honour the *Memory* of thy *deceased Parents*, love thy *Friends*, and be generous to thy *Enemies*: Do *Justice* to all Men: Observe the *Purifications* and *Prayers* prescrib'd by the *Law*: But give no *Credit* to the *Fables* of *Infidels*. It is common here among the *Christians*, to print *Hell* with horrid *Flames* and *Devils* flying up and down with red hot *Prongs*, to toss the *Damn'd* from *Fire* to *Fire*. And their *Preachers* make long and direful *Harangues* on the same *Subject*: When all the while, neither *they* nor *we* know, *what* or *where Hell* is, or after what *Manner* the *Wicked* shall be chastis'd.

Only the *Illuminated* of *God* have this *Standard* of *Truth*; that both our *Pains* and *Pleasures* after *this Life*, shall be exactly proportion'd to our *Virtues* and *Vices*. There is no *Malice* or *Injustice* in the good *Creator* of all *Things*.

Cousin, once again, let thy *Senses* be awake, and suffer not thy *Reason* to dream of *Things* which have no *Existence*. For assuredly, *God* is the most *impartial Judge* of the *Universe*.

Paris, 22d of the 10th Moon,
of the Year 1651.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

To Endel Al' Zadi Jaaf, Beglerbeg of
Dierbekir.

I Have not the Honour to know thee in Person, but have heard of thy Fame. So Mortals are unacquainted with the Secrets of the *fixed Stars*, yet we observe their Lustre and Rank, and the Figure they make in those remote Worlds.

Thy Exploits among the *Curds* and *Georgians*, are not unknown in these Parts. The *Franks*, that travel in the *East*, have transported hither such a Character of thy magnanimous Actions as makes all Men of Honour in love with thee; and I have conceiv'd a particular Veneration for thy Virtues. May God encrease them with thy Hours, and grant thee a Monopoly of Bliss.

Thou art placed in an eminent Seat, and may'st with Reason be call'd Lord of Lords, as thy Title imports; for thou art Possessor of the *terrestrial Paradise*, if we may give Credit to the Tradition of the *Ancients*. They tell us, that for a time *Adam* dwelt there with his second Wife; and that the particular Place of his Abode was an Island, encompass'd with the Rivers *Euphrates*, *Tigris*, *Pison*, and *Gihon*. From whence it is call'd *Mesopotamia* by the *Greeks*; which signifies, a Region environ'd with Rivers.

All the *West* of *Asia* have a profound Respect for this Country. And the *Jews* relate strange Stories of a Tree in *Dierbeker* which grew Five hundred Miles high in the Days of *Adam*; which, they say, was cut down by an *Angel*, lest *Man* should climb to *Heaven* by it before his time. For, it seems, *Ambition* was a Vice early as our Nature, and *Adam* was no sooner sensible that he was a
Man,

Man, but he aspir'd to be a *God*, or something like one. So great a Charm there is in Honour and Authority.

They say also, that *Abraham* was born in this *Region*. However, 'tis certain, if there be any Certainty in *Records* and *Histories*, that he resided there a considerable Time. But thou knowest best, what *Traditions* thy Subjects have of these Things.

The *Chinese* and *Indians* laugh at all this, as a *Romance* of later Date than their *Chronicles*, which make those Extremities of the *East* to be the Stage of the first *Mortals*. Instead of *Adam* and *Eve*, or *Alilath*, they assert the Names of the original Parents of Mankind to be *Panxon* and *Panxona*; whose Off-Spring, they say, continued ten Millions of Years; but at length were all destroyed from the *Earth* by a Tempest from *Heaven*. After whom, they tell us, *God* created *Lontizam*, a Man with two Horns, each as big and tall as a Tree in that Country, which they call the Plant of *God*, being the largest and first of all *Vegetables*. This Man's Horns being prolifick according to their Tradition, out of the Right sprang a thousand Men every Day for a Hundred Years; and as many Women out of the Left, in the same Space. From whom descended all *Mortals* of both Sexes to this Day; though we are much diminished in bulk, thro' the general Decay of human Nature. For these People affirm, that the first Race of Men were all *Giants*; but that through Intemperance and other Vices, their Off-Spring shrunk by Degrees into smaller Dimensions, 'till at length they arrived at the present Stature, and appear'd like *Pygmies* in Comparison of the primitive Sons of *Lantizam*. In Confirmation of this, the *Indians* shew to Travellers some of their Temples hewn out of vast Rocks, with the Images of those Gigantick Men, who they say were employ'd in the Work. These they honour as *Heroes*, or *Demi-Gods*.

I do not relate this for Truth, but only to divert thee in representing the different Opinions of Men. *God* only knows how to separate the Truth from Falshood in *Histories*.

But

But to return to *Dierbeker*: This Country is famous for the Tower of *Babel*, built by *Nimrod* and his Followers; at which Time the Languages were confounded, as *Moses* relates. 'Tis remarkable also, for the Battle fought between the *Parthians* and *Romans* at *Harran*; and for the Death of *Caracalla*, the Son of *Severus*, Emperor of *Rome*, who was murder'd by *Macrinus*, the Roman General. These Emperors were all call'd *Casars*, as the Kings of *Egypt* were call'd *Pharaohs* and *Ptolemies*. It seems, the Word *Casar* was first apply'd to *Julius* the Roman Dictator; for that his Mother dying under the Pains which were to give him Life, her Belly was ript up; and he drawn forth from her Womb by the Hands of a Surgeon. In Memory of which, he and all his Successors were call'd *Casars*; that Word signifying [drawn forth by Violence.] But howsoever the Manner of his Birth was, this is certain, That he, and forty of his Successors, were hurry'd out of the World by untimely Deaths: For they either laid violent Hands on themselves, or were murdered by Traytors.

If thou wouldest have any News from these Parts, the chief Discourse at present is, of a great Victory obtain'd by the *Poles* against the *Cossacks* and *Tartars*. And I could wish this were all: But the *Nazarenes* are continually made joyful with the Success of the *Venetians* against the Arms of the invincible Empire. They beat us by Sea, and baffle all our Attempts by Land. We have not got an Inch of Ground in *Candia*, during the last Campaign; but lost many thousands of Men, and brought the Name of the sublime Port and victorious *Mussulmans*, into Contempt and Scorn. Where the Fault lies, God knows. 'Tis too melancholy a Theme to insist on Particulars.

Don Juan of *Austria* has also besieg'd *Barcelona* by Sea and Land.

Several Arrests of Parliament are here publish'd against the Prince of *Conde* and his Adherents; and 'tis reported, the King will recal *Cardinal Mazarini* from his Banishment.

Illustrious

Illustrious Prince and Governor of a happy Region, I
beg thy favourable Construction of this Address. And
thus, in Reverence, I desist, full of dutiful and affecti-
onate Vows for thy Prosperity.

Paris, 19th of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1651.

The End of the Second Book.



LETTERS

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LETTERS

WRIT by a

SPY at *PARIS*.

BOOK III.

LETTER I.

To Abdel Melech Muli Omar, President
of the College of Sciences at Fez.

THOU hast formerly receiv'd a Letter from me, wherein I mention'd the *Tenets* of a certain *French Philosopher*, who maintains that the *Earth* moves like the rest of the *Planets*, and the *Sun* stands still, being the *Center* of this our *World*: For he asserts that there are *many*.

The Name of this *Sage* is *Des Cartes*, renowned throughout the World for his Learning and Knowledge. He lays as a *Basis* of all his *Philosophy* this short *Position* and *Inference*, *I THINK, THEREFORE I AM*. In this alone he is *dogmatical*, allowing a lawful *Scepticism* in all the uncertain *Deductions* which may be drawn from it.

Pardon

Pardon me, *oraculous Sage*, if I expose before thee my Infirmities. I am naturally distrustful of all Things. This Temper puts me upon perpetual *Thinking*. And that very Act convinces me of the *Truth* of my *Being*, according to the Method of this *Philosopher*. But what I am, I know not. Sometimes I fancy my self no more than a *Dream* or *Idea* of all those other Things which Men commonly believe do really exist; a mere Imagination of Possibilities. And that All, which we call the *World*, is but one grand *Chimera*, or *Nothing* in *Masquerade*.

At other Times, when these wild Thoughts are vanish'd, and my Spirits, tired in the Pursuit of such abstracted Whimsies, begin to flag, and that my lower Sense, awak'd by some present Pain or Pleasure, rouses my sleeping Appetites; when I am touch'd with Hunger, Thirst, or Cold or Heat, and find experimentally I am something that cannot be a mere Thought or Dream, but of a Composition which stands in need of Meat, Drink, Garments, and other Necessaries; then rather than fret my self with vain and endless Scrutinies, I tamely conclude I am that which I call a *Man*: I lay the *Sceptick* aside, and without any farther Scruples or Doubts fall roundly to eating, drinking, or any other Refreshments my Nature craves for.

But no sooner have I tasted these Delights, when my old Distemper returns again. I then consider my self as a *Being* capable of Happiness or Misery in some Degree; as I shall possess or want those very Delights I just before enjoy'd. This is a sufficient Damp to a thinking Man, when he knows that he stands in need of any thing out of himself. But 'tis far greater, when he will take the Pains to number all the Train of his particular Necessities, which he is not sure he shall always be able to supply.

This makes me presently conclude, that as I am indebted to other Creatures for my sensible Happiness, so I owe my very *Being* to something beside my self. I examine my *Original*, and find I am born of Men and Women, who were in the same indigent Circumstances as my self. And that it is not only so with my particular

Family,

Family, but with all Mankind; our whole human Race being born *natural Mendicants* from the *Womb*. As soon as we breathe the vital Air, we cry; and with those *inarticulate Prayers*, beg for Help and Protection from others, without whose generous Aid we could not subsist a Moment: So poor and beggarly a Thing is Man, from his Birth. This is the Condition of all: Neither is a King any more exempt from that *common Character of Mortals*, than the *Slave* who sweeps the *Streets*.

If I could have rested in this Thought, I should have been happy: For it would have had this Influence on me, either to convince me, that I ought to be content with the Condition to which I was born, or, to rid my self out of so despicable a State by Death.

But alas! one Thought produces another: And from the Contemplation of our present Misery in this *Life*, I fall to thinking what will become of us after *Death*. For as we know not *what* or *where* we were before we came into this *World*; so there is no human Certainty, *whither* we shall go, or in *what* Condition we shall be, when we leave it: And therefore, it would be an unpardonable Madness, to throw my self headlong into a State of which I have no Account. And to avoid the little Miseries of this *Life*, which must have an End one Time or other, cast my self down a *Precipice* (for ought I know) of *intolerable Torments*, which has no *Bottom*.

I hear the *Philosophers* talk of *Immortality*, the *Poets* of *Elixium*, the *Christian Priests* of *Heaven*, *Hell*, and *Purgatory*; the *Indian Bramins* of *Transmigration*: But I know not *what* or which I have Reason to believe of *all these*.

I speak after the manner of *Philosophers*; for if we come to the *Faith*, the Case is alter'd. Think not, I beseech thee, that I call in question the *sacred Oracles*, the *Revelations* of the *Sent of God*. But I only acquaint thee how my *natural Reason* hatters me with *Doubts*.

I see Men every where professing some *Religion* or other; paying *divine Honours* to some superior Being, or
Beings,

Beings, according as they have been educated: Which many Times tempts me to think, that *Religion* is nothing but the *Effect* of *Education*.

Then I wonder how Men, when they come to Years of Discretion, and their Reason is able to distinguish between Things *probable*, and mere *Romances*, can still retain the *Errors* of their *Infancy*. 'Tis natural for Children to be wheedled or aw'd into a *Belief* of what their *Parents*, *Nurses* or *Tutors* teach them. But when they come of Age, they soon rectify their misled Understandings, in all Things, save the Affairs of *Religion*. In this they are Children still, tenacious of the *sacred Fables* of their *Priests*, and obstinate in maintaining them, sometimes even to Death.

It puzzles me to find out the Cause of so strange an Effect, That Men otherwise endu'd with mature Judgment, and an extraordinary Sagacity in all Things else, should yet be *Fools* in *Matters* of *Religion*, and believe Things *inconsistent* with the *common Sense* and *Reason* of *Mankind*.

I could never give Credit to the *Histories* of the ancient *Pagans*, which acquaint us with the devout *Adoration* they paid to the *Creatures* of the *Painter* or *Carver*, did not I see the same practis'd among the *Christians*: Or, that those *wise* Men of old could swallow the Forgeries of their *Priests* concerning their *Gods* and *Goddesses*, were I not an Eye Witness how bigotted the modern *Nazarenes* are to the *Legends* of their *Saints*, and the *Jews* to those more ridiculous *Figments* of the *Talmud*.

It perplexes me to see *Mankind* generally labouring under so great a *Darkness*, not so much the Effect of *Ignorance* as of *Superstition*: To behold Men well vers'd in *Sciences*, and all kinds of *human Learning*; yet zealous Asserters of manifest Contradictions in *Matters* of *Divinity*, rather than oppose, or so much as examine, the *Traditions* of their *Fathers*.

When I behold *Mankind* divided into so many innumerable different *Religions* in the *World*, all vigorously propagating their own *Tenets*, either by *Subtily* or *Violence*, yet few or none seeming by their Practice to believe

lieve what they with so much Ardour profess; I could almost think that these various Ways of *Worship* were first invented by *Politicians*; each accommodating his *Model* to the Inclinations of the *People* whom he design'd to *circumvent*.

But when on the other side I consider there appears something so *natural* and *undisguis'd* in the *furious* Zeal and *unconquerable* Obstinacy of the *greatest* Part; I am as ready to join with *Cardan*, and conclude, That all this *Variety* of *Religions* depends on the different *Influence* of the *Stars*. This was a famous *Philosopher* in *Europe*; and held, That the *Religion* of the *Jews* ow'd its Original to the Force of *Saturn*; that of the *Christians* to *Jupiter*, and Ours to *Mars*. As for the *Pagans*, he assigns to them many *Constellations* and *Aspects*.

Thus there is so equal an Appearance of Truth and Falshood in every *Religion*, that I should not know how, in human Reason, to fix on any.

Superstition renders a Man a Fool, and *Scepticism* is enough to make him mad. To believe *all Things* is above Reason; to give Credit to *nothing* is below it: I will keep the *middle* Path, and direct my *Faith* by Reason.

That *Faculty* tells me, That if I were inclined to *adore* the Sun, Moon and Stars for their Beauty and Influence, I might on the same Ground *worship* my own Eyes, without which I could not behold their tempting Splendors: Or, I might as well pay *divine* Honour to that more intimate *Sense* my *Feeling*, or any of my other *Senses* which only render me capable to know the *Vertue* of these *Luminaries*. The same may be said of the *Elements*, and all visible *Beings*.

What then shall I *adore*, or to whom shall I return Thanks for all the *Blessings* I enjoy (for even in this miserable Life I taste some *Happiness*)? To what *Being*, I say, shall I address my *Vows* and *Supplications*, for all the Good that I possess and want? Is it to any thing that I have seen or can see, or that I can represent to my self under a *Figure*? Is it to any Part of the *Universe*, or no No. To the whole *Complex* together? No; I have a thousand

thousand kind Thoughts for the Sun, Moon and Stars, for the Elements, and many other compound Creatures. My Soul, and that of the World, are Unisons. But 'tis the profound Depth of Eternity, the infinite and immortal, who is the Diapason, and makes perfect Harmony.

To that Being which has no Resemblance, neither is divided into Parts, nor circumscrib'd with Limits; whose Center is every where, Circumference no where, who hath neither Beginning nor End; To the only Omnipotent, from whom all other Things flow, and to whom they all return; to whom I owe all that I have, and will pay what I can. And something by his Determination I am indebted, and will discharge it to thee, Orient Light of the Moresco Mussulmans; that is, the Duty of an humble Slave, in begging Pardon for this Presumption.

Paris, 14th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1652.

LETTER II.

To the Kaimacham.

'T WAS the Contemplation of *Isonf Eb'n Hadrilla*, an Arabian Philosopher, that all Men were at first created in a State of War: For this Sage gave no Credit to the Writings of Moses, the Jewish Historian and Prophets; neither cou'd any Arguments persuade him to believe, That all Mortals descended from Adam. 'Twas an Article of his Faith, That in the Infancy of the World Men were form'd of the prolifick Slime of the Earth, impregnated by the vigorous Warmth of the Sun, and that all other Animals had their Original in the same Manner: But that in Process of Time, the Richness of the Seminal Soil being exhausted by a continual Spontaneous Production of living Creatures, there was no other Way to perpetuate the various Kinds of Beings; and multiply the Individuals but by the ordinary Method of Generation. For

which

which Reason Nature seems to have subdivided every Species into two Sexes.

Hence this *Philosopher* concludes, That at first there was no nearer Relation between Man and Man, than there is now betwixt a Lyon and a Sheep, or any other different Kinds of Animals; saving only, That as these are distinguish'd by their *Forms*, in four-footed Beasts, Fowls, Fishes, and creeping Things; so Men assum'd to themselves the Character of rational Creatures: And a *Principle of Self-Preservation* was the first Ground of a tacit and common *League* between Men, against the rest of their Fellow-Animals; especially against those, which made a more frightful Figure on Earth than we do, and seem'd more rapacious, and inclin'd to Mischief; such as Dragons, Tygers, Bears, Lyons, &c.

But notwithstanding this general Association of our Race, against the more salvage and fierce Troops of Beasts; yet one Man still stood upon his Guard against another: And all the Sons of the Earth endeavoured to maintain the Posts which Nature had allotted each Man; that is, the Place where he was first form'd and drew Breath. But Things cou'd not last long in this State: For either by *Instinct* or *Reason* (call it which you will, says this *Author*) Men being streightned for want of Fruits, or spurr'd on by some secret Desire of Novelty, soon went out of their Bounds, and encounter'd each other, more by Chance than Design; whence arose the first Occasions of actual War: For every *Stranger* appear'd like an *Invader*; they naturally startled and suspected each other. Reciprocal Passions of Choler sprung in their Breasts; and every Man, to prevent the Effect of his own Fears and Apprehensions, rush'd on his Neighbour; who was, on the same Ground, as ready for an Assault as himself. Thus an *universal War* commenc'd in the *World*, which, by various Methods of Improvement, was carried on by the succeeding *Generations*, and continu'd to the present Times.

As for the *Original of Governments*, the particular Time cannot be determin'd; but it may be supposed, that

that Men generally finding the Inconvenience of these private personal Combats, and by Degrees arriving to greater Maturity of Experience, form'd themselves at first into little *Societies* and *Friendships*, or as they dwelt near one another, or as they agreed in some common Inclinations, Principles, and Interests. From which small *Associations*, they gradually spread into larger *Communities*, living under certain Laws and Obligations of mutual Peace, Justice and Assistance toward each other, and of Defence against their common Enemies: Some living under the Form of a *Commonwealth*, others of a *Monarchy*; each Body of Men setting up such a *Model*, as best suited their own Interests, and Necessities. From hence sprung the Distinction of *Nations*, *Kingdoms*, and *Empires*. Thus far the *Arabian Philosopher*.

But without enquiring into the Truth of his *Principles*, one would think, that some of the *Western Nazarenes* were his *Disciples*. And indeed all *Civil Dissentions* seem to be grounded on the same *Maxims*: Whilst Men, on the least Discontent or Jealousy, lay aside the Obedience they owe to their *Sovereigns*, claiming I know not what *natural Right* to defend themselves against the Encroachments and Usurpations of others.

Thus no sooner was it suppos'd here, That the King intended to recal *Cardinal Mazarini* from his *Exile*; but the *Parliament* of *Paris*, who are secret Friends to the *Prince of Conde*, publish'd an *Arrest* against the *Cardinal*, whereby all Persons are forbid to contribute toward the Return of this *Minister*; and ordering, that his *Library*, with all his Moveables should be sold, to raise a Sum of an Hundred and fifty thousand *Livres*, which is promis'd as a Reward to those who shall either take him Prisoner, or kill him. They also petition'd the *Duke of Orleans* to make the utmost Use of his Authority against the *Cardinal*; who thereupon rais'd considerable Troops, and gave the Command of them to the *Duke of Beaufort*.

In the mean Time the *Cardinal* is not idle, but with what Forces he has, performs some considerable Actions in his own Defence. He has taken Prisoner an eminent *Counsellor* of *Parliament*. The *Parliament* sent a
Trumpet

Trumpet to demand his Release. This Messenger was rejected. Whereupon the *Parliament* are taking new Methods.

The *Prince of Conde* has sent a Letter and Request to the *Parliament*, desiring them to suspend the *Execution* of the *Arrest* publish'd against him; since the Time given him to lay down his Arms was not yet expir'd, and that the *Cardinal* was return'd into the *Kingdom*, contrary to the *Prohibition* sign'd by the *King*.

But notwithstanding all these *Traverses*, *Mazarini* is come again to the *Court*, which is now kept at *Poitiers*; where he was receiv'd with infinite Respect and Caresses by the *King*, the *Queen*, and all his Friends. Animositities daily increase between the different Parties: *Private* Grudges are improv'd to *publick* Factions: An universal Peevishness has possess'd the Hearts of the *French* Nation: They are alarm'd and offended at one another's Looks. If a Man smiles too much or too little, in conversing with his Friend, 'tis enough to give him the Character of an Enemy, or at least to render him suspected. So that he who wou'd live peaceably here at this Juncture had need to be well skill'd in all the Secrets of *Physiognomy*, and make frequent use of his Looking-Glass; lest any oblique Cast of his Eye, or satyrical wrying of his Nose, should be interpreted for Symptoms of hidden Malice. For now they'll spy *Treason* in every Feature of a Man's Face.

As for me, when I go abroad I conform to all Companies, yet alter not my *Address*; I neither play the *Ape*, nor counterfeit a *Statue*: But observing a *Medium*, I pay a civil Respect to all, without being courtly or rude: For this Carriage best suits with my Circumstances. Hence it is that no Body suspects the plain, deform'd, blunt, Crook-back'd *Titus* of *Moldavia*, to be what I am really, *Mahmut* the *Slave* of the exalted *Port*.

Paris, 11th of the 2d Moon,

of the Year 1652.

LETTER

LETTER III.

To the Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of
the Ottoman Empire.

THE Prince of Conde's taking up Arms has more puzzled the Counfels of the King of France, and more embarras'd his Affairs, than any Occurrence that has happen'd since the Death of his Father.

I have already inform'd the Kaimacham and others of all Passages hitherto relating to these intestine Broils; since which they seem to be improv'd into a War, wherein Foreign Nations take a Part. After the Return of Cardinal Mazarini to this Court, the Prince of Conde was driven to great Streights; being compell'd by the swift Marches of the King's Army to retire to Bourdeaux: Where, considering that it would not be so much his Interest to keep this place, as to encrease his Forces, he sent Envoys to the King of Spain and Archduke Leopold in Flanders, to desire their Assistance.

The former immediately dispatches away Orders for a considerable Body of Men to approach the Confines of Gascoigne, where the Prince had a great Interest; and the latter sent him eight thousand Men, to act on the side of Flanders, and towards Paris, as occasion offer'd.

This is the particular Game of the Spaniards, to take Advantage of the Civil Wars in this Kingdom, that so, by assisting the weaker Party, they may ballance the contesting Powers of the Nation, and keep 'em in a perpetual Quarrel; whilst in the interim they gain Ground, recover the Places which the French took from 'em in Time of domestick Peace, and so pave the Way to new Conquests.

In the mean Time the Parliament sent Deputies to the King, beseeching him to remember his Royal Word, by which he had for ever banish'd Cardinal Mazarini, and representing to him the fatal Consequences which were like to proceed from his Return. But the King, instead of

of complying with their Requests, caus'd an *Edict* of *Council* to be publish'd, which justify'd his Conduct in this Matter.

He also writ a *Letter* to the *Parliament*, full of Complaints, that they had not yet publish'd any *Order* to hinder the Entrance of a *Foreign Army* into the *Kingdom*. But all signify'd nothing to Men passionately bent to maintain the *Prince of Conde's* Quarrel against their *Sovereign*. He has but few trusty Men in that *Senate*, and they are over-aw'd by the rest. Besides, the *Duke of Orleans* bears a strange Sway, both in the *Parliament* and *Country*.

At the Instigation of the *Prince*, the Citizens of *Orleans* shut up their Gates, when they heard the *King* was coming that Way in his Return to *Paris*: Yet the *Country* was open for the *Prince of Conde* a Subject; he travell'd up and down the *Provinces* to make new Interests, and confirm the old, leaving the Command of his Army in *Gascoigne*, to his Brother the *Prince of Conti*.

There have been many Skirmishes and Encounters between the *King's* Forces and those of the *Male-contents*, and one fierce Combat, wherein the *Prince of Conde* defeated the *Vanguard* of the *King's* Army, as he was marching to this City: Whereby getting the Start of his *Sovereign*, he arriv'd here, and was receiv'd in the *Parliament*, whilst the *Monarch* was forc'd to lie encamp'd in the Field.

The *Prince* found a different Reception, according to the various Humours of People; The greatest Part favour'd him; and he receiv'd infinite Caresses from the Citizens of *Paris*: But met with some Opposition from Persons of *higher Rank*, and more stedfast *Loyalty* to the *Crown*. The *Duke of Orleans* is his greatest Friend, and one for whom the *Parliament* have a great Deference; not so much in Contemplation of his Wit and Policy, as for the Sake of his near Relation to the *Crown*, he being Uncle to the present *King*: Whereby he has a right to assume more Authority than others, in regulating the Disorders of the *Court*; among which the greatest is esteem'd that of *Cardinal Mazarini's* Return.

In a Word, both Parties serve themselves of those who have the greatest Interest, and are most likely to compose the Quarrel. The exil'd *Queen of England*, and her Son, who have taken Sanctuary in this *Kingdom* from the Persecutions of their own Subjects, make it their Business to mediate between the *Court Party* and the Faction of the *Princes*.

The Prince of *Conde* also sent Deputies to the *King*, to represent to him, that the only Means to give Quiet to the *State*, was to banish the *Cardinal Minister*: And as they were delivering their Address, *Mazarini* came in, at the Sight of whom they aggravated their Charge, and said to his Face, "That he was the Cause of all the EVILS which the *Kingdom* suffer'd." The *Cardinal* interrupting them, turn'd to the *King*, and said, "Sir, it will not be just that so flourishing a *Kingdom*, and to whose Grandeur I have contributed all that lay in my Power, should ruin it self for my sake; therefore I humbly entreat your Majesty to grant, that I may return to my own Country, or whithersoever my Fortune shall call me. No, no, reply'd the *Queen*, (not without some Passion) "this cannot be granted; the *King* had never more need of your Counsels than at this Juncture: We cannot consent, that so serviceable a Man should be banish'd only to humour his Enemies; therefore let us hear no more of that.

The Deputies perceiving nothing of Hopes, return'd to *Paris*. Then the *Parliament* deputed others to go to the *King*, and remonstrate the deplorable State of the *Realm*. This was done a few Days ago.

In the mean time, we have been alarm'd here in the City, with daily Insurrections of the Multitude. The Occasion was, some private Orders which the *Duke of Orleans* had given to the Provost of the *Merchants*, relating to his Charge, and the Welfare of the City. This being misunderstood by the People, who have not the Sense to distinguish the good Offices of their *Governors* from Injuries, put 'em all into a Tumult. They assaulted the *Provost* in his Coach, as he was passing the Streets: And had he not escaped into an *Apothecary's* Shop, they would, perhaps, in their Fury, have torn him

him in Pieces; for so they serv'd his Coach, as an After Revenge.

I am weary of beholding the malicious Quarrels of these *Infidels*. But when I consider, that their Discord will be instrumental to the future Conquests of the *true Believers*, I am patient and resign'd.

However, 'tis one Comfort to me in this thorny *Station*, that one Time or other, instead of the perpetual jangling of Bells in *Paris*, I may again have the Happiness to hear the *Muezzins* cry on the *Minarets* in *Constantinople*, *There is but One God, and Mahomet his Prophet*. Or if I shall not live to enjoy this Wish, yet, in the *invisible State*, I shall hear the same Cry, and shall be past Doubt of those Things, whereof I have no Certainty in this Life.

Paris, 29th of the 4th Moon,
of the Year 1652.

LETTER IV.

To Cara Hali, Physician to the Grand Signior.

THE *Christians* seem to have too proud an Opinion of themselves, and set a greater Value on *human Nature* than suits with Reason. They assert, that all Things were made for Man, and stile him *Lord* of his *Fellow Creatures*; as if *God* had give him an absolute Dominion over the rest of his *Works*, especially over the *Animal Generations*; and that all the Birds of the Air, Beasts of the Earth, and Fish of the Sea, were created only to serve his Appetite, and other Necessities of Life. I remember a Letter I formerly sent to thee, wherein I discoursed of the *Cartesian Philosophers*, and their Contempt of the Beasts, in denying them *Souls*, or the Use of Reason.

Give me leave to entertain thee now, and divert my self with some farther Remarks on this Subject. 'Tis a Refuge from Melancholy, when I can thus freely discover my Thoughts to a Friend, who I know will not be partial to the Truth.

I have been long an Advocate for the *Brutes*, and have endeavour'd both to abstain from injuring them my self, and to inculcate this fundamental Point of Justice to others. This is owing to the *Example* and *Philosophy* of *Mahummed*, the *Eremise* in *Arabia*, that *Light* and *Glory* of *religious Men*. And were it not that my Humour is to be doubtful in all Things, the Influence of his Conversation would make me a profess'd *Pythagorean*, a *Disciple* of the *Indian Brachmans*, a *Champion* for the *Transmigration* of *Souls*.

The last Letters save one I writ to that *Solitary* was upon this Subject; such an one as wou'd divert him in his *Cave*. It contain'd an Account of the *primitive* Manner of Life practis'd by the *Ancients*, a *Narrative* of the *Golden Age*, a *History* of *human Innocence*, and the *Steps* which Men first took to use *Violence* and *Cruelty* to their *Fellow-Creatures*. Now I will present thee with some additional Observations, some Remnants of an antiquated Truth, glean'd from *Philosophers* and *Historians*, and winnow'd from the *Chaff* of *Error* and *Superstition*.

Who wou'd not believe the *Beasts* to be endu'd with *Reason*, when he beholds them perform all the Actions of *rational* Creatures with more Caution, though less Pride than Men? They are more provident than we, and much more subtle in avoiding any Affliction or Danger. Witness *Thales* the *Philosopher's Mule*, which he often employed to carry Salt to a certain Market; but the cunning *Beast* finding her self over-loaded, when she was passing through a River lay down, whereby the Water penetrating into the Sacks of Salt, melted it away and lightened her Burden. And this was her constant Practice, till the *Philosopher*, perceiving himself thus outwitted by his *Beast*, was resolv'd to circumvent her another Way. Wherefore, instead of Salt he loaded her with Wool,

Wool, which he knew would grow heavier by being wet. But the wary *Mule*, sensible of the Difference of her Burden, would couch no more in the Water; but seeing no other Remedy went forward on her Journey.

Who will not admire the Wisdom of the *Fox* in *cold Countries*, which the Inhabitants use as a Guide when they would pass over any frozen Lake or River? For this Creature going before them, lays her Ears close down to the Ice, and listens to try if she can hear any Motion or Noise of the Water running underneath; which if she does, she will not venture on the Ice; but if all be still, then by a *logical Deduction* she concludes the Ice is thick enough to bear Passengers; and so she leads the Way, whilst the Men follow.

When a Dog is hunting in the thick Woods, and by chance comes to a Place where three Paths meet, he first scents the one, then the other; and perceiving that the Game is not gone by any of those two Ways, he throws himself swiftly forward in the third, without such a particular Application of his Nose. Which is an evident Argument, that he makes use of the like Choice we our selves should do.

And now I have mention'd this Creature, I cannot forbear celebrating their Virtue and Fidelity, whereof we have daily Experience; and there are many pleasant Examples recorded by grave *Historians*.

Such is that of *Hircanus*, a Dog belonging to *Lysimachus*, who would never depart from the Body of his dead Master, but following it to the *Funeral Pile*, leap'd into the Fire, and was burned for Company.

But the Gratitude of a *Lion* to a certain *Slave* in *Rome*, is beyond all parallel. This *Slave* was one of those who were appointed to combat with *wild Beasts* in the *Amphitheatre*, according to the Custom of the ancient *Romans*, in the *publick Shews* which were exhibited to the People. As soon as the *Lion* was let loose in the Pavement, he ran furiously at the *Slave*; but coming nearer, he stopp'd on a sudden, as one astonished: Then he came gently toward the *Slave*, fawning upon him, and licking his Hand, which caus'd all the People to give a

Shout, The *Emperor* being present, and taking Notice of the seeming Friendship and Acquaintance that was between the *Slave* and the *Lion*, sent for the *Slave*, and enquired the Occasion of so strange an Accident. To whom the *Slave* made the following Relation.

“ My Name, said he, is *Andredus*, and I am *Slave* to
 “ a certain *Proconsul*, who having determin’d to kill me,
 “ I made my Escape, and hid my self in a Cave; where
 “ I had not lain long before this *Lion* which you now
 “ see came in, being very lame of one Foot. As soon
 “ as he ’spy’d me, he came limping toward me, and
 “ stretch’d forth the Paw that was wounded, as tho’
 “ he begg’d of me to ease him. Affrighted as I was,
 “ I took his Paw in my Hand, and pull’d out a great
 “ ragged Thorn, which stuck fast in it. Then I wash’d
 “ the Wound with my own Water, whilst he lay very
 “ patiently till I thoroughly dress’d it. The Ease he
 “ found by my Application made him fall asleep; and
 “ when he awak’d, he lick’d my Hands, and shew’d o-
 “ ther Signs of Affection and Gratitude. I liv’d with
 “ him thus three Years in that Cave, and every Day he
 “ brought me a Share of his Prey, on which I sustain’d
 “ my self. But at length, tir’d with this manner of
 “ Life, I took my Opportunity when he was gone a-
 “ broad to make my Escape. I wander’d up and down
 “ three Days, when a Company of Soldiers meeting
 “ with me, and knowing to whom I belong’d, took
 “ me and brought me hither to my *old Master*, who has
 “ condemn’d me to this cruel Death. But it seems *For-*
 “ *tune* so order’d it, that this *Lion* should be taken about
 “ the same Time, and appointed to be my *Executioner*
 “ this Day. Yet you see he refuses to perform his
 “ Office out of Gratitude to me for my former Kind-
 “ nefs.

The *Emperor* astonish’d and pleased at this Passage, gave the *Slave* his Life and Freedom, bestowing al-
 so the *Lion* on him, which brought him in a con-
 stant Livelihood, by shewing him to all People: who
 having heard of this wonderful Accident, were de-
 sirous to see both the *Lion* and his *Tenant*, for so they
 stil’d

call'd the *Slave*; and some call'd him the *Lion's Phisician*.

I should think I had said enough already to tire thy Patience, and make thee forswear reading my Letters for the future, were I not well acquainted with thy *Genius*, and know that thou delightest in Relations of this Nature, being no Enemy to the harmless Brutes.

Whatever thy Sentiments are towards these, I dare be sure thou art my Friend, and wilt bear with my Importunity, when I strive to convince all Men, and confirm myself in this Truth, that the *wild Beasts* are not void of *Reason* and *Moral Virtue*.

Paris, 20th of the 7th Moon;
of the Year 1652.

L E T T E R V.

To the Captain Bassa.

IN the Name of God, superlatively indulgent and benignant Lord of Armies which cannot be number'd, Conservator of the Empire Founded on his own Unity; Praise be to him that has neither Beginning nor End! What is the Reason that we are always baffled by the *Infidels*? Every Year our august Emperor sends out mighty Armies by Land, and our Fleets by Sea are term'd INVINCIBLE, yet they are still overcome by the *Christians*. Where the Fault lies is best known to thee, and the *Generals*, to whom the Command of all is committed.

My Spirit is disquieted about these Things, and I am uneasy by Day, neither does the Night afford me any Repose. This hot Weather I go up to the Terrass of my House at the Hour of Sleep, thinking that the Coolness of the Air would incline me to rest; but I can find none. I turn my self on the Leads to the Right Hand and to the Left, yet all Postures are alike. Sleep has abandon'd

abandon'd my Eyes. My Zeal for the Empire of the Faithful will consume me.

One Night I made solemn Preparations to welcome the first Appearance of the Moon, after the manner of my Countrymen. I sprinkled Water on the Floor of the Terrafs, and with a new Besom swept away all Uncleannefs: I fill'd a Lamp with the most precious Oil I could get in Paris; which having lighted at the going down of the Sun, I placed directly on that Part which is nearest to Mecca. Then I fell on my Face and pray'd the eternal Source of Light, " That at the Moment, " when the Moon first ascended our Horizon, an intellectual Splendor might shine in my Breast; that I " might there, as in a Mirror, behold the future Fate of " the Mussulmans, and the Events which as yet were hid " in the dark Womb of Possibility.

My Petition was granted: The Night was in her shady Course, the Stars on their Watch, and Time, as from a Limbeck, distill'd the silent Minutes, 'till the Moment wherein the Neighbour Planet first peep'd on the Tops of Mountains. At that Instant I saw and heard things (or at least I thought so) which I never so much as dream'd of before, neither can I remember the thousandth Part.

Believe me, supreme Commander of the Marine, I do not boast or joy in this: For I think, there can be no greater Affliction than to be once made Partaker of such a Bliss, and then to lose it almost as soon as gain'd. Yet there are some Foot-steps of the Vision remaining on my Memory.

" Methinks I beheld Armies of Mussulmans (for I " thought 'em to be such by their Turbants) making " several Descents on the Shores of Italy: Methought " I saw them prostrate themselves on the Ground; and " after a considerable space of Silence, the Air echo'd " with the Sound of Allah, Allah, much like the Noise " of great Cascades, or Falls of Water.

" Then they seem'd to disperse themselves all over " the Country in divers Bodies. The Inhabitants of " Rome appear'd all in a great Consternation: The chief " Musli of that place went forthwith into the Streets, " followed

“ followed by his *Cardinals* and *Dervises*, accompanied
 “ by an innumerable Multitude of People. They car-
 “ ried their *Gods* of Gold and Silver along with them;
 “ and being apparell’d with Garments of coarse Hair,
 “ they sprinkled Ashes on their Fore-heads in token of
 “ their Humility, and to pacify the Indignation that was
 “ kindled against them.

“ But *Heaven* was deaf to their clamorous Vows,
 “ neither could all the Pomp of their *superstitious* So-
 “ lemnity dazzle the Eyes which are a thousand times
 “ brighter than the *Sun*, penetrating into the darkest
 “ Corners of the Heart. In a word, these *Infidels* seem’d
 “ a while after to be in a great Confusion and Hurry,
 “ running this Way and that Way to hide their Goods,
 “ and save themselves from the victorious *Strangers*.
 “ In fine, I saw the *Crosses* taken down from the Mi-
 “ narets of the *Mosques* in Rome, and *Crescents* advanced
 “ in their place.

I do not relate this as if I gave Credit to *Visions* and
Trances: Perhaps all this might be but a *walking Dream*.
 Yet such *Visionary* Entertainments happen of course to
 our Countrymen, when they observe the aforesaid *Cere-*
monies. But I tell thee, I am not asleep at this Mo-
 ment; and yet it appears to me a very probable Under-
 taking, for the *Mussulmans* to fit out a mighty Fleet;
 which having a sufficient Army of Land-men aboard,
 might deliver them, with little or no Opposition, on
 some of the wealthy Shores of *Italy*: And if it is not
 thought worth the Labour to make new Conquests,
 which would be difficult to maintain; yet at least our
 Soldiers, by plundering only the rich *Temples* and *Con-*
vents of the *Nazarenes*, might carry away inestimable
 Treasures.

I wrote formerly to one of thy *Predecessors* about the
 same Matter, proposing the Surprise of *Loretto*, as a
 very easy Attempt, and that the Booty would infinitely
 surpass the Expence and Trouble: But *Mahmut*’s Ad-
 vices are never regarded ’till ’tis too late. We squander
 away Thousands of Men, and Millions of Money, to
 purchase little insignificant *Islands*, which are defended

indeed with seeming Vigour by the *Christians*, but 'tis rather to amuse us, than out of any real Value they have for those Places.

It is only a *Maxim* of *Western Policy*, thus to give Diversion to the Arms which are destin'd to subdue all *Nations*. They sport themselves, to see the Flower of the *Eastern Militia* consum'd in their Trenches, before the impregnable Fortrefs of *Candia*, which, if won, will not quit the Cost of so tedious a Siege. Whereas, in half that time, our invincible Forces might have over-run all *Italy*.

Thou wilt not think this an impracticable Enterprize, when thou shalt consider the Divisions of the *Italian Princes*, the universal Security and Voluptuousness of the Inhabitants, and yet the Oppressions and Tyranny they live under, being fleec'd and poll'd of all their Substance, to maintain the *Grandeur* of their *Governours*, and the *Pride* of the *Clergy*; which renders 'em equally disgust-ed at their present slavish Manner of Life, and desirous of a Change. It is not hard to surmise, after all this, that a Conquest would be easy to the victorious *Mussulmans*; or at least, such Depredations would mightily enrich them.

The most proper News that I can send thee, is of a Combat lately fought at Sea between the *English* and the *Dutch*. The *Generals* on both sides are said to be brave Men. He of *Britain* is call'd *Blake*; the other's Name is *Trump*. Which had the best on't, is not certainly known, Men speak as they are byas'd. Yet the *Dutch* lost two Ships in this Engagement, tho' their *Fleet* was far more numerous than that of the *English*.

If I were worthy to advise my *Superiors*, I would propose some notable Exploit by *Land*; for God has given the *Earth* to the true Believers, but the *Sea* to the *Christians*.

Paris, 14th of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1652.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

To the Kiaya Bey, or Lieutenant-General
of the Janizaries.

I Had once a great Intimacy with *Cassim Hali*, the brave *Agâ*, who now is no more on Earth, that honest old General merited all Men's Love: Follow thou his Example, and in Time his Post will fall to thy Lot. Thou art already in the last Advance to it; let no airy Vice make thee giddy, and give thee a Fall. 'Tis a common *Aphorism*, That *Health, long Life, and Honour*, descend from above. But if they do, I tell thee, 'tis like the Rain, which only then does good, when it penetrates the Earth, and moistens to the Root. An *humble Heart* is like a *kindly Mold*, receiving the *Dews of Heaven* with Advantage and Profit; but *Pride* is a *Rock*, which spatters away the *Blessings* shower'd down on it.

Perhaps thou wilt be affronted at my blunt Way of writing: Yet assure thy self, I honour thee more than a thousand Flatterers. I am not sent hither to study nice Expressions, but to serve the *Grand Seigneur* with Integrity. Besides, I know thou hast not been accusom'd to the *soft Entertainments* of *Ladies Chambers*, but the *rough Dialect* of *War*. It is thy Honour to be unacquainted with the Delicacies of Discourse, Diet, or Dressing; Things only fit to enervate a Man's Courage, and change his Heart into that of a Woman. Thou knowest how to handle the *Cuirass* and *Lance*, the *Sabre* and *Shield*, the *Bow* and *Gun*; and art perfectly vers'd in all the *military Terms of Art*. A Discourse of *Sieges* and *Campaigns*, *storming of Forts*, and *plundering of Camps*, is more agreeable to thee than all *Tully's Oratory*, or the finest Strains of the *Persian Poets*. I am therefore confident thou wilt not take it ill, that I address to thee in a *Stile* void of *Artifice*, yet full of real *Respect* and *Love*.

If I counsel thee, 'tis for thy good; and I am commanded to express my Sentiments with Freedom. Besides,

sides, I have a *personal* Privilege to advise thee, the *Right* of a *Friend*; which thou wilt acknowledge, when I tell thee, that I once had the Happiness to save thy Life, as we travelled together in *Arabia*.

Thou can'st not but remember that Passage; and how that in Heat of youthful Blood, thou hadst provok'd an *Emir* to kill thee in the Sight of the whole *Caravan*, had not I fallen at his Feet, and told him, thou wert a Stranger to the *Customs* of the *Country*.

Believe me, I do not reproach thee with this, but only make use of it, as an Argument to convince thee, that the same Motive which prompted me to interpose myself at that Time between thee and certain Death, induces me now to give thee Warning of a Precipice, of which thou art in *danger*. Every one gives thee the Character of a brave Man; and no body likes thee the worse, for being of an *Air* as fierce as a *Tartar*. All this becomes a *Man* of the *Sword*; and they say, thou dost every thing with a *martial* Grace.

But I am told likewise, that thou art guilty of Avarice: And that for the Lucre of Presents, thou enrollest Men in the *List* of the *Fanizaries*, who are not fit to serve in the *Wars*; such as are House-keepers, Persons entangled with Wives and Children, with Debts and other Incumbrances; that they only appear on certain Days in the *military* Habit, and then return to their *domestick* Business, without ever regarding the *Discipline* of the *Royal Chambers*, or thinking themselves oblig'd to learn the *Art* of *War*: That thou in the mean time takest their *Pay*, and many *additional* Bribes, whilst they are only contented with the *Title* and *Privilege* of a *Fanizary*, to shelter themselves from Justice, and protect them in their Rapine and Villainies.

I tell thee, should this be known and proved against thee, it would be to thy Ruin; But I hope better things, and that these are only the Surmises of thy Enemies. For thou knowest, That none ought to be admitted in that *ancient Order*, but the *Tributary Sons* of the *Nazarennes*; who being in their *Infancy* listed in the *College*, know neither *Father* nor *Patron* save the *Grand Seignior*, who is the

the common Parent and Protector of the *Osman Empire*. On his Service is all their Zeal and Courage fixed, having no private Byass, no partial Inclinations, to warp them from the Fidelity they owe their great Master. They are devoted to indefatigable Toils and Hardship during their whole Life.

This was the first Institution of the *Janizaries*, though through the Corruption of the Times, they have much degenerated from their *primitive Rules*. But thou, who art honour'd with an *high Command*, wilt signalize thy Virtue and Loyalty, in reforming these Abuses, and in not suffering the College of *Men of War* to become a Receptacle of Rogues and Drones.

Such Disorders as these have promoted the intestine Broils of this Kingdom; I say not that they are the original Causes; yet 'tis a great Diminution of *Sovereign Majesty*, when a King shall find his own Armies fighting against him, as they do at present here in *France*. How many Mutinies and Rebellions have been rais'd by the licentious *Janizaries* at *Constantinople*; when laying aside all Respect and Duty, they have not spar'd to violate the *Seraglio* it self; but entering within those sacred Walls with Bands of armed Men, have turn'd all Things Top-sy-Turvy, seiz'd on the imperial Treasure, chang'd the *Domestick* Officers of their *Sovereign*, and sometimes chas'd him from his own *Palace*, to the Hazard, if not to the Loss of his Life?

If thou would'st know what they are doing here in *France*, the *Men of Arms* are cutting one another's Throats, whilst the Rabble are burning their Neighbours out of their Houses.

Two Days ago, the *Multitude* assembled in the Streets, and having beset a certain *Palace* in this City, they put Fire to it, resolving to kill all that should attempt to make their escape out of the Flames. A Person of *Quality* coming out to pacify them, fell a Victim to their unbridled Rage. And had not the *Duke of Beauford* (of whom I have often made mention in my Letters) interpos'd his Authority, they had murder'd all that were within those suspected Walls.

Sometime

Sometime before this, the *Mareschal Turenne* took a Place of Strength from the *Prince of Conde*; who in lieu of it took *St. Denys*, a Town not far from *Paris*, wherein there is a *Temple*, which the *French* say, is the richest in *Europe*. But they are laugh'd at by the *Italians*, who boast of far richer *Mosques* in *Venice*, *Milan*, *Naples*, and *Rome*.

The *Duke of Lorrain* plays fast and loose with the *Prince of Conde*. He enter'd the *Kingdom* with an Army, pretending to espouse the *Prince's* Quarrel, but was quickly bought off by the *Queen*, so that he is now gone to *Flanders* again; by this Action leaving a free Passage to the *King's* Army under *Mareschal Turenne* to range whither they please, which were before block'd up by his Forces.

Four Days ago there was a bloody Encounter between the Troops of the *Prince*, and those of *Mareschal Turenne*, in one of the Suburbs of *Paris*. Neither cou'd boast of the Victory, tho' the Battle lasted five Hours; But at length, the *Prince of Conde's* Troops retir'd into the City, being frighten'd with the main Body of the *King's* Army, which appear'd on the neighbouring Hills.

Illustrious *Fanizary* fortify thy Heart with all the necessary Retrenchments of *heroick Virtue*; and rather than surrender to Temptations of Vice on dishonourable Terms, run the Hazard of a *Storm*.

Paris, 6th of the 7th Moon;
of the Year 1652.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at Vienna.

WE are altogether by the Ears in this Kingdom, killing, burning and destroying one another; whilst you in Germany enjoy abundance of Peace. The Occasion of our Quarrels here, is, the Return of Cardinal Mazarini, against whom the Duke of Orleans and Prince of Conde are inveterate Enemies. The former is declared Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom, by the Parliament of Paris; who give it out, That the King is Cardinal Mazarini's Prisoner. They have also bestow'd the Command of all Forces under the Authority of the said Duke, on the Prince of Conde.

Their Principal and only Pretence, is the Removal of the Cardinal from the King and his Council. What will be the issue, Time will demonstrate.

There has been a Duel lately fought, between the Dukes of Beauford and Nemours, two eminent Friends to the Prince of Conde.

The King going to a Town call'd Pontoise, some Leagues from Paris, drew a great many Counsellors and Presidents of Parliament thither; Men who are loyal and stedfast to his Cause. This encouraged the King to put forth a Declaration, commanding the Parliament to meet at Pontoise. They on the other side, publish'd an Arrest against this Declaration. Thus they continue Piquering one at another.

But here is News arriv'd from Cologne, which surprizes People very much. I know not the true Ground of their Astonishment; but the Priests seem to be mad for Joy. All that I can hear about it is, the Restoration of the Roman Catholick Religion in that Province, which is a Novelty unexpected; especially the Ecclesiastick Grandeur, which, it seems, has been laid aside above these hundred Years: I tell thee only as I am inform'd my self: It lies

lies in thy Power to certify me of the Truth of Matters.

They say also, That the famous General *John de Werdt* is dead; as likewise the Archbishop of *Treves*. It is added, That *Frankendal* is surrender'd to the Elector of *Heidelberg*, according to the late Agreement at *Munster*; and that there is a Diet begun at *Ratisbon*.

I desire thee to inform me of all these Things particularly, and of whatsoever else occurs in the Court where thou residest.

As to Matters of Religion, be not over sedulous: Piety is compris'd in a few Rules. Yet the Soul of Man is naturally inquisitive, and would fain be acquainted with all Things. I advise thee to cast thy Eyes frequently on the Earth that is under thy Feet; survey the Groves and Fields, the Mountains and Valleys, Rocks and Rivers: Then look up to the Heavens, and take a steadfast View of the Stars; consider the Beauty and Order of all Things: And after this tell me if thou can'st imagine, That the great and immense Creator of this wonderful Fabrick form'd all the Nations of the Earth to damn'em eternally, save only those of your Race.

Son of *Israel*, I wish thee heartily adieu.

Paris, 11th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1652.

LETTER VIII.

To the Kaimacham.

THE *Parisians* seem to be all in a Dream or Trance: They know not what they say or do, or at least they care not: Such is the immense Joy for the Return of the King to this City. The Steps of this sudden Change, were the retiring of Cardinal *Mazarini* from

from the Court; which was seconded with a *Declaration* of *Indemnity*, or a general *Pardon* for all that had pass'd during these Troubles, save some particular Reserves, Sacrilege, Fires and such like. This work'd strangely on the Inhabitants of *Paris*. But the Prince of *Conde* not finding any Satisfaction, as to his own Person in this *Amnesty*, call'd in the Duke of *Lorraine's* Army to his Assistance. These reduc'd the King's Forces to so great a Streight and Extremity, that the *Parliament* being sensible of the Advantage, made use of it, and sent *Deputies* to the King, beseeching him to continue in the same good Resolution he had taken before this Misfortune.

The *Monarch* suffer'd himself to be overcome, by a Violence mix'd with so much Submission, and yielded to their Requests. Immediately the Hearts of the Prince of *Conde's* Friends grew cold, and began to change their Sentiments. In a word they were resolv'd to desert their new *Master*, and cast themselves at the Feet of their lawful *Sovereign*. The *Grandeess*, who had most affected *Conde's* Interest, laid down their *Offices*. The Foreign Armies of *Spaniards* and *Lorrainers* retir'd out of the *Kingdom*. The Citizens of *Paris* sent a Deputation, consisting of Sixty Six Persons of *Honour*, to invite the King to the City, and assure him of their future Allegiance. All the *Officers* of the *Militia* did the like. The King being satisfy'd with the timely Penitence of his *Subjects*, and having commanded some preparatory Alterations in *Places of Trust*, enter'd this City on the Twenty first of the last *Moon*, with the Joy and Acclamation which cou'd express the Love of his People, and the Regret they had labour'd under during his Absence.

Thou seest, illustrious *Minister*, that tho' by the Artifices of a *Faction* a King may be render'd odious to his *Subjects*, be banish'd from his *Palace*, and have the Gates of his Cities shut against him, as beset to this King; Yet the Inconveniences they feel in taking up Arms against him sooner or later bring 'em to Repentance; and they are glad to court his Return, whom but a while ago they forc'd away by their Undutifulness, to gratify the Ambition

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tion of a bold young Prince of the Blood, who promis'd, and ventur'd all things in hopes of a Crown. For it cannot be suppos'd That the Prince of Cande had less Aims when he first began this War; tho' his Pretences were specious, only to remove Cardinal Mazarini, and other evil Ministers from the King, and to protect the French from the Machinations of Spanish and Italian Counsels; whilst it is evident, That all along he and his Party have been supported by the King of Spain in their Rebellion. One would wonder how the French, a sensible and witty Nation, could be thus impos'd upon. But the Arabian Proverb says, *There are none so blind as those that wilfully shut their Eyes.*

Yet whatever stupidity reigns among the Franks, methinks nothing but Light and Reason ought to appear in the Actions of the Mussulmans. I am confounded to hear of the Rebellions in Syria and Egypt. Will they never give Rest to the Banner of the Prophet! Must the supreme Minister be ever employ'd in proclaiming the *Nesraum*? What Offence has been given to the Bassa of Damascus, or to him of Caire?

Sage President of the Imperial City, I am abash'd before the Infidels, when I hear these tragical Reports out of the East.

But what can be expected, when the Manners of the Faithful are quite estrang'd from those of their Fathers? The Mussulmans almost out-do the Franks in Vice and Debauchery.

When thou readest this draw thy Scymitar and make a Scabbard of the next Man who mutters a Word against our lawful Sovereign.

Paris, 26th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1651.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I Tell thee, I am neither melancholy nor merry, but in a kind of mungrel Humour, between both. I am half *Democritus*, and t'other half *Heraclitus*; being equally dispos'd to laugh and weep at the Vanity of all Things here below. That Thought touches me sensibly, yet not enough to carry me into Extremes. The Misery and Happiness of the whole Life of Mortals, are Themes scarce worth a Passion. Whatever we endure as an *Evil*, or possess as a *Good*, are both so short, that as the one need not sink us to an *Excess* of *Grief*, so neither does the other deserve a *Paroxysm* of *Joy*. A Sigh or a Tear are enough for the first, and a Smile is too much for the last. My Mind at present is an *Æquilibrium*.

What signifies the Birth of the greatest *Monarch*, or that he can boast of a *long Descent* of *Kings*, his *Progenitors*? He is born to Labour and Trouble as well as other Men; and all the charming Pleasures that attend a *Crown* are scarce sufficient to recompence his Cares and Fatigues, his Hazards and Toils, and the perpetual Risques he runs both in Peace and War.

If from the Cradle he make an early Step to a Throne, 'tis but a mock Honour to be *crown'd* with a *Wreath* of *Briars*, squeez'd and press'd into his tender Temples by the deceitful Hands of his Guardians and Ministers, who strive only to lay the Foundation of their own Honour in his Ruin, by improving the Time of his *Minority*, and making Oppression chymical; that during their present Authority, they may expect the *Life* and *Elixir* of his Subjects Wealth, and hoard it in their own Coffers, leaving only the Lees to him when he comes of Age, and these generally compounded with the Ill-will of his People. I wish the Case prove not the same in our present Sovereign

reign *Sultan Mahomet*; who, thou know'st, was lifted to his Father's Throne before his Time, and by Methods which cannot be justify'd. It was the *Musti's* Plot, who is the Oracle of the *Laws*, and so the *Mussulmans* acquiesced. But mark the End; such *Treasons* seldom escape unpunish'd. Tho' *Sultan Ibrahim* was depos'd and imprison'd, (not to mention that which grates the Ears of any loyal *Ottoman*) tho' his eldest Son be placed on his Throne to serve the Ends of a *Faction*; yet a younger than he may live to revenge the Wrongs that were done to his Father, and restore the *Empire* of the *Faithful* to its primitive Grandeur. There are now above three Years elaps'd since the Change of Affairs at the *Seraglio*. In the mean Time, dost thou not observe the Discontents of the People? Is there not a general Coldness and Neutrality to be discern'd in the Conversation of those who, at first, were most forward to approve the *Musti's* Proceedings? Men begin every where to reflect on the present *Revolution*, and its fatal Consequences. The *Venetian War*, they say, has quite impoverish'd the *Empire*. Decay of Trade, Want of Money, and a Thousand other Things, are the daily Complaints in *Constantinople*: This I am told from very good Hands, Men of several *Nations*, Merchants who trade in that City, Persons altogether unbiass'd. They, as Strangers, have been inquisitive, during their Residence there, into the Humours of the People: to find how the *Mussulmans* stand affected to the present State of the *Ottoman* Affairs. I who approve not the Presumption of those *Infidels*, yet make use of it to inform my self of several material Passages, which I could not otherwise learn at this Distance from the *august Port*.

They tell me, The Soldiers murmur that so many thousands of Men have been sacrific'd in *Candia* and *Dalmatia*; whilst what they gain in the *Island* they lose on the *Continent*: For, it seems the *Venetians* are still too hard for us one way or other. They grumble also for want of their due Pay, and that they have not Bread enough to keep 'em from starving. A certain *Greek* assur'd me, he had heard several of the *Spahi's* swear solemnly, That it was agreed amongst them, not to go into *Dalmatia* the next Campaign. But this I took as a
Strain:

Strain of the *Grecian's* natural Faculty who, thou knowest, are much given to Romancing. However I hear enough both from them and other Travellers of *East and West*, to convince me, That some of the *Grandeess* at the *Imperial City* are in a tottering Condition.

All which serves but to confirm my first Discourse, that hardly any Thing on Earth is worth a Thought, since all Things are of so short Duration.

In a *Word*, the World seems to be a *Garden* intermingled with *Roses* and *Weeds*. The *first* are so close encompass'd with Thorns, That a Man cannot gather 'em without wounding himself: And if there be more ease in cropping the *latter*, yet they are unwholesome, and stink; putting a Man to as frequent Purifications, as the Times he touches 'em.

Let thou and I, dear *Dgnet*, pass along the *Alleys* of this *Garden*, view her *Beauties* and *Deformities* with an even Mind; not putting our selves to the Fatigue of gathering her *Flowers*, or suffering our selves to be tempted with her *softer Pleasures*. But let every Thing we see and hear in this *enchanted Ground*, serve the Ends of our Contemplation, being stedfastly mindful of this Truth, *That all those Things which appear so gay and full of Charms, are nothing but mere empty Idea's and fleeting Shadows of that substantial and permanent Pleasure which has her Residence only in Paradise.*

Thou may'st tell the *Kaimacham*, our Friend, that now the *King of France* begins to play the *Monarch* on the Bottom of his own Wit and Courage, without the Assistance or Counsel of *Tutors*. He has brought the *Parliament* to an absolute Compliance with his Will, having purg'd that *Senate* of disaffected Members, and banish'd from the Court the *Duke of Orleans*, who pretended a Right to rule his *Sovereign*. In the mean Time, the *Prince of Conde* has taken *Rethel*, and *St. Meneboud*, whilst *Barcelona* is surrender'd to the *Spaniards*. Thus what is gain'd in one Point, is lost in another. Doubtless there is nothing stable on Earth.

Paris, 8th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1652.

LETTER

LETTER X.

To Melec Amet.

THY Adventure, and miraculous Escape over the *Danube*, put me in Mind of a certain *French Nobleman* of the *Prince of Conde's* Party, who last *Summer* being closely pursu'd by some of the *King's* Horse, and himself excellently mounted, leap'd Hedges and Ditches to avoid Captivity. At length they had chas'd him into the Corner of the Land, from whence it was impossible for him to escape but by swimming o'er a small Arm of the Sea. What Risques will not a Man run for the Love of Liberty? This Person, like an o'er-heated *Stag*, perceiving his *Hunters* close at his Heels, boldly leap'd on Horse-back into the Sea, chusing rather to perish in the Waters, than to fall into his Enemies Hands.

None were so hardy as to follow him through the uncertain Waves. However his *Horse* being of matchless Strength, carried him safe over to the opposite Shore. As soon as he arrived at the next Town, where he had many Friends, he related this wonderful Passage. But instead of cherishing his *Horse* for so faithful and invaluable a Service, he drew his Sword, and immediately kill'd the *Beast* that sav'd his Life, saying, He did it for the Sake of Fame, being resolv'd that his *Horse* should never perform the like Service to any other Mortal.

This was an ungrateful *Caprice*, and far from the Morality of *Sultan Selim*, the Son of *Bajazet*, who, when his trusty *Horse Carabuluc* had once sav'd his Life by his extraordinary Swiftnes; he in token of his Thankfulness, built a Stable on purpose for him in a large Enclosure of Meadows, allowing a *Pension* to a *Groom* to wait on the meritorious *Beast*, and give him his free Delight in all Things as long as he liv'd, commanding that he should never more be forced to labour or travel. And to compleat the Happiness of the *Beast*, he cull'd out some
of

of the beautiful'st *Mares* of *Arabia* to accompany him; charging also, that the *Doors* of the *Stable* should be always open for the *Horse* to go in or out, and range when and where he pleas'd. This was a Generosity worthy of an *Eastern Monarch*, whom as thy Letter informs me, thou hast in Part imitated.

But such is some Men's Ambition and vain Desire to be talk'd of, that they care not by what barbarous Methods they accomplish their Aim: It was a Motive of this Nature which tempted *Erostratus* to set Fire to the famous *Temple* of *Ephesus*; which had been two hundred Years in building, and was numbred among the *Seven Wonders* of the *World*.

This happen'd on the very Night that *Alexander* the Great was born. And the Villain being ask'd why he committed so destructive a *Sacrilege*; answer'd, That it was to acquire an immortal Fame by so stupendous a Wick- edness, since he cou'd not hope to be recorded for his Vir- tue.

Plutarch mentions a Jest that was made on this De- struction of *Diana's Temple*. For it was common in every Body's Mouth, That the *Goddeſs* being call'd that Night to the Labour of *Olympias*, the Mother of *Alex- ander*, cou'd not be present at Home to save her House from burning. For the *Gentiles* believ'd, That *Diana* (whom they also call'd *Lucina*) was invisibly assistant at the Birth of Children.

However, the *Priests* made no Jest on't; but ran up and down howling and making Gashes in their Flesh, presag- ing, that Fate was that Day busied in signing the Decree of *Asia's* Ruin. This is certain, that that very Night the Man was born who was destin'd to subdue all *Asia*, and on the Ruins of the *Persian Empire* raise the Monarchy of the *Macedonians*. However, the Villain who burnt the *Tem- ple* had not his Desire; for it was decreed throughout all *Asia*, that his Name should never be mention'd in *Histo- ry*, or any publick Writings.

It is recorded of a certain Governor of a City in *Italy*, that being on the Top of an high Tower with only the Pope, the German Emperor, and an Ambassador from *Ve- nice* in his Company, he was tempted to throw the two former

former over the *Battlements*, as they were taking a Survey of the City; which he might have easily done, for they were both aged, and incapable of resisting his Strength. This Passage he confess'd to his *ghostly Father*; and being ask'd, what induc'd him to think of such a horrid *Treason*? He answer'd, *That it might be said, He did a Thing which was never done before, nor in all Probability would ever be done again; since no Prince, having heard such a Story, would ever venture himself into the same Danger without a sufficient Guard of his own. But however he had not Resolution enough to go through with his Project.*

I hear thou art like to acquire Fame by other Methods than these, being in a fair Way to rise by thy *Virtues* to some considerable Employments in the *Empire*; for which I equally rejoice with thy self.

In the mean Time 'twill perhaps be obliging to tell thee some News out of these Parts, which will make thy Company welcome to the *Grandeess*: They love to converse with Men who can furnish them with Intelligence of *Foreign Affairs*.

The freshest Discourse here is of the Imprisonment of the *Cardinal de Retz*, who was arrested by the King's Order on the nineteenth of this Moon. What his Crime is I cannot inform thee, unless it be that he is an Enemy to *Cardinal Mazarini*. People generally give him the Character of a very honest Man; but thou know'st *Honesty* is counted a *Vice* in the Courts of these *Western Princes*. The *Crafty* are the only Men of *Virtue* and *Merit* among the *Infidels*:

Thou may'st also report for a Certainty, That the *Spaniards* have taken *Dunkirk* in *Flanders*, and *Cazal* in the *Dukedom of Mantua*. This Town is said to be the Key of all *Italy*: I cannot tell thee which is the Lock it belongs to; nor, I believe, they themselves. But this I observe, that when the King of *France* sits down before any Place with his Army, whoever has the Key, neither Locks nor Bolts can keep him out long. And 'tis ten to one if he do not find an Entrance into this Place again very speedily, when the *Spanish King* has pleas'd himself for a while with an imaginary Possession of it.

I con-

I conclude my Letter just at the Hour when the old Year expires, according to the Account of the *Christians*, wishing thee a Scene of *New Felicities*.

Paris, 31st of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1652.

LETTER XI.

To the same

HAVING the Opportunity of a Day or two more before the *Post* goes out of Town, I make use of it to ask thee, Whether there be any Notice taken in your *Parts* of a *Comet* newly appearing above the *Orb* of the *Sun*? It has not been observ'd here till within these few Nights. And the *Astronomers*, notwithstanding the Coldness of the Season, (which I assure thee is sharp enough) are very busy with their *Telescopes* to pry into the Figure of this *Meteor*, and observe its Motions: They take great Pains, and endure all the Rigour of the Frost and Snow, in Hopes of making some new Discovery.

The Vulgar look on it as a great *Prodigy*: There are a Thousand Opinions amongst them about its Consequences: Every Body sets up for a *judicial Astrologer*. Nay, the *Learned* themselves, and such as are esteem'd great *Philosophers*, cannot agree in their Judgment concerning it. Some assert that the *Matter* of the *Heavens* is subject to *Corruption* and *Change*, and that this *Comet* is generated after that Manner: Whilst others hold a contrary Opinion. They are all divided, and dispute hotly in as unintelligible Terms as the *Languages* of *America* are to us of this *Continent*. They amuse one another, and themselves, with far fetch'd Words: And all this while, for ought I know, the wisest among 'em may be as much under a Mistake as those who never study'd such Things. All the Instruments of the *Opticks* are sought

out to help their *Sight*; and yet they may be as much in the *Dark* as the *Men* in *Plato's Cave*. It is an *Article* of my *Faith*, that we *Mortals* know very little of those far-distant *Beings*. But these *Franks* are the most opinionated *People* in the *World*; no *Man* has the *Modesty* to allow another as much *Right* to *Reason* as himself. Every one sets up for a *Dogmatist*, and requires the *Intellects* of all others to be resign'd to his; tho' perhaps that be only form'd by the *Rules* of his *Parents*, the *Impressions* of his early *Years*, the *Force* of *Education*, the *Fashion* of his *Country*, or by some notable *Accident* in his *Life*: All which are equally liable to *Falshood* and *Truth*. How many *Sects* were there of the *ancient Philosophers*, strictly defending their *Several Opinions*? One says, the *Heavens* are made of *Brass*; another of *Iron*; a third of *Smoke*. This will have 'em to be *solid*, that *fluid*: There is no *End* of their *Controversies*.

In the mean *Time* no *Man* knows what they are made of, or what is the *Figure* of the *World*; whether *round* or *square*, or beyond all *Dimensions*; whether *Matter* be *divisible* or *indivisible* in the last *Atom*. Who can assure me, if there be only one *World*, or whether there may not as well be a *Thousand Millions*? Whether the *Stars* be *Opake Bodies* as this *Earth*, and inhabited, or no? I tell thee again, there is no certainty of these *Things*. *Man's Senses* are too weak, his *Imagination* too frail, and all his *Faculties* far too short to comprehend the *Works* of the *Omnipotent*, who alone is *wise* and *perfect* in *Science*.

Wilt thou have my *Opinion* of this *Comet*? I am apt to think 'tis some such *Globe* of *combustible Matter* as our *Earth* appears to be, and perhaps burden'd with as many *Sinners*, that either by the *Course* of *Nature*, or *Decree* of *Destiny*, the *enclos'd Fire* has broke its *Bounds*, and spread its consuming *Flames* o'er the *Surface*; which embodying themselves in the *Pyramid* of *Smoke*, arising from so vast a *Conflagration*, cause that *Appearance* which we call the *Tail* of a *Blazing-Star*. And, for ought I know, after the same *Manner* shall all our *Globe* appear to the *Inhabitants* of those *remote Worlds* at our *Day of Judgment*.

Thy

I am

I am not positive in these Matters, nor will I shut up my *Soul* from future Lights; but leaving Things as I find 'em, full of Mystery and double Faces, I will expect no better fate than that of *Socrates*; That as I have liv'd, so shall I die in Doubt, only hoping for plenary Satisfaction in the *next World*.

Paris, 2d of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1652.

L E T T E R XII.

To Pesteli-Hali, *his Brother*, Master of
the Grand Seignior's Customs.

NOW thou beginnest to reap the *Fruit* of thy *Travels*: May'st thou live to have a full *Harvest*. I esteem myself infinitely obliged to the *illustrious Bassa*, our Countryman, for this particular Friendship in this Business. 'Tis true, thy own Merits were a sufficient Recommendation: But what Light can a *Candle* give that is shut up close in a *dark Lanthorn*? So thick was the *Veil*, which thy own *Modesty* had drawn o'er the *Splendor* of the most accomplish'd *Vir- tues*.

Son of my Mother, let not what I have said pass for the Words of a Flatterer. Thou knowest I am as free from that Vice, as I am from Envy. 'Tis Affection only guides my Pen, when I tell thee, I heartily rejoyce in my Brother's Prosperity; and that the *Grand Seignior* has a *faithful Servant*. I hope that *Sovereign of Sovereigns* will, in Time find Reasons to acknowledge to the noble *Kerker Hassan*, the good Office he has done him in presenting such a *Slave*. Let no Error of thine baulk my Expectation.

'Twill be an *eternal Honour* to the *House and Tribe* from which we descend, if by acquitting thy self fairly in this Post, our *great Master* shall think thee worthy of a more *sublime Station*. Therefore esteem this only as a *Trial* of thy *Fidelity*, and how far thou art capable of serving the *Sultan*. Be industrious, but not affected in disclosing thy Abilities. Observe a Gradation; for the slowest Steps of *Greatness* are the most secure. Aim not to be *rich and mighty* on a sudden. Swift Rises are often attended with precipitate Falls. If, in other Cases, 'tis commendable to be niggardly of Time, and squeeze every Minute to an Improvement in Virtue; yet thou wilt find it expedient to follow other *Maxims*, in the way of growing Great: And that to be liberal in Years of Patience, will be no unprofitable Frugality in the main; since what is soonest got, is generally short in the possession; and he that monopolizes *Honours* or *Wealth*, is most Times envied to his Ruin.

Nature it self shall convince thee of this, if thou wilt but contemplate her most *obvious Works*. Cast thy Eye on the *Oak* among the *Plants*: What *Vegetable* is more permanent, or of greater Service to Men? Yet the *Tree* of so vast a Bulk, in whose aged hollow Trunk I have seen sixteen Men sitting round a Table, under whose wide-spread Branches the *House* of *Aron* *Eb'niel* *Eben* *Sherophaim* the chief Emir of *Arabia*, is built and stands at this Day. I say, this *Tree*, in its first Original was not so big as the *Thumb* of thy *Right Hand*: And, if *Naturalists* speak *Truth*, 'twas a hundred Years a growing to these Dimensions, as many in a fix'd and flourishing Condition, and that it will not take up a less Time in decaying to its last Rottenness.

They say also, That an *Elephant*, the biggest and strongest of all the *Beasts* on the *Earth*, lives two hundred Years, and continues encreasing in its Stature the greatest Part of that Term. The like they relate of *Crocodiles* and *Dragons*.

But

But not to tire thee with Examples of this Nature, let us consider, that whatsoever is great and durable among Men, whatsoever is illustrious and excellent, is slow in the Production, and makes not hasty Leaps to Maturity. View all the *Monarchies* that have made so much Noise on *Earth*, and thou wilt find, that in Proportion to the Time of their growing *Greatness*, was the Term of their *Duration*. How swift was the Rise and Fall of the *Persian Empire*? Equally precipitate was that of the *Macedonians*. None could ever boast of so permanent and universal a Sway as the *City* or *Rome*, of which it is commonly said. *Rome was not built in a Day*.

To come nearer Home: How lasting and perpetually Victorious, is the *sacred Empire* of the *Mussulmans*? Yet it took its first Rise from very small Beginnings, met with frequent Repulses, and has made a slow Progression to the present formidable Height of Sovereign Power it now possesses: For, thou know'st, this is the thousandth, sixtieth and third Year, since the Holy Flight of the Messenger of God.

What I have said, may be apply'd with Proportion to Mens personal Advances in the Honours and Fortunes of this World. Be content therefore with the Seasons wherein *Destiny* shall think fit to raise thee, and strive not to out-run thy Fate.

All the News that I can tell thee is, that *Cardinal Mazarini* return'd the 13th of the last Moon, from his second Banishment; which thou may'st report for a Truth to the Ministers of State.

We are all Exiles here on Earth. God restore us to a Region more agreeable, and admit us to the Caresses of our Friends in Paradise.

Paris, 25th of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1653.

LETTER XIII.

To Kerker Hassan, Bassa.

THE Blessings of *God* and his *Prophets* descend upon thee from a thousand Sources. Thou art a true Friend, and our whole Family are obliged to thee for Favours which have no Number: But none more than my Brother and I; Our Engagements to thee are equal; since what Kindness thou hast shewed to him, in recommending him to the *Sultan's* Favour, and to a Place of Honour and Profit, I take as done to my self, we being naturally Sharers in each other's Prosperity, or adverse Fortune; for such is the Method of strict Relations and Friendships. And I have a particular Reason to thank thee, because it was at my Instance thou promoted'st him. Yet tho' he is my Brother, I should not be so partial as to say these Things in his behalf, did I not know him to be a Man of Merit. For Places of Trust ought not to be bestow'd for Favour or Affection. We are bound to sacrifice all private Regards to the Interest of the Grand Seigneur; and not act like the French, who get Offices of the greatest Importance many Times by being of a Faction, or Party, opposite to their King.

Since the Return of *Cardinal Mazarini* to this Court, which was in the foregoing Moon, the King has reform'd many Abuses of this Kind: He begins to feel his own Strength and Authority ev'ry Day more and more.

In the Moon of December dy'd *Cardinal Richlieu's* Brother, who was *Bishop* of Lyons, and *Grand Almoner* of France. The King has bestow'd these Honours on *Cardinal Antonio Barberini*, who took Sanctuary in this Court, from the Persecutions of the present *Roman Pontiff*, almost ten Years ago. He has always espoused the King of France's Interests in Rome. And the grateful Monarch receiv'd him with much Affection; and, as an additional Honour, has made him a Knight of the Holy Spirit. This is the chiefest Order of Knighthood in France.

It

It is freshly reported here, that the *Duke of Newburgh*, a great Prince in Germany, is dead. They talk also of certain *Prodigies* that have been lately seen in *England*, *Ireland*, and other *Parts of Europe*; as raining of warm Blood, Tin and Copper. And 'tis affirm'd for certain, that *three Suns* were lately seen at *Dublin*, the chief City of *Ireland*.

There has been a *Sea-Combat* between the *English* and *Hollanders*, on the Coast of *Italy*. Wherein they say the *Dutch* had the Victory, having sunk two of their Enemies Ships, and taken one, without any considerable Loss on their own side.

Here is no other News stirring at present, worth the Knowledge of a *Mussulman Grandee*. The Eyes of all the *Western Nazarenes* are fix'd on that Refuge of the World where thou residest, and on the Actions of our invincible *Vizir* in *Candia*.

They discourse of some *Overtures of Peace* which that great General has made to the *Venetians*, if they will forthwith surrender the City of *Candia* to the victorious *Osmons*.

If this be true, one would think so great Clemency must needs tempt the proud *Infidels* to *Submission* and *Compliance*. But if *Destiny* has otherwise decreed, I wish they may feel the Force of our *Arms*, which appear more keen than ever the *Scythe of Time*, the Devourer of all Things.

Paris, 27th of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1653.

LETTER XIV.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at Vienna.

THY last Letter speaks thee at once willing to be enlightned, yet tenacious of thy old *Prepossessions*. I wonder not at the difficulty thou findest in shaking off the *Precepts* of thy *Rabbi's*, those *Religious Triflers*. The Influence of *Education* is as forcible as that of our *Birth*: And the *Habits* that are rooted in us in our *tender Years* are harder to be displanted, than the *inherent Affections* of our *Blood*: This is signify'd by the *Arabian Proverb*, which says, *The Tutors of Youth have an Ascendant over the Stars of their Nativity*.

I know it has been esteem'd the peculiar Glory of thy *Nation*, that you have been rigid observers of the *Traditions* of your *Fathers*: From which, rather than deviate a Tittle, there have not been wanting such as freely expos'd themselves, and have bravely endur'd Racks, Scourges, Burnings, and all sorts of Torments, even the most exquisitely cruel Deaths, that the Malice of *Tyrants* could invent. But do not I know also that in some of the most weighty Points of your *Law*, your Zeal has exceeded your Prudence? I speak not of the private Bigotry of one Man, or a few; but of the *Representative Body* of the whole *Nation*. How foolishly superstitious were your Armies in the Days of *Mattathias*, when being assaulted by their Enemies on the *Sabbath Day*, they refused to draw a Sword in their own Defence, and so were all cut off by the Army of *Antiochus*? This is no invidious Remark of your *Adversaries* in Religion, but the Observation of *Josephus*, a Man of the same Faith, and sprung from the Stock of *Israel* as well as thy self.

Now tell me thy Opinion, did your *Fathers* do well in thus sacrificing themselves and the whole Interest of
Israel

Israel to a mistaken *Punctilio* of that Obedience they ow'd the Law, or no? If thou allowest the former, then *Murashias* did wickedly in making a Decree, that from thenceforth it should be lawful on the *Sabbath Day* to resist their Enemies; and all the *Jews* were guilty of many notorious Breaches of the Law, in obeying this Decree, and fighting on the *Sabbath Day*: But if thou say'st, they did ill in not fighting, tho' at a prohibited Time, and prohibited under the severest Curses, then it follows, that there is no Point of your Law which may not, nay, which ought not to be dispensed with, and give way to the Interest of *State*, and the Good of the *Commonwealth*. So that at this rate the Religion for which you are all so zealous, will appear to be but a Form of Government, divinely contrived for human Regards. I do not call in Question the miraculous Delivery of your Law on Mount *Sinai*. Suffer me to plead without Suspicion of Partiality: I do not go about to invalidate the Testimony of *Moses* and the *Prophets*. Doubtless the most High came down through the Heavens, attended with *Myriads* of *Angels*, and thirty two thousand Chariots of Fire; and when he stood on the Top of the Mountain, the Rear of his Train had not pass'd the Silver Gates of the Moon. The Sun appear'd in his Circuit, as one astonish'd; he blush'd, and fled away from the eternal Brightness, not able to endure the Lustre of a Glory so far surpassing his own. The Stars were dazzled at the immortal Splendor, and mistook their Course; they ran against one another in their affrighted Careers. And as a lasting Memorial of that glorious Descent, the Angels left the bright Impression of their Footsteps in the Path; that heavenly Road is to this Day distinguish'd from all the rest of the Sky by its Whiteness, which makes the Astronomers call it THE MILKY WAY.

The Nations of the Earth were amaz'd at the tremendous Vision and Noise; for the Mountain was all on Fire, whose Flames reach'd up to the Clouds, and its Smoke to the Mid-Heaven. The Globe trembled and quak'd at the dreadful Thunderings, and the Lightnings penetrated the Abyss of Hell. The infernal Spirits were startled at the uncounted Flashes; and ask'd one another, If

the Day of Judgment were come? The Waters hid themselves in their Fountains, and the Ocean utter'd a deep murmur. Every thing in Nature was surpris'd with Wonder and Dread; and Moses himself, when he came down from the Mountain, was all transform'd into Light.

Thou seest, *Nathan*, I am no *Infidel*, but believe as thou dost, that the *Law of Moses* was brought down from *Heaven*. But does it therefore follow that this *Law* is *universal* and *eternal*? Can none be saved but the *Sons of Israel*, and such as are proselyted to their *Religion*? Doubtless this is an Error as thou thy self wilt acknowledge, when thou hast well examin'd the Matter. Remove thy Post a little, if it be only an *Imagination*: Rise from the Feet of thy *Doctors*, who have instill'd into thee *Prejudices* against all the *Sons of Adam*, except those of your own *Race*. Stand aloof for a while, and look round about thee to the *four Winds*; but fix thine Eyes on the *East*, for from thence *Wisdom* takes her *Origin*. Did not the same *God* who created the *Jews*, also create all the *Nations* on the *Earth*? And canst thou be so blind and obdurate as to think, That *Sovereignty Merciful* made so many *Millions of Souls* on purpose to damn them? Or that it shall be imputed to them for *Sin*, that they were not born of the *Seed of Jacob*? Was it in their Power to chuse the *Father* that shou'd beget them, or the *Mother* that shou'd conceive them? How absurd are the *Consequences* of this narrow Opinion? It is an unpardonable *Pride* and *Malice*, thus to contemn and judge those that are compounded of the same *Ingredients* as your selves.

Doubtless *God* has sent *Prophets* into all *Nations*, to guide them into the *right Way*, and not into the *Way of Infidels*. Those who believe the *Prophets*, and obey their *Precepts*, shall be sav'd: For they preach the *Unity* of the *Divine Essence*, the *Resurrection* of the *Dead*, the *Day of Judgment*, the *Joys of Paradise*, and the *Torments* of the *Damn'd*. They teach the *Necessity* of *Justice*, *Purity* and good Works; exhorting all to practise the *Golden Rule*, without entangling their Minds in endless *Niceties*, which are but the *Superfetation* of *Piety*, the excrementitious Burdens of a *religious Life*. Such
are

are most of the troublesome and ridiculous *Ceremonies* observ'd by the *Zealots* of your *Law*, at which I have known the wiser sort of *Jews* to laugh. These little *Superstitions*, like unprofitable *Suckers*, exhaust the *Vitals* of *Religion*, and leave it only a *sapless Trunk*, from which no *Fruit* can be expected. Were they commanded in the *Law* of *Moses*, something might be pleaded in their Defence; but as they are only the *Dreams* of your *Rabbi's*, a wise Man would beware how he put on a needless Yoke, the *Stratagem* of your crafty *Guides*, to keep you in Subjection and a servile Awe of their Authority, and a religious Timorousness of you know not what.

Thy Letter replies to this by Anticipation: For supposing that I should argue thus, and charge you with adding *Traditions* of your own to the positive *Injunctions* of the *Law*; thou tellest me, That those are greatly mistaken, who think that all which was deliver'd to *Moses* in the *Mount* was written in the *Two Tables*, or compriz'd even in the *Pentateuch*, as if the Prophet spent those forty Days and Nights only in keeping of Geese. For it is evident, say'st thou, That if God had nothing else to give him but the *Written Law*, he might have dispatch'd him in an Hour or a Day at most. Therefore thou addest, That by Day he gave to him the *Written Law*, and by Night the *Mysterious* Explanation of it, call'd, The *Oral Law*: Which Explanation *Moses* taught by Word of Mouth to *Joshua* his Successor, *Joshua* to the *Seventy two Seniors*; and that they transmitted this *Oral Traditionary Comment* down to their *Posterity*, even to the last of the *Prophets*, from whom the great *Sanhedrim* received it. After this every one deliver'd it to his Son, as he had receiv'd it from his *Ancestors*; and so it continues to this Day to be the *Rule* of our *Lives*; in those Cases where the *Written Law* is silent. I tell thee, *Nathan*, There appears a great shew of Reason in what thou say'st: And it cannot be suppos'd, That *Moses* spent all that time only in receiving the *Written Law*. But on the other Side, I cannot believe that the eternal Mind was busied so many Days in prescribing those ridiculous Rules and *Ceremonies* which are found in the *Talmud* and the

Writings

Writings of your Rabbi's. If thou canst convince me of that, I will cease to persuade thee to a Change.

I have a great deal more to say, but the Hour of the *Post* calls on me to conclude my Letter. In my next I will fully answer all thy Arguments. In the mean time, let not *Custom*, and the *Dictates* of the *Synagogue*, supplant thy *Reason*, but remember, Thou art a *Man*.

Paris, 17th of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1653.

LETTER IX.

To the Sublimely Wise, the Seignior of
Excellent Dignity, Abul Recowawn',
Grand Almoner to the Sultan.

THOU art placed on a high *Seat*, eminent among the *Faithful*; and the Eyes of the Distress'd are fix'd on thee. Thou art the *Patron* of all the Miserable. To thee, as to a *Sanctuary*, flies the Man, whose Misfortunes have bereav'd him of all other Hope; whose drooping Spirits can find no Comfort from the rest of Mortals. His last and only Refuge is to thee, who art the faithful *Steward* of the *Grand Seignior's* Liberalities. Let not too much Prudence supersede thy Charity. The Wicked and the Innocent have equal Access to thee: and it ought to be so; for no Man at first can distinguish between the one and the other by their outward Aspect. Yet a little Examination and Converse will shew the Difference.

There are those who get large Possessions under the Masque of Poverty. There are impudent *Beggars*, who make a Trade of imposing on human Compassion, and sport themselves in this humble Method of cheating People of their Money; whilst imagining they bestow it on
Persons

Persons really Indigent, it is thrown away on: Counterfeits, Villains and Infidels.

On the other side, I have seen true Objects of Pity, Men reduc'd to the last Extremities, who wou'd rather perish, than expose their Condition to any, save the *Great* and *Noble*. They esteem such to be wise Men, generous, and considerate of the Accidents which commonly befall Mortals. They think to these they may freely unbosom themselves, tell their Wants, and claim Relief, without the Hazard of a Reproach, which wounds more deeply than a short Denial.

Thou may'st know them by the Modesty which appears in their Faces, (says our *holy Prophet*) and that they are soon repuls'd. To such as these give plentiful *Alms*, and do not repine. For it is as a profitable *Merchandise*, sent to remote Countries; which though ventur'd on the uncertain Waters, yet in Time, by the special Blessing of *Heaven*, shall return with seven-fold Interest.

Nay, give to all that ask: For it is better to misplace our *Charity* on nine unworthy Persons, than to deny an *Alms* to one that is really in need. Beside, it is not for the Honour of a *Sovereign Monarch*, that any Person in Distress shou'd depart from his *Court*, sad or discontented for want of Relief.

I have in some of my Letters glanc'd at the *Vices* of these *Western Nazarenes*; and have not been altogether silent as to their *Virtues*. Among which, their *Charity* is very conspicuous.

The *French* relate a pretty Passage of a certain *Cardinal*, a very good Man, and one that by the Multitude of his generous *Actions* gave occasion for the World to call him, the *Patron* of the *Poor*.

This *Ecclesiastick Prince* had a constant Custom, once or twice a Week, to give publick Audience to all indigent People in the Hall of his Palace, and to relieve every one according to their various Necessities, or the Motions of his own Bounty.

One Day a poor Widow, encourag'd with the Fame of his Generosity, came into the Hall of this *Cardinal*, with her only Daughter, a beautiful Maid, about Fifteen
Years

Years of Age. When her turn came to be heard, among the Crowd of Petitioners, the Cardinal discerning the Marks of an extraordinary Modesty in her Face and Carriage, as also in her Daughter, he encourag'd her to tell her Wants freely. She blushing, and not without Tears, Thus address'd herself to him: *My Lord, I owe for the Rent of my House Five Crowns, and such is my Misfortune that I have no other Means to pay it, save what wou'd break my Heart, since my Landlord threatens to force me to it; that is, To prostitute this my only Daughter, whom I have hitherto with great Care educated in Virtue, and an Abhorrence of that odious Crime. What I beg of your Eminence is, That you wou'd please to interpose your sacred Authority, and protect us from the Violence of this cruel Man, 'till by our honest Industry we can procure the Money for him.*

The Cardinal mov'd with Admiration of the Woman's Virtue and Innocent Modesty, bid her be of good courage. Then he immediately wrote a Billet, and giving it into the Widow's Hands, Go, said he, *to my Steward with this Paper, and he shall deliver thee Five Crowns to pay thy Rent.*

The poor Woman over-joy'd, and returning the Cardinal a Thousand Thanks, went directly to his Steward, and gave him the Note: Which when he had read, he told her out Fifty Crowns. She astonish'd at the Meaning of it, and fearing this was only the Steward's Trick to try her Honesty, refus'd to take above Five, saying, *She ask'd the Cardinal for no more, and she was sure 'twas some Mistake.*

On the other side, the Steward insist'd on his Master's Order not daring to call it in Question. But all the Arguments he cou'd use, were insufficient to prevail on her to take any more than Five Crowns. Wherefore, to end the Controversy, he offer'd to go back with her to the Cardinal, and refer it to him, when they came before that munificent Prince, and he was fully inform'd of the Business; 'Tis true, said he, *I mistook in writing Fifty Crowns; give me the Paper, and I will rectify it.* Thereupon he wrote again, saying thus to the Woman;

So much Candor and Virtue deserve a Recompence : Here, I have order'd you Five Hundred Crowns ; what you can spare of it, lay up as a Dowry to give with your Daughter in Marriage.

If I mistake not this Cardinal was call'd *Farnese*. But whatever his Name was, this was an Action truly heroick, and which has but few Parallels.

It will be much for the Glory and Interest of the *Shining Port*, if thou sometimes by an extraordinary Largeſs, raiſe the Fortune of deſerving Men ; and put them in a capacity to ſerve the *Grand Seignior* : At leaſt ſuch Bounty will oblige 'em not to diſſerve him.

Among the reſt permit me to recommeud the Caſe of *Ebnot Berwana Kayemas*, thy Countryman : He was once Profeſſor of a fair *Timariot*, but was turn'd out by *Sultan Ibrahim*, to gratify a Creature of *Shechier Parra* : Thou know'ſt the Life of that infamous Woman. I ſay no more.

Paris, the 2d of the 5th. Moon
of the Year 1653.

L E T T E R XVI.

To the Captain Baſſa.

THOU that art a Man of War delighteſt, no doubt, to hear of Combats and Battels ; and I tell thee, that ſince the Beginning of the World there have never been known ſuch dreadful *Sea-Fights*, as during the preſent War between the *English* and *Dutch*. It ſeems there is an Emulation ſprung up in the latter : They grudge the Inhabitants of *Britain* the Character, which has been given 'em from all Antiquity, Of being the moſt Victorious on that Element of any Nation on the Earth.

'Tis poſſible there may be ſome more particular Grounds of their preſent Quarrel, to which I am a Stranger :

Stranger : But assuredly they have persued their Animosities very eagerly on both Sides; and let the Occasion be what it will, the *Dutch* are still Losers.

I sent thee an Account of a *Combat* between their *Fleets* last Year, since which they have had many other *Engagements*. And 'tis said here, that during this *War*, the *English* have taken from the *Dutch* near two thousand *Merchant Vessels*, have sunk and burnt many of their *Ships of War*, slain some of their chief *Commanders*, spoil'd their *Trade*, and reduced 'em almost to as great *Streights* as when they first courted the Protection of the *English* against their *Sovereign* the *King of Spain*, from whom they had then newly revolted.

But the most terrible Conflict was on the second of this *Moon*, wherein the *Dutch* had seven and twenty of their greatest *Ships* either sunk or burnt, two thousand of their *Seamen* and *Soldiers* killed, and a *Thousand* taken *Prisoners*, with many *Captains*. That great *General Trump*, whom I mention'd in my last, was slain in this *Fight*, after he had perform'd *Prodigies of Valour*.

The *French* say, that during the Heat of this *Engagement*, *Trump* being excessive thirsty, call'd for a *Bowl* of *Wine*; which his *Servant* had no sooner deliver'd to him, but a *Cannon-Bullet* took his *Hand* off just as he was retiring from his *Master*. The brave *General* touch'd with a noble *Compassion*, spilt the *Wine* on the *Deck*, saying, *It is not fit that I should quench my Thirst with the Blood of a faithful Slave*. And as soon as he had spoke these *Words*, another *Bullet* took from him the *Power* of ever drinking again.

If such an Accident should happen to thee when thou fightest against the *Infidels*, know for certain, that thou shalt be immediately transported to the green and shady *Banks* of the *Rivers of Wine* in *Paradise*, where thou may'st drink thy fill in eternal *Security*: For he that dies fighting for the *Faith* is a *Martyr*.

Paris, 12th of the 8th Moon,

of the Year 1653.

BETTER

LETTER XVII.

To Sale Tercheni Emin, Superintendent of the Royal Arsenal at Constantinople.

I Remember I promised in my last to give thee a farther Account of *Pachicour*, the famous *Pirate* of the *Black Sea*. 'Twere easy to perform it, but a Temptation diverts my Pen another Way.

I remember when thou wert *Chiaus*, I have heard thee speak of the *Kingdom* of *Tunis*, whither thou was sent by *Sultan Amurat*, to compose the Differences that happen'd between the *Dey* and the *Divan* of that City. At the same Time thou mad'st mention of a certain admirable *Engine*, contrived to draw up *Ships*, or any thing else from the Bottom of the Sea: And that the *Divan* of *Tunis* gave to the *Artist* who fram'd it an Hundred thousand *Piasters*, as a Reward of his Ingenuity.

I have read in a certain *French Author* of such another Device at *Venice*, made on purpose to draw up the famous *Carrack*, which they call'd the *Castle* of the *Sea*. This *Galleon* was built of a monstrous Bulk, more for State than Service; and was overturn'd by her own Unweildiness, as she lay at Anchor, and sunk to the Bottom: From whence neither that fore-mention'd *Engine*, nor all the Art of Man could raise her. Yet the Skill of the *Engineer* was highly commended, and the *Senate* honour'd him with the Title of *Clarissima*, and settled a noble *Pension* on him during Life.

It is question'd, whether the *States* of *Holland* will be so liberal to a certain *French Engineer*, who has made a *Ship* at *Rotterdam*, which, they say, will out-do all the *Miracles* of *Noah's Ark*.

This

This *Ship* is at present all the Talk at *Paris*. Our Merchants receive Letters full of Wonders from the *Low-Countries*, concerning this Whirligig of a Vessel, which is to move by Clock-work, without Sails, Oars, Rudder, or any common Marine Tackle; yet shall cut her Way through the Sea with a swifter Progress than the *Moon* glides along the *Sky*, or Bullet out of a *Canon*. This is the Discourse of those who love to advance all that they hear to the height of a *Miracle* or *Romance*. Yet, 'tis certain the *Artist* has promis'd it shall equal the Motion of some Birds, and run twelve Leagues an Hour. Neither Winds nor Tides shall forward or hinder its Course, which depending on an internal Principle of *perpetual Motion*, is to be directed only at the Pleasure of him who manages the Springs and Wheels. So that the *Master* of this *Vessel* shall be able with a single Touch of his Hand to turn it to any Point of the *Compass* in the most boisterous Weather that blows.

This *Engineer* farther engages, that his *Vessel* shall make a Voyage to the *East-Indies* in the Revolution of a *Moon*, and to some *Regions* of *America* in a fourth Part of that Time. If he be as good at Performance, as he is at Promising, he will sail round the *Globe* at this rate in three *Moons*.

In farther Commendation of this wonderful *Machine*, 'tis said, that by a new invented Art it shall secretly, under Water, disable any Ship, provided she be within *Canon-shot*; and this with so sudden a Force, that in the Space of six Hours it will successively sink a Fleet of a hundred Ships of *War*.

Moreover, this *Artist*, to appear not less subtle against the Efforts of *Heaven*, than in surpassing all the *Inventions* on *Earth*, promises, that his miraculous *Vessel* shall, at the Distance of a League, cut asunder any *Spouts* or *Cataracts* of Waters, which usually threaten *Mariners* in the *Mediterranean* and other Seas.

'Tis possible thou art very well acquainted with the Nature of those *Spouts*, and the Danger of Ships that sail near them. Yet give me leave to inform thee what I have heard

heard from a certain *Corfsair*, who has often met with them in the *Levant*.

This *Pirate* tells me, That a *Spout* is a kind of *Aqueduct* between the Clouds and the Sea, by which those pendulous Cisterns *Above* are replenish'd with Water from the *Ocean*, drawing it up as through a Pipe; which seems to be let down for that End, at certain Seasons, and in some particular Places, where the Water boils up first above the Surface of the briny Plain, as a Signal to those thirsty Bladders, to make a Descent there and suck their fill.

If this be true, who knows but that all the Rain to which the Earth is indebted for its Fertility, comes thus originally from the Sea? For, it may be made fresh, either in its first Ascent through the Roscid Air, or after its Reception into the Clouds by some hidden Energy of that Element, or the natural Force of the Middle Region: Or at least by some unknown Vertue, perhaps not inferior to that by which the Waters of a Bitter Lake in the Desert became Sweet at the Intercession of our Holy Prophet, when the whole Army of the primitive *Mussulmans* was like to have perish'd of Thirst.

And then how will the *Western Philosophers* dispose of all the Vapours which they say are exhal'd from this *Globe*, and afterwards condens'd into Clouds? I tell thee that's but a loose Notion of such retentive Bodies, as the Clouds seem to be. And 'twould tempt one to ask, What the Vessels are made of which hold those condens'd Exhalations, so that they do not fall at once upon our Heads and overwhelm us, but only distil in small successive Showers drop by drop to refresh the barren Parts of the Earth, and serve the Necessities of Men? And why the Rains fall on the *Indies*, and other Regions of the *East*, whole *Moons* together without Intermission, the rest of the Year being dry: Whereas, in other Countries, the Periods of the Weather's Alteration are uncertain, and in some Parts it seldom or never rains at all?

Doubtless the *Works* of the *Omnipotent* are inscrutable: And though it may be an Argument of a great *Wit*, to give ingenious Reasons for many wonderful Appearances

Appearances in Nature; yet 'tis an Evidence of small Piety or Judgment, to be positive in any thing, but the Acknowledgment of our own Ignorance.

Now I have made as wide an Excursion from my first Discourse, as the *Maulla* did, who began an *Oration* in Praise of *Noah's Ark*, and ended with telling a Tale of an *Armenian Wheel-Barrow*. But I will not forget that I was speaking of the Promise which the *Rotterdam Engineer* has made of his *Machine*. That it should effectually break all the Force of *Spouts*, which would render him very serviceable to *Merchants*, as a *Convoy* to defend them from those terrible *Bugbears* to *Sailers*. For the *Corfsair* tells me, That these *Spouts* very often occasion Ship-wrecks; either by entangling the *Masts* of a Ship, and so overturning it: or by breaking in the Encounter, overwhelm it with Water and so sink it.

He says likewise, that the *Christian Pirates* are accustomed to use a certain *Charm* against these *Spouts*. They have a Knife, whose Haft is made of the Bone of a Man's Right Arm; and every *Vessel* is bound to provide one or two of these Knives when they loose from the Shore. They buy 'em of certain Persons who have the Character of *Magicians*: And when they see a *Spout* at some Distance from them at Sea, the Master of the *Vessel*, or any body else, takes this enchanted Knife in his Right Hand, and holding the Book of their *Gospel* in his Left, reads some Part of it, and when he comes to a certain *Vesicle* which mentions the *Incarnation* of the *Messiah*, he makes a Motion with his Knife towards the *Spout*, as if he would cut it in two; whereupon immediately the *Spout* breaks in the middle, and all the inclos'd Water falls into the Sea.

But I tell thee, he who gives Credit to the Stories of *Charms*, or the Projects of Men pretending to excel all the rest of their Race, has more *Faith* than is requisite to him who reads *Aesop's Fables*; since in perusing that ingenious *Figmen*, we are only desired to believe the *MORAL*.

Thus I have given you a short Account of the

'Tis thought by some that this *Engineer* will, by the natural Clock-work of his Heels, be much more nimble than his Vessel in flying the Disgrace which will attend him, if his fantastick Project prove unsuccessful. In my next thou shalt hear of *Pachicour*.

Paris, 12th of the 8th Moon,

of the Year 1653.

LETTER XVIII.

To Murat, Bassa.

THE *English*, at present make the greatest Figure and Noise of all the Nations in the *West Spain*, *Portugal*, and even *France*. it self counts the Friendship of that *Island*. since the Inhabitants have form'd themselves into a *Common-wealth*. It appears as if the *English* were but newly awaken'd to a Sense of their own Strength, and by thus rouzing themselves had alarm'd all their Neighbours.

However it be, this *King* has sent an *Ambassador* to the *English Court* to break the Negotiation of the *Spaniards* there, and to establish a Peace between *England* and *France* if possible.

One cannot tell what to make of the *Maxims* of these *Infidels*. For at the same time the banish'd Heir of the *English Crown* takes his Sanctuary in this Court, where he is caress'd and made to believe great Things they will do towards his *Restoration*: But Interest supercedes all Arguments of Affection and Consanguinity. They are more solicitous here for the Success of the Embassy, than for the Right of the poor exil'd Prince. He is call'd the *King of Scotland*, having been solemnly crown'd in that Kingdom since the Death of his Father; and entering into *England* with an Army of *Scots*, was routed; and having narrowly escap'd the Trains that were laid for his Liberty and Life at length landed in this Kingdom, where

where he has been entertain'd with much seeming Affection. But the dread they are under of the victorious new *English Common-wealth*, makes him begin to talk of his Departure from hence.

The *Prince of Conde* has taken *Rocroy*; which was the first Place where he signaliz'd his Arms in the *Infant Reign* of this *King* about ten Years ago; which the *Superstitious* interpret as an *Omen* of *Ill-Luck* to the *King*. This sort of People are led by *Maxims* void of Reason, and so there is no regard to be given to their Observations: Yet some of the wiser Sort think this will prove a long War.

That which amuses People most, is, the small Concern the *Prince of Conti* and the *Dutchess of Longueville* shew for their Brother's Cause. For while the *King* was on his March against the *Prince of Conde*, they came and submitted themselves to him, and were received to Favour. Those who are apt to suspect an Intrigue in every Thing, say, that this Reconciliation is only feign'd on their Part, it being a Means to serve their persecuted Brother with greater Security and Success. Others are of Opinion, that it is real, especially on the *Prince of Conti's* Part; since he and his Brother had never any good Understanding.

There has been a Battle lately fought between the *French* and *Spanish* Forces in *Italy*: Wherein the *Spaniards* lost twelve hundred Men, and the *French* above half that Number of their best Soldiers. So that the *King of France* may say with a famous *General*, "Victories, attended with so little Advantage, will ruin rather than enlarge an Empire."

Bassa, in the midst of thy Grandeur I wish thee Health, which sweetens the worst Events. As for me, I'm like one hovering between two Worlds.

Paris, 15th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1653.

LETTER

L E T T E R XIX.

To Afis, Bassa.

THE Gods of the Nazarenes, one wou'd think, were studying how to perplex their Adorers. These *Western Parts* abound with *Prodigies* and surprizing Events. More especially the *Low-Countries* feel the *Strokes* of a Hand, which by making 'em smart, seems to put 'em in mind, *They're too high in their own Conceits*.

For several Weeks we have been alarm'd from thence with the *Tragical Stories* of Ship-wrecks, Inundations, Tempests of Thunder and Lightning, not usual at this Time of the Year; monstrous *Spectres* seen rising out of the Seas, Lakes, and Rivers; *Armies* in the Air, with *Comets* and other wonderful *Apparitions*.

The *States* of the *United Provinces* have lost by Wreck sixteen *Ships* of War, and thirty seven *Merchant Vessels*. It looks as if *Æolus* and *Neptune*, the chief Gods of the *Hollanders*, had enter'd into a *League* to punish them for struggling against their Fate, whilst they maintain a *Fleet* to brave and plunder the *English*, under whose Shadow they first rose to the Power they so ungratefully now possess.

For, besides these Losses at Sea, The Winds and Waves have conspir'd to break down their very Banks, the only Guards they have against that *encroaching Element*. All the *Low-Countries* are overwhelm'd with Water: Infomuch as fives Miles within Land from *Ostend*, there has been found a *Whale* newly cast up, seven times as long as a Man.

This the *Infidels* look upon as a great *Prodigy*, and the *Forerunner* of some strange *Revolution*; tho' it is but a natural Event, and frequently happens in those Seas where *Whales* are more plentiful. The *Naturalists* say, That this

King

King of the *Scaly Nations* never makes his Progress though the Seas without his *Guide*; which is a certain small Fish that always swims before him, and gives him Warning of Flats and Shallows, upon which he often Strikes, 'and sometimes on the main Shores, if this little *Guide* chanc'd to be devour'd by any other Fish, or come to other Mis-hap. And this may be the Reason, why so many *Whales* are found on the Sands when the Tide ebbs. They say also, that when this little Fish is inclin'd to rest, it retires into the *Whale's* Belly, reposing it self there for some time; during which the *Whale* rests also, not daring to venture forward, till his *Guide* comes forth and leads the Way. If this be true, it seems as if there were a League or Friendship contracted between these two, they mutually performing all the necessary Offices of Love and Gratitude. And how this can be done without some *Species* of Reason, I cannot comprehend.

Let them at the *Port* call me *Minefish*, or what they please, I cannot forbear doing this Justice to the *Fish* of the *Sea*, as well as to the *Animals* on *Earth*, to acknowledge, that either they are endued with a kind of Reason; or that *Faculty* which we call so in Men, is no other than sense. If the Brutes perform many things without any Deliberation or Counsel, so do most Men: And no Man can demonstrate, that even those *dumb Beings* do not advise and project, before they attempt any thing of Moment towards their own Preservation, on the Service of others. And if they seem to do many things rashly, it may be attributed to the Quickness and Vivacity of their *Sense*, which needs not the slow and flegmatick Methods of *human* Counsel.

Suffer these Digressions, courteous *Bassa*; and since I have led thee so far out of the Road, take but another Step, and I'll shew thee a great *Monarch*, who commands Millions of Men, carried away Captive by a silly *Beast*.

The King of *France*, t'other Day, as he was a Hunting, discharg'd a Fowling-Piece at a *Partridge* on the Wing. The Bird dropt, and the *Monarch*, eager to take up his Game, gave the Reins to his Horse, who ran away

away with him over a great Plain, for the space of half a League. And had not the King fallen off, within six Paces of a great *Chasm* or Hole in the Earth, he would have been carry'd, for ought I know, to keep Company with *Horatius Curtius*, the venturous Roman, of whose Exploit thou hast heard; for the furious Steed not being aware of the Danger before him, as soon as he had cast the King, gallop'd full speed into the gaping *Precipice*, and was never more heard of.

This the Priests cry up for a *miraculous* Escape and Pre-
 sage, That the King is reserv'd by Providence for great Things.

The King of Portugal has an *Embassador* here, who in his Master's Name proposes a Match between this King and the *Infanta* of Portugal, proffering four Millions of Crowns as her Dowry. But the Court entertains this Motion coldly, the Cardinal being averse, for what Reason is not known; for the *Infanta* has an illustrious Character and known to be a Princess of incomparable Virtue.

This Minister is managing a Match of nearer Concern to himself designing to marry one of his Nieces to the Prince of Conti, Brother to the Prince of Conde. And, 'tis said this Prince receives the Cardinal's Proposals with less Scorn, than did the Count of Soissons those of Cardinal Richlieu, on the like Occasion.

Here is a Rumour, as if the Prince of Conde would be condemn'd by a Process of Parliament, and that he will be put to Death in Effigy.

This Indignity is common among the Infidels, who esteem whatsoever Honour and Disgrace is shewn to Images, as done to the Persons whom they represent. They have no other Excuse for their Worship of Things made by the Hands of Men like themselves, but that it is purely relative, and centers in the Prototype.

In the mean time the Prince of Conde's Friends and Well-wishers smile at his imaginary Death; knowing, that if no effectual Stroke of Fate carry him out of the World, he will be at the Head of a potent Army in the

Spring, to put many to Death in Reality, and by the Edge of the Sword, who fight for his Enemies.

A while ago a Man was imprison'd here by his own Folly; having voluntarily declar'd, that he was hir'd by this Prince to assassinate *Cardinal Mazarini*.

I have formerly spoken of the *Count d' Harcourt*, and the Disgrace he was in at this Court, for not continuing the Siege of *Londa*, a strong Hold of the *Spaniards* in *Catalonia*. The General is a brave Man, and has done eminent Services to the Crown of *France*. It is no wonder therefore, that he laid to Heart the Coldness and Contempt with which he was receiv'd at his Return from that *unfortunate* Campaign. Great Souls are to be caress'd with more than ordinary Affection in their adverse Fortunes; and faithful Servants ought not to be reproach'd with every false Step, or ill Success in their Affairs. The Court resenting the King's Carriage towards him, removed himself from Court, and then out of the Kingdom; designing, as is supposed, to serve the Emperor of *Germany*.

Last Week his two Sons, that were detain'd as Hostages in this City, made their Escape; the Duke of *Lorraine* having promised to give the Eldest his Daughter in Marriage.

The Duke roves up and down like a Free-Booter, with an Army of *Banditti* at his Heels.

Renown'd *Asis*, I make an humble and affectionate Obeisance; wishing thee as many Years of Life, as thou canst pass without languishing for Death.

Paris, 17th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1653.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

To the Dgebe Nafir, Bassa.

THOU succeedest a righteous Minister, *Chiurgi Muhammet*: I wish thee a Surplusage of Happiness; which thou wilt not fail to possess, if thou inheritest the Virtues of that Bassa, as well as his Office. May his Soul now taste the Reward of his just Life: And I doubt not but he has made an happy Experience of my Wishes. He sits down in Quiet under the Trees of Eden; his Head encompass'd with a Garland of Flowers, which never fade; vested with the *immarcessible Crimson and Purple of Paradise*. He reposes on his Bed of Delights, whilst beautiful Pages serve him in Vessels of Gold, set round with Sapphires and Emeralds: He drinks the delectable Wine which never inebriates; and eats of the Fruits, every Morsel of which prolongs his Life for a thousand Ages. He hears nothing but the Voices of such as are full of Benediction and Joy. The Virgins of Paradise salute him with a Grace which cannot be express'd. They chant to the new-come Guests, Songs of immortal Love. To the Stranger from Earth, they tell their Passion in Strains which ravish his Heart. He is dissolv'd in a thousand Ecstasies. This is the Reward of a pious Mussulman, a wise Minister, a just Judge of the Faithful. Follow his Example, and thou shalt be translated into his Company: For he is in a goodly Place, near the Spring-Head of perfect Bliss.

Thou wilt expect some News from me, as a Testimony of my Respect. And I cannot pretend there is none stirring, at a Juncture when all this Part of the World is so full of Action, or at least of Counsels.

Here has been great Rejoicings lately for the taking of St. Menehoud, a strong Town in the Hands of the Prince of Conde. All the Officers of the French King's Army endeavour'd to dissuade him from the Siege of this Place; but Cardinal Mazarini over-rul'd their Arguments, and ha-

ving reprov'd their groundless Fears, caus'd it to be invested and attack'd the 22d of the 10th Moon. Some say he had a Party there; yet he held out till the 27th of the last Moon, at which Time it was surrendered upon *Articles* to the King, who was there in Person, with his Brother the young Duke of *Anjou*, the *Queen*, the *Cardinal*, and the whole Court. They return'd to this City the 9th of this present Moon.

They were receiv'd with great Acclamations, and seeming Joy, by those who would have triumph'd more heartily, had they been defeated, or forc'd to raise the Siege. For the Citizens of *Paris* wish well to the Prince of *Condé's* Arms, not so much out of Love to him, as in Hatred of his Enemy the *Cardinal Minister*. And they are sensible, That this successful Siege will redound wholly to the *Cardinal's* Honour, by whose sole Orders the Place was invested.

It is discours'd, that this *Minister* has some new Design on Foot, to conquer the Kingdom of *Naples*. This is certain, a mighty Fleet is fitting out to Sea; Whither bound no Man knows but those of the *Cabinet*, among whom the *Cardinal* is chief.

In the mean while, the common People listen after certain *Prodigies* that have been seen in the Air. They say, a flaming Sword appear'd lately to rise in the North, and take its Course South-Eastward. From whence People make various *Prognosticks*, as their Passions or Interests inspire 'em. Some are of Opinion, it presages the Conquest of *Naples* by the King's Arms. Others apply it to the new Commonwealth of *England*, and to the victorious Sword of *Oliver*; who, from General of the *English* Army. is now, in this very Moon, exalted to the Height of Sovereign Power, governing the Nations of *England*, *Scotland*, and *Ireland*, under the Title of their Protector.

Here are divers of his Subjects in this City; and other *English*, *Scots* and *Irish*, who embrace the Interest of *Charles*, the Son of their late murder'd King, who has been since crown'd King of the *Scots*. They give a different Character of *Oliver*; yet all agree, that he is a wise Statesman, and a great General.

The *Scotch King's* Party speak contemptibly of *Oliver's* Birth and Education: Yet thou knowest this hinders not, but he may be a Man of Courage and Virtue. They relate many odd Passages of his *Youth*, which seem to me so many Evidences of an extraordinary *Genius*, and that he is a Person of a deep Reach.

He tamper'd with several *religious Factions* in *England*, counterfeiting an exquisite Piety, whereby he first rais'd himself a Name among the *Zealots* of that *Nation*, who look'd upon him there as a very *holy* Person, and one mark'd out by *Destiny* for great Undertakings.

He soon got a considerable *Command* in the Army of *Revolters*; where he signaliz'd himself by many brave Actions, which spoke him a Man of an invincible Courage, and admirable Conduct. So that at length none was thought more fit than he to be *General*. In fine, he acquitted himself so gallantly in that *high Office*, and has so wrought himself into the Affections of the People, that they now look upon him as a *Prophet* or *Saviour*; and the *Divan* or *Parliament* of that *Nation*, have conferr'd on him the *Sovereign Authority*.

Those of the *English* which are affected to his Interest, speak great Things in his Praise: They call him another *Moses* or *Joshua*; they prefer him to *Hannibal*, *Scipio*, and even to the *Great Alexander*. It is difficult for them to speak of him without *Hyperboles*. 'Tis said the King of *France* will court his Friendship. Indeed all the Neighbouring Countries stand in awe of this successful *Hero*. And the *Hollanders*, who are the only People that durst engage in a *War* with the *English Commonwealth*, now seek for *Peace*, since he is invested with the *supreme Authority*.

In the mean time, the poor *exil'd King* of the *Scots* takes Sanctuary in this *Court*, with his Mother the late *Queen of England*, and his Brother, whom they call the *Duke of York*. The *French King* allows them all very considerable *Pensions*; and the latter has some *Command* in the *Army* in *Flanders*. There is another Brother also; but little talk'd of as yet, being the youngest of the Three.

They are generously entertain'd here, it being the peculiar Honour of this *Court*, to be a hospitable *Refuge* to *Princes* in Distress. Yet observing Men say, the *King* will in Time grow weary of his *Royal Guests*; it being very chargeable to maintain them, and their burthensome Retinue. Besides, he will have some Reason of State to discard them, if he enters into a League with *Oliver*, the new *English* Sovereign, who is courted on all Hands.

Eliachim the *Jew* (of whom thou wilt hear in the *Divan*) is just come into my Chamber, and brings me word, that there is an Express newly arriv'd, who informs the *Queen* of a Defeat given to the *Spaniards* near a City called *Roxes*, which they had besieg'd in *Catalonia*. The *French* were going to the Relief of this Place, and the *Spaniards* set upon them in their March, but were beaten into their Trenches; from whence they fled by Night, leaving three hundred *Spaniards* on the Spot, almost two thousand Prisoners, and all their Cannon and Baggage.

This has put the *Court* into a jolly Humour. Nothing but Revelling and Dancing employs their Time: The young *King* taking great Delight in Balls, Masques, and such Recreations; having left off Hunting, ever since his Horse ran away with him in the Tenth Moon of this Year, after he had shot a *Partridge*. Whereof I have spoken already in one of my Letters.

The great God preserve thee from *Precipices*, *Poyson*, the Glances of a *Witch*, and from being canoniz'd a *Martyr* in a *String*: And, for other Deaths, thou hast *Virtues* enough to encounter 'em bravely.

Paris, 30th of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1653.

The End of the Third Book.

LETTERS

LETTERS

WRIT by a

SPY at *PARIS.*

BOOK IV.

LETTER I.

To Bedredin, Superior of the Convent of
Derviches, at Cogni in Natolia.

WHEN I first open'd thy venerable Letter,
my Heart on a sudden became fresh as a
Garden of Roses, or Field of Cinnamon
and Myrrh, whose Odours are exhal'd by
the *West* Wind. In my Breast there sprung a Fountain of
Joy, serene as Chrystal, and refreshing as the Waters of
Euphrates.

I contemplate thee as a *Cedar* among the Trees of the
Forest, or as the durable *Oak* of the *Desart*. May *Hea-*
ven prolong thy Life, till the *Sound* of the *Trumpet*.

The Commands with which thou hast honour'd me,
came in an acceptable Hour. I have receiv'd them
with

with a Complacency which I cannot express. My Eyes were so fix'd on the Lines of great Purity, that I could not for a long time take them off. Thou hast hit the Mark of my Affection, in employing me to write what the most impartial *Historians* say of *Jesus*, the Son of *Mary*, the *Christian Messias*.

That *Holy Prophet* was honour'd by his very *Enemies*. *Josephus*, a learned *Jew*, who liv'd in his Time, and wrote the *History* of that *Nation*, makes worthy mention of him.

So did many of the *Gentile Philosophers*, though they oppos'd his *Disciples* and *Followers*. *Porphyrus* whom the *Christians* commonly repute as a bitter Enemy to their *Profession*, yet calls *Jesus*, *Wise*, *Blessed* and *Divine*. That *Sage* was exasperated against a certain *Sect* of *Nazarenes* in his Time, whom they call'd *Gnosticks*. These corrupted the *Doctrines* of *Plato*, and the *Theology* of the *Ancients*; wantonly mixing *human Fables* with *divine Truths*. Against these *Porphyrus* sharpen'd his Pen, and not making a Difference between them and other *Christians*, drew upon himself the Ill-will of them all. Yet he retain'd a profound Attachment for the *Messias*.

Would'st thou know the Circumstances of this *Holy Prophet's Birth*? They were Glorious even in Obscurity. For, though his Father and Mother were then upon the Road to *Jerusalem*, Strangers at *Bethlehem*, and forc'd for want of Room in the *Caravanserai* to lodge in a Stable with an Ox or an Ass, where the *Messias* was born, and laid in a Manger; yet in this contemptible State there came some of the *Magi* out of *Persia* and *Chaldea*, who brought *Presents* to the *Holy Infant*; and having laid at his Feet Gold, Myrrh and Incense, they prostrated themselves on the Ground, and praised God, the Most High King of All, in that he had honour'd them with a Sight of the *Messias*.

This was in the 43d Year of the Reign of *Augustus Caesar* the Roman Emperor; at which time one *Herod* was President of *Judea*. This Man being inform'd, that certain noble Strangers were come out of the East to *Jerusalem*, he sent for them, and enquiring the Occasion

Occasion of so tedious a Journey, they gave him this answer.

"Peace be to thee, O *Sultan*; There was of old Time a *Prophet* of great Fame in our Nation, who, among other *Predictions* that have since come to pass, left also this in Writing:

"That in *Palestine* should be born a *Child* of heavenly Race, who should rule over the greatest Part of the World; and by this Sign ye shall know the Time and Place of his Birth: A strange *Star* shall appear in the *Firmament*, which shall direct you to the very House where you may find him. When therefore ye shall behold this *Star*, take Gold, Myrrh and Incense, and following the Conduct of the *Star*, go and offer these Gifts to the young *Child*; then return immediately to your own Country, lest some grievous Calamity befall you.

"Now this *Star* has appear'd to us, we are come to perform what was commanded us.

Herod said to them, Ye have done well. Go therefore and seek diligently for the *Infant*; and when ye have found him, come and tell me, that I may go and pay Homage also.

But they never return'd to him again: Wherefore *Herod* in his Anger and Jealousy commanded all the *Infants* in *Bethlehem* to be strangled, that had not been born above Four and twenty Months. But the Father and the Mother of the *Holy Infant* fled away with him into the Land where it never rains, the same Night that the *Magi* came.

What I here relate to thee, sage *Bedredin*, is taken out of approv'd Historians; for many among the *Gentiles* wrote of these things besides the *Christians*.

There was a *Roman Philosopher*, much about the same Time, a Man in great Esteem with *Cesar*; to whom he wrote a Letter, wherein he mentions the coming of the *Magi* after this Manner. "Certain *Oriental Persians*, says he, have set Foot within the Limits of thy Empire, bringing Presents fit only for Kings, to a certain

“ Child, newly born in the *Country* of the *Jews*; but
 “ who this *Infant* is, or whose Son, we are yet igno-
 “ rant.

Thou seest, O pious *Dervich*, that the *Messias* appear'd with no small Lustre, even in his *Cradle*; and in his early Years he enter'd into the *Temple*, and disputed with the *Hebrew Rabbi's*, convincing them of an universal Defection from the *primitive Law* of *Moses*, declaring himself the *Messias*, and yet in profound Humility acknowledging, That a *Prophet* should come after him, who should be preferred before him, the Dust of whose Feet he was not worthy to kiss. This Passage the *Christians* have perverted to another Sense; but the *true Faithful* know it was spoken only of *Mahomet*, the SEAL of the PROPHETS.

The Time would fail me, to recount all the stupendous Actions of this *Man's* Life: And in calling him MAN, I imitate his own Example; since throughout the whole he never call'd himself *God*, or the Son of *God*, as the *Christians* do, but most frequently gave himself the Title of the Son of *Man*. He turn'd Water into Wine, fed five thousand People with five Cakes and two small *Tench*: Heal'd all Diseases, restor'd Sight to them that were born Blind, rais'd the *Dead*, went invisibly through Crowds of his Enemies, and, finally, was taken up into *Paradise*.

If thou would'st know more of this *Holy Prophet*; there are *Historians*, who say, He was initiated in the *Mysteries* of the *Essenes*, a certain *Sect* among the *Jews*.

That Nation, it seems, was then divided into seven *Classes*: Among which, this of the *Essenes* was none of the least considerable, as being the most *religious* Observers of the *Law*. Their Conversation was full of Humanity both among themselves, and towards Strangers; avoiding Pleasures as Enemies to the Mind, and esteeming Chastity the very Cement of all Virtues. Therefore they despis'd Marriage as an Entanglement to Men devoted to Contemplation. They had also an equal Contempt for Riches: No Man
 of

of this *Sect* call'd any Thing his own, though 'twere his lawful Inheritance; but their Possessions were in common, and equally distributed.

It was among their *Mysteries*, to anoint their Bodies frequently with Oyl, and as often to wash 'em with running Water. They neither bought nor sold, nor frequented the *publick* Places; but every one communicated freely such Things as he possess'd, to him that stood in Need. Thus there was a reciprocal Exchange of Kindnesses and Assistance, according to every one's Faculty and Power. They were very assiduous in Watching, Fasting, and Prayers, curious in observing the various Names of the *Angels*, which they frequently repeated, invoking those *happy Beings*, as the *Ministers* of the *King eternal*. And those who were exercis'd in this kind of *religious* Life, arriv'd to so great a Constancy of Mind, that neither Racks, Fire, Sword, or any other Tortures, could ever move 'em to renounce their *Law*, or speak the least Word in Contempt of their *Institution*. Nay, they would rather suffer *Martyrdom*, than be prevail'd on to taste of any Thing that had *Life* in it: For they were strict Observers of the *Law*, which commands perpetual Abstinence from the *Flesh* of *Animals*.

It was an establish'd *Article* of their *Faith*, that as soon as the *Union* of Soul and Body was dissolv'd by *Death*, the former by a natural Inclination ascends to the Skies, even as Sparks fly upward when freed from the gross, earthly Matter in which they lay imprison'd.

I have here given thee a short and true Character of the *Essenes*: Of which *Sect* all *Christians* own the *Messias* to be a *Favourer*, if not a *Member*; in regard he is no where recorded to have upbraided them as he often did the *Pharisees*, *Sadducees*, *Herodians*, and the rest.

Time will not permit me to say more at present concerning that venerable *Prophet*. But if thou would'st have a perfect *Idea* of all his Virtue and Sanctity of Life, turn thy Eyes inward, and fix them on thy

thy self. For thou art a lively *Transcript* of the *Holy Jesus*.

Paris, 1st of the 1st Moon,
of the Year, 1654.

LETTER II.

To the Venerable Mufti.

THOU hast heard of the *Jesuits*, and *Order of Nazarene Dervises*. All *Europe* abounds with them; and they have attempted to settle themselves at the *sublime Port*, and several Places of *Asia*: Besides their actual Possessions in the *Indies*, where they are very numerous and powerful. They are esteem'd the *richest Order* of the *Roman Church*, tho' the *Constitutions* of their *Founder* oblige them to *perpetual Poverty*. But what will not the *sacred Hunger* of *Gold* tempt Men to? For the Sake of this *charming Metal*, they can dispense with antiquated *Laws*, and dull melancholy *Vows*.

These *religious Persons* have lately spread about a *Letter* in *Print*, which they pretend comes from one of their *Order* in *Armenia*.

This *Dispatch* relates a strange Accident that has happen'd at the *Sepulchre* of our *holy Prophet*, (upon whom rest the *Favours* of the *Eternal*) For it affirms that in the eighth *Moon* of the last Year, the *Shrine* which contains the *Body* of the *heavenly Missioner*, fell from the *Roof* of the sacred *Mosque*, to which, say they, it adher'd by *Virtue* of a *Magnet*) fasten'd in the *Cantrel* of the *Arch*; and that at the same *Time*, the *Pavement* of the *Temple* open'd, and swallow'd up that venerable *Ark*, wherein was repositd the most *holy Reliques* in the *World*. And that from the *Chasm* there issu'd out a *Flame* like that of *Sulphur*, accompany'd with such a *Smoke* and intolerable *Stench*, as caus'd all the *Pilgrims* that were present to swoon away:

way: Whereupon many of them are since turn'd *Christians*.

This Forgery is believ'd here by those who never examine any Thing their *Priests* tell them, but take all on Trust. The common People bless themselves in that they were born of *Christian* Parents, and not of the *Disciples* of that wicked *Impostor*: So they blaspheme the *Man* in whom the *Promises* of their *Messias* are verified, when he said, *He wou'd intercede with God to send a Prophet who should lead 'em into all Truth.*

They would never be at the Pains or Cost to examine, whether the Foundation of this Story be true or false. All the *Mussulmans* who have been at the *Holy of Holies* know, that the *Body* of our *Divine Lawgiver*, reposes in a *Sepulchre*, built after the same manner as the *Tombs* of our *august Emperors*, and other *Dormitories* of the *Great*: Only with this Difference, that it surpasses all the *Monuments* of the World in the invaluable Richness of its Ornaments, the Gifts of devout *Mussulman Princes*. There appears always such an insupportable Lustre of Gold and precious Stones in every Angle of that mysterious Recess, as may well dazzle the Eyes of mortal Spectators, since the *Angels* themselves are forc'd to be veil'd within those majestic Walls.

Hence it is not hard to suppose, that the circular *Refractions* of such a glittering Orb of *Jewels*, might create the Resemblance of a *Tomb* suspended in the Air, or cleaving to the Roof of that glorious *Edifice*, deceiving the Eyes of some ignorant, but devout *Mussulmans*, from whom this *magnetick Fable* first took its Origin. However it be, no Man of common Faith, or but ordinary Sense, will believe, that God, who has for so many Ages protected the *Sepulchre* of his *Apostle* and *Favourite*, verifying therein the *Prophecy* of *Mahumet* himself, who foretold, as did other *Prophets* before him, *That the Place of his Rest should be Glorious, and that the greatest Monarchs of the Earth should visit it*: I say no Man will believe that God would at length suffer so vile a Disgrace to happen to the *Tomb* of his *Messenger*, the *Refuge* of *Sinners*.

But

But the *Nazarenes* will believe any thing save the Truth. They are given up to a *Spirit of Delusion and Error*, incapable of Light and Instruction.

Thus I leave 'em 'till the Day of *Alarm*, and the Hour of *Scrutiny*, when the *Angels* of the *Test* shall enter the *Graves*, and having made Experiment of every Man's *Works and Faith*, shall give the *Just* a Register of their *Virtues* in their *Right Hand*, but to the *Wicked* in their *Left Hand*, a *black Record* of their *Sins*.

In the mean time I prostrate my self before thee, begging, that when thou turnest thy *Face* to the *House of Ibrahim*, and the *Tomb* of the *Prophet*, thou wilt send up one Ejaculation for *Mahmut*, that he may preserve in shunning the *Errors* of the *Infidels*.

Paris, 19th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER III.

To Cara Hali, Physician to the Grand Seignior.

SINCE what I wrote last in behalf of the *Brute Animals* is so acceptable to thee, I will comply with thy Request, in continuing that Discourse.

'Tis certain the *Ancients* had another Opinion of the *Beasts* than these *French Philosophers*, who deny them the Use of Reason. *Socrates* us'd to swear by the *animal Generations*, and so did *Rhadamanthus* before him. The *Egyptians* form'd the *Images* of their *Gods* in the Similitude of *Beasts*, or *Birds*; or *Fishes*. So the *Grecians* fix'd the *Horns* of a *Ram* on the Head of *Jupiter's Statue*, and those of a *Bull* on the *Image* of *Bacchus*. They compounded the *Image* of *Pan* of a *Man* and a *Goat*; painted the *Muses* and *Graces* with *Wings*: And the *Poet Pindar* makes all the *Gods* winged, and disguises them

them in the Shapes of several *Beasts*, when in his *Hymns* he introduces them chas'd by *Tryphon*. Thou knowest also, that our *holy Doctors* affirm the *Angel Gabriel* to have Wings, with one of which he once gave a Mark to the *Moon*.

When the *Poets* bring in *Jupiter* courting *Pasiphae*, he appears in the Form of a *Bull*. And in his other *Amours*, if we may believe them, he chang'd himself sometimes into a *Swan*, then into an *Eagle*: They report also, that he was suckled by a *Goat*.

For these and other Reasons, the *Ancients* not only forbore to injure their *Fellow-Animals*, but entertain'd them with singular Affection and Friendship. A *Dove* was the Darling of *Semiramis*. A *Dog* was the Joy of *Cyrus*. *Philip*, King of *Macedonia*, made a *Swan* his Companion. And our *holy Law-giver* was often wont to sport himself with a *Cat*. He lov'd this Creature for its Cleanliness and Activity; and therefore we *Mus-sulmans* generally have a *Cat* in great Esteem and Veneration.

That *Favourite of God* understood the *Languages* of *Beasts*, and convers'd as familiarly with them as with Men. So it is fam'd of *Melampus* and *Terisias* of old, as also of *Apollonius Tyaneus*, who affirm'd to his Friend sitting by him, that a *Sparrow*, which he heard chirping to his Fellows, told them of an *Ass* which he had seen fall down with his Load a little way off from that Place. It is also recorded of a Boy, who understood all the *Voices* of *Birds*, and by that Means could foretel Things to come, That his Mother, by pouring Urine into his Ears when he was asleep, deprived him of this incomparable Gift, for fear he should be taken from her, and presented to the King. There is no Question; but several *Nations* have a certain Knowledge of the Speech of some *Animals*. My Countrymen, by a peculiar Gift bestow'd on our *Fathers* and their *Posterity* for ever, understand the *Language* of *Crows* and *Eagles*. And the *Ancients* were so well vers'd in this Knowledge, that when they convers'd with the *Birds*, or at least when they heard them in their *Languages* utter *Presages* of what should shortly happen on *Earth*, they persua-

ded

ded themselves that those *Birds* were the *Messengers* of the *Gods*. Therefore the *Eagle* was suppos'd to be the *Messenger* of *Jupiter*, and the *Crow* and *Hawk* of *Apollo*; the *Stork* of *Juno*; the *Owl* of *Minerva*, and so of others.

It is evident, that our common *Huntsmen* understand the different *Voices* of their *Dogs*, when at a Distance they signify by one kind of *Cry*, that they are questing after the *Hare*; by another, that they have found her; by a third, that they have taken her, or that she is turn'd to the *Right Hand*, or to the *Left*. So those who look after *Cattle*, know by the *Voice* of the *Bull*, when he is hungry, thirsty, or weary, or when he is stung with Lust. So by the *Roaring* of the *Lion*, the *Howling* of *Wolves*, the *Bleating* of *Sheep*, Men are made sensible of the various *Wants*, *Inclinations* and *Passions* of those *Creatures*.

Nor are these *Animals* ignorant of our *Language*; but by our *Voice* and *Words* they know when we are angry or pleas'd, when we call them to us, or drive them from us: And our *domestick* *Animals* obey accordingly, with as much *Promptness* and *Alacrity* as a *Man* or *Maid-servant*. All which could not be, if they were not endu'd with *Faculties* conformable to ours. They also teach their young Ones to sing artificially. In a Litter of *Dogs*, *Huntsmen* chuse the best by this Experiment: They take all the *Whelps* from the *Bitch*, and carry them to some Place a little distant; then they observe which she first carries back again, and those always prove the best *Dogs*. What is this *distinguishing Faculty* in the *Bitch* but *Reason*, or something like it?

We see apparently that every *living Creature* knows its own *Weakness* or *Strength*, and knows how to use most dextrously those *Weapons* with which *Nature* has furnish'd it for its own *Defence*. They are also sensible what *Places* are most convenient for them to dwell in, and which not. Thus the *weakest* *Creatures*, as *Dogs* and *Cats* live altogether in *Houses* and *Cities* with Men; whilst the *Lyons*, *Tygers*, and such *fierce* *Animals* dwell in the *Desart*. Thus *Sparrows* and *Swallows* make themselves almost *domestick* with Men; whilst *Eagles*, *Hawks*, *Vultures*, and other

other *Birds of Prey*, build their Nests in Woods or Rocks, remote from *human Society*. Some *Birds* change their Habitation at certain *Seasons* of the Year, as best suits with their Convenience; others always remain in the same Place. The same is observ'd in *Fishes*. And in all *living Creatures* it is easy to trace the Foot-steps of Prudence and Fore-cast in order to their own Preservation. Let Men call this what they please, *Instinct* or *Nature*, or *Sense*, it is evident, that there is an exact Conformity and Resemblance between these *Faculties* in *Brutes* and what we call *Reason*, *Wisdom* or *Prudence* in *Men*. And we have no more Ground to conclude them void of *Reason*, because they do not enjoy it in that Perfection as our selves, than we have to conclude our selves *blind* or *deaf*, because we see not so *clearly*, and hear not so *readily* as the *Brutes*, and that we have no *Legs* because we run not so *swift* as some of them do.

Doubtless the *Brutes* are endu'd with a *Faculty* of *Reason* as well as we; but this *Faculty* in them is weak and imperfect for want of *Discipline* and *Art*, which polish all Things. This is manifest from those *Creatures* which are taught to dance and play a thousand Tricks, to tell Money, to shoot off Guns, to find out hidden Things, and bring them some Miles to their *Masters*, as well educated *Spaniels* will do. What can be a greater Argument of the Proficiency they make in *Reason* and *Knowledge*? Are not *Elephants* taught all the *Arts* of *War*, and plac'd in the very *Front* of the *Battel*? Do not the *Indian Princes* repose as much Trust in their Carriage and Conduct, as in the Service of their stoutest and wisest Commanders? This *Creature* is as tractable and prompt to learn any Thing when young, as a Boy at School, which cannot be done without the use of *Reason*.

To conclude, I have omitted five hundred Arguments which might be brought to prove the *brute Animals* to have *Souls* as well as we, to have *Faculties* and *Affections* conformable to ours. And therefore it is little less Injustice to kill and eat them, because they cannot speak and converse with us, than it would be
for

for a *Cannibal* to murder and devour thee or me, because we understood not his *Language*, nor he ours.

God, who locketh up the *Winds* during the time the *Halcyon* hatcheth her *Young*, thereby shewing that this *Bird* is his *Favourite*, will assuredly grant us a perpetual *Tranquillity*, if we abstain from injuring our *Fellow-Animals*.

Paris, 22d of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER IV.

To Mustapha, Berber Aga, at the Scraglio.

THOU hast formerly heard me speak of the *Duke of Lorrain*, and his several Losses, which most People thought wou'd have ended with the *Excommunication* pronounc'd against him by the *Roman Musti*, whereof I gave thee Intelligence. But Experience teaches us, That Misfortunes seldom set upon any Man singly, but assault him in Troops whom Fate has mark'd out for Ruin.

Yet this Prince owes his Sufferings chiefly to his own Inconstancy, whilst he has all along play'd fast and loose with the *Kings of France and Spain*, taking up Arms by successive Turns for one, and at the same time underhand and practising with the other, always unfaithful to both, and only driving on an independent Interest of his own.

This is his true Character. To which we may add, an ungovernable Disposition, and an insatiable Thirst of Money, which has prompted him by all the Methods of Rapine and Violence, to heap up an incredible Treasure of Gold and Jewels. So that having procur'd the Enmity of several *Monarchs*, the Jealousy of his last Master the *King of Spain*, the Ill-will of his own Brother, (whom they call *Duke Francis*;) and the Curses of all

all People where-ever his Army has been quarter'd; he is at length seiz'd and imprison'd by *Arch-duke Leopold*, in the *Castle of Antwerp*; for which joyful News the Inhabitants of the *Spanish Netherlands* every where made Bonfires for Joy. He was confin'd on the 25th of the last *Moon*. And soon after his second Wife was taken into Custody, that by her Means they may discover his Papers and Money: This latter being the chief Thing they aim at, he being reputed prodigiously rich; and the *Spanish* Coffers want a Supply. They conniv'd at his Robberies, whilst there was any Thing left for him to plunder, and that they saw he hoarded up. But now he has done his Work, they punish him for the Crimes which they themselves encourag'd, that so they may become Masters of his Wealth. 'Tis said, he brook'd his Restraint very well at first; but a while ago, being deny'd the Liberty of the *Castle Walls*, he grew raving mad, flung a *Candlestick* (which was all the Weapons they allow'd him) at the *Governor's Head*, and broke the Windows of his Lodgings. So that they have been forc'd to confine him to a Hole without any Light, save a little that finds Admittance through an *Iron-Grate* at the Top of the Room.

His Brother *Francis* of *Lorrain* is to command the Army in his stead; who pretends great Fidelity to the *House of Austria*, yet may in the Issue prove as wavering as his Brother: For the *King of France* has Baits wou'd tempt the *Virtue* of an *Angel*. Yet nothing shall ever corrupt the Integrity of *Mahmut the Mussulman*, on whose Forehead *Fate* has engraven this Motto, *Prepar'd to suffer*.

I blush, serene *Aga*, when I think I am so barren of *Virtues*, that I have nothing else to boast of but my *Loyalty*: Whilst thousands of illustrious *Souls*, crown'd with a Circle of Merits, daily ascend to *Paradise*: And tho' they made but an obscure Figure on Earth, even as contemptible as the exil'd *Arabian* in his *Hutch* at *Paris*, yet now take their Seats among the hundred and twenty four thousand *Prophets*, *Favourites* of the *Eternal*.

May't

May'st thou encrease that happy Number, but not till thou hast had thy Fill of Bliss on Earth; and that all thy Enjoyments here seem like the Perfumes of Ointments, which, tho' they please for a Time, yet at length cloy the Sense.

Paris, 23d of the 3d Moon,

of the Year 1654.

LETTER V.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at Vienna.

DO not suspect me of Partiality, or that I am fond of making *Profelytes*, because I take such Pains to restore thee to *Reason*, and make thee sensible thou art a *Man*. I have no Design, or Self-Interest, in doing thee this good Office; and 'tis remote from my Humour to busy my self in gaining *Converts*. Only the Love of *Truth* sets my Pen at work in this manner; being ever of the Mind, That a free Disquisition in Matters either of *Religion* or *Philosophy*, is the only way to get quit of Errors. Perhaps my Case may be the same as thine; and for ought thou knowest, I seek not more to undeceive thee, than to satisfy my self, by thus frankly venting my Thoughts, since nothing is more commonly observ'd, than, that whilst a Man is teaching another, he improves himself. Our Memories are frail and treacherous; and we think many excellent Things, which for want of making a deep Impression, we can never recover afterwards. In vain we hunt for the straggling *Idea*, and rummage all the Solitudes and Retirements of our *Soul* for a lost Thought, which has left no Track or Footsteps behind it. The swift *Offspring* of the *Mind* is gone; 'tis dead as soon as born; nay, often proves abortive in the Moment it was conceiv'd. The only way therefore to retain our Thoughts, is to fasten

fasten them in Words, and chain them in Writing. This is one Cause that I trouble thee with Letters of this Nature, that whilst I am instructing thee, I may establish my own *Reason*, and confirm my self in the Method I have taken, to live according to my *Nature*; that is, by not suffering my *rational Faculties* to fall asleep, whilst my *Passions* are active and vigorous in working my Ruin: For I reckon no greater Shame or Misfortune can befall a Man, than to be deprived of his *Humanity*, that is, his *Reason*.

What I have said concerning the Perfidiousness of our *Memories*, may serve as a proper Introduction to the Objections I shall make against your *Traditionary Laws*.

If one ask you, *why these Laws were not written as well as the other*; you answer, *That God took Care in this, lest the Gentiles getting Copies of 'em, should corrupt and pervert their Sense, even as they have done the written Laws*. But how then came he to suffer any to be *written*? Had he not equal Care of one Part, as of the other? Or, could the *Gentiles* do more Harm, by altering and corrupting the less substantial *Traditions*, than the very *fundamental Statutes*? For that these *unwritten Laws* contain'd only Circumstantial, your *Doctors* themselves confess. What Man of common Sense then can sit down contented with so trivial an Answer? Or will you say, that *God* took more Care to preserve these *Traditions* incorrupt from the *Gentiles*, than to retain them in their Purity among the *Jews*? For, that committing them to Writing, had been the surest Way to retain them in their *original Purity*, is evident by the Preservation of the *written Law*; of which there was so great Care taken in transcribing it, that if but a Letter or Point were added, diminish'd or misplac'd, they took it for a *fatal Omen* of some Calamity, and the faulty *Scribes* were severely punish'd; nay, the whole *Congregation* were bound to expiate the Offence by *Fasting*, *Prayers*, and *Alms*. So that it was in a manner impossible, that with all this Circumspection, the least Corruption or Alteration should creep into the *written Law*.

I appeal now to thine own Reason, Whether this was not a much securer Way of preserving the *Laws* uncorrupt, than by trusting them to the fickle Memories of Men?

Besides, I would fain know, what became of these *Traditions* during the various *Captivities* of the *Jews*, and *Depopulations* of the *Holy Land*? Who took Care to deliver these *Traditions* unalter'd to *Posterity*, when they were without *Priests*, *Prophets* or *Synagogues*? When they were dispers'd over the remote *Provinces* of *Media*, *Persia*, *Egypt* and *Babylon*? In those Days your *Fathers* were Slaves to the *Gentile Kings* of *Asia*; there were then no *Seniors* sitting in the *Sanhedrim*, who might take Care of these Things. Neither do I find, that *Esdra*s the Scribe was any ways concern'd for these *Traditions*, when he with his Brethren the *Jews* return'd from their long *Captivity* in *Persia* and *Babylon*. All his most strenuous Endeavours were employ'd in recovering the lost *Books* of the *Written Law*, without so much as regarding or mentioning the other. From whence I gather, that either these *Traditions* were of no great Importance; or if they were, yet they were wholly, or for the most part chang'd or lost, many hundred of Years before the *Talmud* was first compos'd, which, thou say'st, is the grand Repository of these sacred *Instructions*. And in saying so, thou contradictest thy own Arguments: For if these *Traditions* were appointed to be transmitted by *Word* of *Mouth*, from *Father* to *Son*, to all *Generations*, as you suppose, then what need was there of writing them in the *Talmud*, or any other *Book*? And yet the *Writings* of your *Rabbi's* are full of them. Thus thou confoundest thy self, and runnest blindfold round in a Circle of Absurdities.

Rouze up therefore thy Reason, and suffer not thy self to be Hoodwinked by the *Fables* of your *Rabbi's*, those industrious *Midwives* of old *Womens Tales*. Doubtless those *Traditions*, about which you make such a Bustle, are no other than the *Whimsies* of your *Cabalists*, who pretend to spy more *Mysteries* in the Order of two or three *Hebrew* Letters or Points, than they are able to

unfold

unfold in whole *Volumes*. They crack their Brains in conjuring up far fetch'd *Interpretations*, from the particular Fashion and placing of one single Dash of a Pen. They puzzle and amuse their *Disciples*, with teaching them more knotty and romantick *Divinity* out of the four and twenty *Letters*, than ever *Pythagoras* did with all his *Mystick Numbers*. The *Alphabet* to them is the *Oracle of Theology*. They have turned the *Law* into a perfect *Riddle*.

Believe not therefore these *religious Mountebanks*, these *holy Jugglers*, who with their sanctify'd *Legerdemain* would turn you into *Apes*, that they may laugh in secret at your Folly, while they behold, how precisely devout you are in cringing, jumping, dancing, howling, braying, and all your other antick Postures and Actions in the *Synagogue*; in the Practice of which you have bestowed so much Care, and are so exact, that you quite neglect the *weighty Points* of the *Law*.

I hope what I have said is sufficient to convince thee, that those *Traditions*, which you are taught to believe, were deliver'd to *Moses* in the *Mount of God*, are no other than the *Impositions* of your *blind Guides*, who are studious of nothing more, than to entangle you in a perpetual *Labyrinth* of *Superstition* and *Error*.

It will not be a greater Difficulty to demonstrate, that the *written Law* it self, tho' *Divine* in its *Original*, is not of *universal Obligation* to all *People*, but only calculated for your particular *Nation*, and such as were willing to enter into your Interests, among the *Nations* adjacent to the *Holy Land*.

And because my Time hastens me, I will only suggest one Argument for all, and leave it to thy Deliberation; whether it was possible for all Mankind to repair once a Year to *Jerusalem*, to sacrifice in *Solomon's Temple*, as is requir'd in your *Law*? For that it was not lawful to sacrifice any where else, is evident, both from the *Law* it self, which expressly forbids it, and from the *Examples* of your *Fathers* in their several *Captivities*; and from your own *Practice* at this Day, who have made no *Sacrifice* since the Days of *Titus Vespasian*, the

Roman

Roman Emperor, who laid waste your City, and burnt your Temple to Ashes.

And this also may serve to convince thee, that the Law of Moses was not of perpetual Obligation, even to the Jews themselves; since 'tis evident from Matters of Fact, that for these Sixteen hundred Years, you have not been in a Capacity to keep it: And doubtless, God would never require any Thing of Men, which he foresaw they would not be able to perform.

Cease then to think so highly of thy Nation, as if none but they were the Elect of God, or capable of his Favours: Cease to insult over the rest of Mankind, and to curse thy Brethren the Sons of one Father, even Noah the just Man, and Prophet of God. Behold the Sun and Moon, with all the Constellations in Heaven: Their Influences are equally dispers'd to all of human Race. Behold the Elements; they serve all the Sons of Adam alike; they are not partial to Mortals, neither does any Faction byass the Winds and Rain. These happen all at their appointed Time and Place. And the four Seasons of the Year return with even Courses to the Inhabitants of the four quarters of the World. The Plants know no difference between the Circumcis'd and the Uncircumcis'd; but yield their Encrease with equal Indifferency to the one and the other: And the Brute Animals equally acknowledge both for their Lords. The Birds of the Air are as soon caught by a Heathen, Christian, or Mahometan Fowler, as by one that is a Jew. And the Fish of the Sea when they swallow the Hook, or plunge themselves into the Net, regard not the Difference of Religion in those that catch them. All Things happen to every Man according to their Nature and the Pleasure of Destiny: Only Man himself transgresses the Condition of his Being. But those that obey the internal Lawgiver, let them be of what Nation or Religion soever, doubtless they live happily, and die in Peace.

However, lest Men should err for want of Knowledge, a Light is sprung forth in the East, even the Book of Glory, which confirms the Written Law, and instructs

instructs Men in the *Truth*. Doubtless this *Book* was brought down from *Heaven* : It carries its own Evidence, and a Testimony of its *Divine Original*, in the Majesty of the Style: There is a *Spirit* and *Energy* in every Word, sublimating the *Intellect* of the devout Reader, and purifying his Affections: It is written in *Arabick*, in a *Dialect* so pure and perfect, that the most accurate *Criticks* can find no Blemish from the beginning to the End. One part coheres exactly with the other; 'tis void of Contradiction. All the *Chapters* in this glorious *Volume* are of a piece; which Excellencies could not have thus met together without a Miracle, in a *Book* divulg'd by a *Man*, who could neither write nor read.

The Success it has had in the *World*, speaks it of celestial Descent. The greatest Part of *Asia*, and *Africk*, with many *Kingdoms* in *Europe*, have obey'd the *Alcoran* for above these thousand Years. Cou'd such a thing come to pass, without the Decree of *Heaven*? When the *Prophet* and *Favourite* of *God* first received his *Divine Commission*, he was like a *Pelican* in the *Wilderness*, solitary, and without Companion. Nevertheless, he was not discourag'd, but obey'd the *Orders* of *Heaven*. He saw himself in the midst of *Rocks* and *Sands*, encompassed on all Sides with terrible *Beasts*: Yet he despair'd not of Assistance from above, but comforted himself in the Promise of the *Eternal*. He first preach'd to the savage *Lions* and *Tigers*: who, as if they had heard another *Orpheus*, grew tame and sociable at his powerful Words. Those fierce Inhabitants of the Woods came and prostrated themselves before the *Sent* of *God*; they lick'd his Feet, in token of Submission; they environ'd the Place of his Repose, as his Guards, and brought him Food Morning and Evening. The *Prophet* wonder'd that so great Grace was given to the *Beasts* of the Earth. He prais'd the *Creator* of *all things*, and his Mouth was full of *Benedictions*. He bless'd the *Day* and the *Night*, and the *Obscurity* that comes between them. He bless'd the *Dews* that fall at the Rising of the *odoriferous Star*, and the refreshing Winds that stir the Leaves of

the Trees at *Midnight*. And in the *Morning* he pray'd that all Men might become *true Believers*. Doubtless *God* had granted his *Petition*, had not the *Angel*, who carry'd up his *Prayers* to *Heaven*, met with the *Devil*, a little on this Side the *Orb* of the *Moon*, who stole from him some of *Mahomet's* Words, that so the *Prayer* ascended imperfect to the *Throne* of the *Merciful*. Nevertheless, a great Part of Men became *Believers*; and more shall be added to the Number.

In a little Time, the solitary *Prophet* saw himself at the Head of a numerous Army, all *Voluntiers*, who resorted to him in the *Wilderness*, as they were inspired from *Above*. The mighty Men of *Arabia* oppos'd the sacred *Hero*: They led the Flower of the *East* against him; but they accelerated their own *Fate*, and incens'd their angry *Stars*. The *Elements* took up Arms against them, and the *Meteors* fought in Defence of the *Messenger of God*. Lightning and Hail, with Stones of Fire, blasted the Troops of the *Infidels*: And terrible Storms of Winds buried whole Armies in the Sands. Thus the *Host* of the *Mussulmans* became victorious without drawing a Sword, and the *Empires* of the *Wicked* fell to the Possession of *true Believers*. *Persia*, *Babylon* and *Egypt*, were subdued and embraced the *undefiled Truth*. The *Alcoran* was receiv'd from *India* to the *Mauritanian Shore*: From the rising of the *Sun*, to the going down thereof, this *holy Profession* is made with one Consent, *There is but One God, and Mahomet his Prophet*.

Now *Nathan* consider, whether ever the *Law of Moses* had such Footing in the *World*, or the *Children* of *Israel* cou'd boast of such *universal Conquests*: Your little *Kingdom* has had its *Period* long ago; and both *that*, and all the *Empires* of *Asia* and *Africk*, are swallow'd up in the *All-conquering Monarchy* of the *Osmons*. Your *Tabernacle*, *Temple*, *City* and *Sacrifices*, are quite extinct: Your *Nation* is scatter'd over the whole *World* without *Lands* or *Possessions* that they can call their own. Neither is there *Prince*, *Priest*, or *Prophet*, to whom you can have *Recourse* for *Delievery* from your *Misfortunes*.

Come

Come out therefore from the *Synagogue*, which lies under the *Scourge of Heaven*; shake off the *Malediction*; and, being purified, join thy self to the *true Believers*, who are *blest'd* in this *World*, and shall be *happy* in *Paradise*. Or at least stand by thy self, and follow thy own *Light*. Adieu.

Paris, 22d of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER VI.

To Dicheu Hufsein, Bassa.

TH E Policies of *Cardinal Mazarini* are no Secrets at the *Imperial City*. Now he is about to play his Master-piece. He has all along maintain'd *Pensioners* in the Service of the *French Grandees*. No Man of *prime Quality* cou'd be sure he entertain'd not at his Table some Creature of this *Minister*. Disguises of all sorts, both for Body and Mind, were never wanting to Men dextrous at Treachery, and officious to do Mischief.

But now he is setting *Spies* of another Character on the Princes of the *Blood*, and the *chief Nobility of France*. Women are to become his private Agents; *Females* of his own *Blood*, true *Italians*, and brought up under his particular Care and Management: In a Word, his *Sisters* and *Nieces*.

Five of them are newly come to this City, having been conducted hither by the *Cardinal's Secretary*, accompany'd with a considerable Retinue of *Courtiers*, who went to meet them some Leagues from *Paris*. 'Tis said, That one of those Ladies is a great Beauty, and that the young *King* having seen her Picture, fell in Love with her.

This is certain, the Prince of *Conti* has married one of them; with whom the *Cardinal* has given his Palace, and two hundred thousand Crowns in *Dowry*.

They talk as if another of them was to be married to the Duke of Candale; and a third, to the Son of General Harcourt. And, as if Mazarini were emulous of Joseph's Character and Authority in Pharaoh's Court, he has sent for his Father also, with all his Family, to come and reside in France. He is resolv'd to stock this Kingdom with Sicilian Blood, a Race of Mazarins: Who by Instinct, as well as by Rules, shall carry on the Design he has laid; and either raise this tottering State to the Height of his Model, or absolutely ruin it. For that active Spirit cannot take up with Mediums.

'Tis said, That the Duke of Orleans resents very ill the Cardinal's Ambition, in marrying his Nieces into the Blood Royal. That Prince will not be prevail'd on to come near the Court, but rather favours the Prince of Conde, and the other Malecontents; whence some People are apt to presage another Turn of Affairs before 'tis long; for the Generality of the French are inclin'd to the Prince's Party.

There is great Caballing all over the Kingdom; and the Cardinal strives to push his Interest forward by all the Methods of a cunning Statesman. He knows the Prince of Conde's Spirit too well to dream of a Reconciliation, and he has a double Interest in the Ruin of that unfortunate General; his own Preservation, and the Aggrandizing his Niece, the Princess of Conti; who by the Fall of her Brother-in-Law, will be Mistress of his Estate.

He is endeavouring also to make an Alliance with the Cardinal de Retz, his profess'd Enemy, and one rais'd by the Pope to that Dignity, on purpose to counter-balance Mazarini's Power at this Court; where he is suspected to animate the King against the Court of Rome.

That Cardinal de Retz is now a Prisoner of State, and has been so a long time; being first confin'd by Mazarini's Orders. But the wise Minister now thinks it safer to compound with a Man, whom he cannot longer persecute, without drawing on himself the Revenge of all the Ecclesiasticks, and especially the Thunder of the Roman Court.

Therefore, to reconcile Matters, and fortify himself, he has propos'd a Match between his Nephew, and de Retz's

Retz's Niece. The Court is wholly taken up with making Friendships of this Nature; which is an evident Sign they feel their Power at an Ebb, and fear it will be much lower, if the Prince of Conde should once take the Field in France.

'Tis nothing to the *Mussulman* Interest, which Side gets the Advantage, for they are all equal Enemies to the *Sent of God.*

If I can by any successful Artifice promote the Divisions of these *Infidels*, I shall not disserve the *shining Port.* However, I will still pray, That those Swords may be turn'd against each other; which united, would hazard the State of the *true Faithful.*

Illustrious Friend, let thy Presence in the *Divan* be as a strong *Bastion*, under the *Covert* of which *Mahmut* may be shelter'd from the *Artillery* of evil *Tongues* and *Sycophants.*

Paris, 14th of the 4th Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER VII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

THOU art not ignorant that when I first heard of the cruel *Sentence* executed on our late Friend *Egri Boinou*, (on whom be the *Mercies* of the *Creator*) I wrote to his *Successor*, *Ismael Mouta Faraca*, a Letter of Condolence; wherein, to keep a Medium between the *Tenderness* I ow'd to the *Loss* which my Friend had sustained of his *Eyes*, and the *Distrust* I had of a *Stranger*; I filled up my Letter to *Ismael* with consolatory Expressions; such as I wou'd have used to *Egri* himself, had I been in his Company: Believing that *Ismael* would read my Letter to his *blind Predecessor.*

I play'd the *Stoick*, and encouraged the *Doctrine* of *Apathy*; or, at least, I abounded in *philosophical* Counsels, almost as impracticable as the other: Nothing but severe *Morality* dropt from my Pen. And all this, to cover my real Concern and Passion for *Egri's* Sufferings; who, thou knowest, was beloved by more than thee and me. I told thee in a former Letter, That I did not dare to trust my Sentiment, though disguis'd, to a Man, who on the Score of his new *Preferment*, might become more quick-fighted than before, and would soon penetrate the thin Veil of Words, and spy something in that *Dispatch*, to my Disadvantage, should I have ventured to descant on the *Sultan's* Severity, or *Egri's* Merits.

Therefore I thought it best to pretend an Indifference, to which I am as much a Stranger as any Man, in Cases that too nearly touch our Sense. 'Tis easy to give Counsel to another, which in the same Circumstances we are far from practising our selves. Then we can be full of Wisdom and grave Morals; but when it once comes home, all our *Philosophy* vanishes; there remains nothing to be seen, but a mere *sensitive Animal*, without Virtue or Patience.

My own Experience, but two Days ago, forces this Confession from me, when by an unlucky Blow, I lost the Sight of both my Eyes, for the Space of eight and forty Hours. 'Tis true, I should not have used them much during a third Part of that Time, had they not been hurt; unless thou wilt say, they are serviceable in our *Dreams*, and help our Souls to spy the dark *Chimera's* of the Night. However, I remember 'twas no small Grief, even in that Absence of the Sun, to be only sensible of the Privation by my Ears: For whilst the Windows of my *Soul* were shut, 'twas in vain for those of my Chamber to be open; which before this Misfortune would, by letting in the Light of the *Moon* or *Stars*, have convinc'd me, That it was Night, without being beholden to the Clocks and Bells of the *Convents* for my Intelligence, as I was under this Affliction.

Then

Then it was, that in my Heart I unsaid all that I had written to the *Eunuch* on the Subject of *Blindness*, and cursed the *Philosopher* for a Fool or a Madman, who put out his own Eyes for the sake of his Thoughts. I envied those more happy Fools, who are without Thoughts, but enjoy their Sight, which helps to form and regulate the Conceits of the most wise and thinking Men.

Nay such was my Passion and Melancholy, during this short Eclipse of my Eyes, that I preferr'd to mine even the Life of those dumb *Animals*, whom Men have learn'd to call *irrational*, because they express their *Sentiments* by *inarticulate Sounds*, a *Dialect* which we don't understand. And I could almost have wish'd my self *metamorphos'd*, though it were into a *Dog*, provided I might but have that Sense, the want of which renders our Humanity imperfect, and a Burden to it self. Or, if thou wilt blame me for such a Wish, I cannot forbear thinking that *Dog* happier than his *Master*, whom I have seen leading a blind Man in a String along the Streets of *Paris*. How prudently did that faithful *Creature* act the *Guide* in crossing the Way, if any Danger threaten'd his Charge, as a Cart, Coach, or Throng of People? And all this Conduct was owing to his Eyes, which made him wiser than his *Master*, who, had he enjoy'd this Sense, might not, for ought I know, have surpass'd his kind *Brute*, in the Exercise of *Reason*.

And now I am fallen on this Subject of the *Wisdom* of *Brutes*, I must not forget a Story which I have read in *Plutarch*, as also in a certain *French Author*, of a *Dog* in the Court of the Roman Emperor *Vespasian*, which would act to the Life all the Agonies and Symptoms of Death at the Command of a *Mountebank*, who had taught him many such comical Tricks to divert the *Grande'es* of *Rome*.

The same *Frenchman* mentions certain *Oxen*, which it seems had learn'd *Arithmetick*: For being employ'd in turning the Wheel of a Well an hundred times every Day, when they had finish'd that Task would not stir a Step more; but having revolv'd that Number in their Minds, desisted of their own accord; nor could any

Violence compel 'em to farther Labour. Who will deny now that these *Oxen* were *Mathematicians*; or, that that Ship *Dog* had any need to study *Euclid's Elements*, who, having a great Desire to taste of some Oil that he saw in a deep earthen Vessel, and not being able to put his Head in far enough, by reason of the long straight Neck of the Pot, after some Study ran to the *Hold* of the Ship, which was ballasted with Gravel-stones; from thence he brought in his Mouth, at several times, as many of those little Stones, as half filling the Pot, forced the Oil up to the Mouth, so that he could lap his Belly full? Of this *Plutarch* says, he was an Eye-Witness. Was not this, thinkest thou, an *Archimedes* among the *Dogs*? Are not the *Goats* of *Candy* absolute *Physicians*, when, being wounded, they never cease ranging the Plants of that fertile *Island*, till they have found out the Herb *Dittany*, with which they restore themselves to Health?

Should the *French* read these Lines, and the others I have writ on this Subject to *Cara Hali*, and the great *Mahummed* of the *Desart*, they would censure me as a Heretick, a Fool, or a Madman: Or, at least, they would conclude, I am too importunate an Advocate for the *Beasts*. They would call me *Brute* my self, and fix my *Pedigree* among some of the *dumb Generations*.

But thou who hast been educated in the serener *Principles* of the *East*, and hast had the Honour to pour out *Water* on the *Hands* of the abstemious *Eremit*, wilt have another Opinion of what I say, in Defence of our *Kindred Animals*.

He that has given *Wisdom* and *Language* to the *Pismires*, and instructed them to converse together by *mute Signs*, so that when the Signal was given, the Alarm was taken throughout their humble *Territories*, and they all fled away with their Bag and Baggage, when the Army of *Solomon* approached: Inspire us with *Grace* to understand the *Language* of the *Beasts*, or at least, not think our selves wiser than them who understand ours.

Paris, 14th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

To Afis, Bassa.

THIS Court is wholly taken up at present with the Preparations that are making to Crown the young King. The Place design'd for that Ceremony, is a City call'd *Rhemes*. 'Tis said the Duke of Orleans will not be there, though the King has summon'd all the Princes and Nobility to attend at his Inauguration, according to the ancient Custom: But that Prince stomachs the great Sway Cardinal *Mazarini* bears at Court. Besides, his Daughter, who has no small Power over him, is affected to the Party of the *Male-contents*. 'Tis thro' her Persuasions the Duke her Father absents himself from the King his Nephew. Yet there are those that say, his Mind will change before the Time appointed for the Coronation: And that he will rather dissemble his Grudge, that so he may more advantageously ruin the Cardinal, who keeps the King lull'd in a Circle of Pleasures agreeable to his Youth, that so he may not have Time or Inclination to pry into his Management of Affairs.

The Court is at present at *Fountainbleau*, a House of Pleasure belonging to the King. They pass their Time away in Delights, drown'd in Security: Whilst the wakeful Princes of the Blood are plotting new Methods to rouse 'em from their *Lethargy*, and teach the young Monarch, that the Sound of the Trumpet and Beat of the Drum will in a short Time be more necessary Musick than the soft *Airs* of the Lute, and such Chamber-Melody.

In the mean Time, the Prince of Conde being condemn'd, the Princess, his Wife, has petition'd the Parliament that her Dowry may be secur'd to her: But they have referr'd the Matter to the King. Her Husband seems

to be lost in all Respects, save those of the Peoples Affections, who favour any that are Enemies to *Cardinal Mazarini*.

Monsieur Broussel, one of the *Counse lers* of *Parliament*, whose Imprisonment I formerly mention'd to be the Cause of the *first Sedition* at *Paris*, is newly dead; yet the Cause, whereof he was a *Patriot*, dies not with him, but rather takes fresh Vigour from daily Grounds of Discontent.

It was more particularly reviv'd upon the Death of the late *Archbishop* of *Paris*; the *Clergy* chusing for his *Succeffor* the *Cardinal de Retz*, a Prisoner of State, and under the severe Displeasure of the *King*. This *Election* was countermanded by a *Declaration* from the *Council Royal*. Nevertheless the *Ecclesiasticks* persist in their first Choice; whilst *Cardinal Mazarini* threatens 'em with the Punishments due to those who condemn the *King's* Authority. But they slight his Menaces, trusting to the *Arms* of the *Prince of Conde*, which they hope will deliver 'em in Time from the Oppressions of that great *Minister*.

The Men of *Ability* cabal, whilst the *Vulgar* are easily drawn into *Parties*, as their Affections byass 'em. Here is nothing but murmuring and whispering against the *Government*. Every Man endeavours to purchase *Arms*, and lay 'em up privately as against some *publick Invasion*. Nay, the Citizens walk not abroad without *Daggers* hid under their Garments, as if they either intended a *Massacre*, or were afraid of one. All Things seem to portend some sudden Eruption of *popular Fury*; and the Wisest know not what will be the Issue of so many threatening Occurrences.

Only *Mahmut* (surrounded with *Infidels*) is resign'd to *Destiny*; knowing that no *human Counsel* can hasten or retard the *Decrees* sign'd above.

Paris, 17th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER

L E T T E R IX.

To Murat Bassa.

IT seems the *Devils* have been lately let loose in these *Western Parts* if we may give Credit to the Deposition of such as have accus'd certain suppos'd *Witches*.

In *Bretagne*, a *Province* of this *Kingdom*, above forty old Women have been seiz'd and imprison'd, for holding Correspondence with *infernal Powers*, and above half of them condemn'd to Death: *God* knows with what Justice!

Some of them are accus'd of enchanting the Persons of their Neighbours; others for bewitching their Cattle, and a third Sort for dissolving the mischievous *Charm* of the first and second: All of them for assembling in the Night-time, and using certain *diabolical Ceremonies*, which they say, begin and end in kissing the *Posteriors* of a *Goat*, or the *Devil* in that Form.

I know not how far these poor superannuated Figures of Mortality may be wrong'd: 'Tis a Question, whether their Judges are always in the Right. A shrivell'd meagre Face, a hollow Eye, join'd with irrecoverable Poverty, are many times the chief Grounds of Suspicion, which, improv'd by Superstition, Mistakes and Malice have often prevail'd on those who ought to administer Justice to condemn poor Wretches more innocent than themselves, as guilty of *Witchcraft*.

Yet it cannot be deny'd but that there have been both Men and Women vers'd in *magical Arts*, as they are commonly called, which I take to be only the more *mysterious Science* of *Nature*. Such was *Zoroaster*, the great Grand Child of *Moah*, and King of that Part of *Asia*, which was then call'd *Bactria*. Such was *Apollonius Tyanus*, *Philistides Syracusanus*, with many others of ancient Date: These understood the hidden Force of the Elements, the Influence

Influence of the Stars, the specifick Operation of Metals, Minerals, and other subterranean Bodies, with the Vertues of all Vegetables. They knew exactly how to frame *Astral Images* and *Talismans*, by the Help of which they were able to effect Wonders. And all this perhaps without once dreaming of infernal Spirits, or having the least Society with *Devils*.

Yet I believe *Lucian*, an ancient *Writer*, who never spoke seriously of any Thing, scarce believ'd himself, when he related the Story of *Panocrates*, a famous *Magician* of *Egypt*, who by these *Talismans* was able to transform *inanimate* Things into the Appearance at least of *living* Creatures. Thus he wou'd turn a Stick or Piece of Wood into a seeming Man, who should walk, discourse, and perform all the Actions of a *rational Being*.

A certain Stranger travelling with him once to *Memphis*, and lying with him in the same *Caravansera*, as soon as they were alighted from their Camels, *Panocrates* took a *Plank* of *Oak*, and having touch'd it with his *Talisman*, and pronounc'd two or three Syllables, incontinently the *Stock* mov'd, stood upright, walk'd, and taking the Camels by the Bridle, led them to the Stables: After which this *wooden Man* came in and prepared their *Pilaw*, went on whatsoever Errands *Panocrates* sent him; and when they departed the *Magician* using a certain private Ceremony, this officious Servant return'd to a *Plank* again. This was his Practice all along the Road.

One Day his Fellow Traveller being resolved to try the Experiment, took Advantage of the *Magician's* Absence, who was gone to the *Temple*, and left his *Talisman* behind him. The curious Traveller having been often an Eye-Witness of this Trick, takes a Piece of *Wood* and touches it with *Panocrates's Talisman*, repeating the Syllables he had heard him utter. Immediately the *inanimate Timber* became a *Man*, asking his Pleasure: The Traveller astonish'd at the Event, commanded his new Servant to bring him a Bucket of Water. The enchanted Spark obeys. The Traveller told him it was enough, and bid him re-
turn

turn to a Piece of *Wood* again; but instead of that, he continued drawing of *Water*, and bringing it in till the House was full. The Traveller fearing the Anger of *Panocrates*, thought to dissolve the *Enchantment*, by cleaving the *Wooden Animal* in two. But this augmented his Trouble; for each Piece taking a Bucket fell to drawing of *Water*, so that of one Servant he had made two. This continued till the *Magician* came to his Rescue, who having sternly rebuked the Traveller's Rashness, at a Word turn'd the two busy Drudges to their primitive Loggishness and Inactivity again.

I do not tell this Story as if I would have thee believe it, or that I give Credit to it my self. Let us imitate the *Author* of it, who laughs at all that delight in such *Fables*. But the *Christians*, who believe a Piece of *Bread* is transform'd to *Flesh* and *Blood*, and becomes an immortal God at the pronouncing of four Words by the *Priest*, may be excus'd if they put Confidence in the *Figments* of *Poets* and *Orators*.

I have in my Custody the *Journal* of *Carcoa*, who formerly resided at *Vienna*, a private *Agent* for the ever *Happy Port*. Some of his Letters speak of the Superstition and Credulity of the *Germans* in this Kind. Yet in a Letter to the *Mufti*, he acknowledges himself overcome by the unquestionable Testimonies of such as had been Eye-Witnesses of the *Life* and *Death* of one *Faustus*, a *German Magician*, who play'd a Thousand *infernal Pranks*, (as he calls them) even before the *Emperor* himself.

He tells also of another *Magician* call'd *Zyto*, who liv'd in the Days of the *Emperor Charles IV*. And when the *Emperor's Son*, to whom *Zyto* belong'd, was to marry the *Duke of Bavaria's Daughter*, the *Duke*, to oblige his Son-in-law, who was much taken with *Magical Tricks*, as were all the *Germans*, sent for a great many famous *Sorcerers* to the Wedding. Among the rest, while one was performing a rare Exploit, on a sudden *Zyto* the *Prince's Conjuror* came up to him

him with a Mouth seeming as wide as that of an old *Crocodile*, and swallows him up at a Mouth. When he thus had done, he retires and voids him again in a Bath; and brings him thus drench'd into the Company, challenging any of the other *Magicians*, to do a Feat like that, but they were all silent.

I hear of no such Tricks done by those *French Witches*, who cause so much Discourse at present. The worst they are accus'd of, is bewitching their Neighbours Hogs to Madness, which thou knowest may be only a natural Malady.

I pray *Heaven* defend us from the *Enchantments* of a deluded *Fancy*, that *Domestick Incubus* of every Mortal, and we need fear neither *Witch* nor *Wizard*.

Paris, 20th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER X.

To Cornezan Mustapha, Bassa.

THE Fame of *Christina*, Queen of *Sweden*, has no doubt reach'd thy Ears: I have made mention of her in several of my Letters. That *Royal Virgin* is now about to surrender her *Crown* to her *Cousin*, whom they call *Charles Prince Palatine*. This is a voluntary Resignation. And her Motive is said to be a strong *Inclination* to *Solitude* and a *private Life*, being esteem'd the most accomplish'd and learn'd *Princess* of this Age: But those who pretend to know more than others, say, that the true Ground of her abandoning the *Kingdom*, is a Resolution she has taken to change her *Religion*, and embrace the *Faith* of the *Roman Musti*, which is forbidden by the Laws of *Sweden*.

Thou

Thou wilt smile at the Proposals which this *Queen* sent to her design'd Successor; And his Answer to them.

In the first Place, *She will keep the greatest Part of the Kingdom and Revenues in her own Hands.*

Secondly, *She will be no Subject, but altogether Independent and Free.*

Thirdly, *She will have Liberty to travel into Foreign Countries, or into any Part of that Dominion.*

Lastly, *She will not have the Offices of Trust, or any other Gifts that she shall have disposed of to her Favourites, revok'd by her Successor.*

To these Articles Prince Charles answer'd.

First, *That he will not be a mere titular King, without Dominions, nor without such a Revenue as is necessary to defray the Royal Expences, both in Peace and War.*

Secondly, *That he will suffer no Competitor, Equal, or Sovereign in his Kingdom.*

Thirdly, *That he will not run the Hazard of her Intrigues in Foreign Courts.*

Lastly, *That if he be King, he will dispose of Preferments as he thinks fit. And in fine, That he will not be the Shadow of a King without the substantial Prerogatives of Sovereignty.*

'Tis added, That when the *Queen* heard his Reply, she said aloud, *I propos'd those Articles only to try his Spirit. Now I esteem him worthy to Reign, who so well understands the incommunicable Rights of a Monarch.*

This Intelligence comes by a Secretary to the Spanish Ambassador, who is newly come out of Sweden to negotiate at this Court a ten Years Truce between France and Spain.

Here is likewise an Ambassador from Portugal, who acquaints the Court, that the Portuguese have expell'd the Hollanders out of the Places they held in the East-Indies. But if our Merchants bring true Intelligence, the Tartars will exterminate all the Franks that are in China.

In the mean Time, the young King of France passes away his Hours in Dancing, seeing of Plays, and other Recreations, provided with vast Expence by Cardinal

nal Mazarini, to divert him with meddling with publick Affairs, and from thinking too seriously on the Sentence he has pronounced in Parliament against the Prince of Conde.

One knows not well how to blame the Prince of Conde's Proceedings, nor yet to accuse the King of Injustice. Neither is it proper for a Mussulman-Slave to decide the Controversy: Our Principles and Laws are different from theirs: And he that is esteem'd a Patriot here in the West, would be condemn'd for a Rebel without Hesitation in any Part of the East, where but one God in Heaven, and one Sovereign on Earth, is acknowledg'd by the Subjects of every Kingdom and Empire.

But in France, the Princes of the Royal Blood are invest- ed with such a Power, as renders it difficult for those under their Command to distinguish 'em from supreme Monarchs. Yet not one of 'em possesses a Government equal to that of the Bassa of Egypt; or superior to his of Aleppo.

I have spoken of these Princes formerly in some of my Letters to the happy Ministers of him, who when he pleases can make the greatest Sovereigns the Squires of his Stirrup.

And therefore 'twill be needless to say any more on that Subject, but only acquaint thee, that the French Court, tho' they cannot relent of the Rigour they have us'd towards the Prince of Conde, yet seem willing to compound the Business with his Son, the young Duke of Enghien, and by a subtle Artifice, to strike two Strokes for the State at once. A great Duke of this Realm has been lately dispatch'd to the Duke of Orleans, to propose a Match between his Daughter and Conde's Heir. Whereby the Estate of the Prince of Conde will fall to the Duke of Orleans's Possession, during the Minority of the young Couple. This is a Wheedle to reconcile the King's Uncle to the Court, who has been a long time estrang'd. But 'tis thought his Displeasure is of too deep a Dye to be wash'd off with Court Holy Water.

I have no more News to tell thee, save the Death of a certain *Prince* whom they call the *Duke of Elbeuf*. And it is of no Import to the *Divan*, whether a hundred of these *Infidel Princes* die every Day or no, so long as the *Grand Seignior* lives, and is ever supply'd with faithful *Ministers*.

For his Health I pray, before the Sun peeps o'er the *Tops* of the *Eastern Mountains*, and after he hides himself in the *Valleys* of the *West*. Neither do I rise from my *Knees* at the *five* appointed *Hours*, without an *Oraison* for *Chornesau*, and the other *Bassa's* of the *Port*.

Paris, 10th of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER XI.

To Sale Tircheni Emin, Superintendant
of the Royal Arsenal at Constanti-
nople.

THOU that hast the Charge of the *Ammunition* design'd for the *Conquest* of the *World*, are fittest to receive the News of a terrible Blow lately given to a City of the *Infidels* in *Flanders*.

This Place is call'd *Gravelins*, whereof I have made mention in some of my former Letters. On the 29th of the last *Moon*, the Powder of the *Magazine* there took Fire, whether by Accident or Design, is not certainly known; but the Damage it has done is very great. It is reported, that a third Part of the City is blown up, and the chief *Fortifications* about it, with the *Outworks* of the *Cittadel*. Three Thousand Mortals had their Breath exhausted by the violent Con-
vulsion

vulsion of the Air, and were sent into *another World*, well season'd with *Salt Peter*: Besides a vast Multitude of all Sorts, that were bury'd in the Ruins of the Houses.

Some say, A certain Person coming to buy some Powder of the *Steward* of the *Magazine*, as they were knocking out the Head of a Powder Barrel, the Hammer struck Fire. Others report, that this Person who pretended to buy Powder, was a *Spy*, or *private Agent* of *Cardinal Mazarini* in those Parts: And that by his Master's Order, he had prepar'd a certain *artificial Fire*, enclos'd in a Shell or Box; and that at a certain determin'd Period of Time, it would cause the Box to fly in Pieces, and scatter Flames almost as subtile and penetrating as those of *Lightning*.

Having therefore this little Instrument of Mischief ready, and being instructed in all Things, he with the *Steward* enter'd the Vaults where the Powder lay, under Pretence of buying some for the *Governor of Brussels*. And when they had open'd one of the Barrels, he thrust his Hand among the Powder, as though he would take up some to look upon; at the same Time dexterously conveying his little Shell or Box into the Barrel, knowing that in an Hour's Time it would work its Effect. In the mean while, seeming to dislike that Barrel, they open'd another; which he bought, and so departed. Within an Hour afterwards, all the Countries round about were astonish'd at the dreadful Blow, which made the Earth to tremble. They say, it was heard beyond the Seas into *England*.

Thus the Contrivance of this *Tragedy* is fasten'd on *Mazarini*; and such is the Hatred the People bear to this Minister, that if an Earthquake should happen in these Parts, I believe they would accuse him as the Author of it.

But it seems as if all the *Elements* were at *War* against the *Netherland* Provinces. I have already acquainted the Ministers of the *Ever happy Port*, what Distresses besel these People by Storms at *Sea*, and *Inundations* on *Land*. After which the *Element of Fire* took its Turn.

Turn to chastise them. For in the first *Moon* of this Year, a certain *Wind-mill* in the *Low Countries*, whirling round with extraordinary Violence, by Reason of a furious Storm; the Stone at length by its rapid Motion became so intensely hot, as to fire the Mill; from whence the Flames being dispersed by the High Winds to the neighbouring Houses, set a whole Town on Fire.

And now the Wrath of *Heaven* has been kindled again to destroy these *Infidels*: Yet those that survive will not be converted. Perhaps they will be ruin'd Piece-Meal, even to a *Final* Extermination, like the People of *Aad* and *Thamod*, of whom at this Day there remain no Footsteps.

I pray God guard the *Imperial City* and *Arsenal* from all *Casualties* of Fire, from *Inundations* of Water, and from *Earthquakes*: And thy own watchful Care and Prudence will defend the *Magazines* in thy Custody, from the sly Attempts of *Traytors* and *Villains*.

Paris, 10th of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1654.

L E T T E R XII.

To *Mehemet*, an Eunuch in the *Seraglio*.

I Acquainted thee formerly with the first Necessity I had to drink Wine, that I might the better conceal my being a *Mussulman* when I was made a Prisoner by *Cardinal Mazarini's* Order. I tell thee now, this Liquor is grown habitual to me, it being the natural Beverage of the Country where I am. But the French temper it with Water, the better to allay their Thirst, and prevent Fevers: Which Custom agrees not with the Stomach of a *Mahometan*, who when he drinks

drinks either Water or Wine, loves to have them pure without Mixture. I use it moderately for my Health, and to create an Appetite. But this Evening I drank a Glass of Wine, which is like to make me abhor it for ever. In all Probability I shall turn as strict and precise as an *Hodgia*. For, in the midst of my Draught, I had almost swallowed a great *Spider*, which lay drowned in the Wine. The little *Beast* had pass'd my Lips; but I soon clear'd my Mouth of so dreadful a Morfel. I wish I could as easily discharge my *Imagination* of the hated *Ideas* it has imbibed with this *fatal Potion*. Not that I think I am poison'd, or have received any real Damage from the *Spider*: The worst *Venom* lies in my own *Fancy*. It will be impossible for all the Water in *France* to wash away the Prejudices I have conceiv'd against this little *Insect*. I have a perfect *Antipathy* against it. The Sight of a *Spider* would always make me sweat and tremble. Now, if ever I should taste the Wine again, I should imagine every Mouthful I swallow'd had a *Spider* in it. My *Reason* tells me, there was no Danger if I had one in my Stomach; having seen a *Physician*, without the use of any *Antidote*, swallow two or three large *Spiders* in a Glass of Wine: And this was his ordinary Practice every Morning. And most of that Profession maintain, that *Spiders* so drank, can do no Harm; yet my *Antipathy* overcomes my *Reason* in this Point. And if *Galen* or *Hippocrates* were alive, they would not be able with all their learned *Demonstrations*, to reconcile me to a *Creature*, for which I have an invincible *Aversion* and *Abhorrence*. I had rather encounter with a *Lion* or *Tiger* in the Desarts of *Arabia*, provided I had but a Sword in my Hand, than to have a *Spider* crawling about me in the Dark. And therefore I have often envied the Happiness of the *Irish Men*; for in that *Island*, they say, No *venomous Creature* will live. The same is reported of the *Isle* of *Malta*: which wonderful Privilege both these *Islands* ascribe to the *Prayers* of certain Saints.

There is no Reason to be given for these secret *Antipathies*, which are discover'd in many Men. Some will
sweat

sweat and faint away, if there be a *Cat* in the Room where they are, though they know nothing of it, any otherwise than by the *secret Intimations* of this *unaccountable Sense*, which *Nature* has added to the other *five*. I have seen a Gentleman drop down in a Swoon, as soon as he enter'd a Chamber where there was a *Squirrel* kept in a Cage. And those that knew him said, It was his constant Infirmary.

If there be any Truth in the Doctrine of the Soul's *Transmigration*, I should think the best Reasons for these private *Antipathies* might be drawn from some former State of the Soul. And according to that Supposition I should conclude, that I had been a *Fly* before I came into this Body; and having been frequently persecuted by *Spiders* in that State, do still retain the Dread of my old Enemy, which all the Circumstances of my present *Metamorphosis* are not able to efface. But if this be so, I wonder I should have no distinct Remembrance of my former little volatile Life; since *Pythagoras*, the great Patron of the *Metempsychosis* declares, that he could remember several Changes he had undergone. And particularly recounts, how he lead a merrier Life when he was a *Frog*, than since he became a *Philosopher*.

It affords me Matter of Thought, and is no small Diversion, to behold the Contrariety that is in Men's Diet. One Man never tastes of *Fish* all his Days, another abhors *Flesh*; this faints if his *Bread* be cut with a Knife that has touched *Cheese*, that swoons at the smell of *Mutton*. Men have as different Appetites, as they have Faces. Some are squeamish, and almost nauseate every Thing that others eat freely of: Again, there are others to whom nothing comes amiss. For my part, I have many Aversions in Point of Diet; And, above all Things, I can never be reconciled to the eating of *Insects*, *Serpents*, and other *Raptile Creatures*; yet there are Men in this Kingdom, who live upon *Frogs*, *Vipers*, *Grashoppers*, and such Kind of loathsome *Animals*. And I have read of a People in the Southern Parts of *Africa*, who had no other Diet but salted *Locusts*,
which

which they catch in the Spring; when certain *Winds* bring innumerable Swarms of them over the Land, so that all the *Country* is covered. These *People* are very lean, active and black. They run swift as *Stags*, and will climb Trees, and jump from one Bough and Tree to another as nimble as *Apes* and *Squirrels*. But they are short-liv'd, never exceeding forty Years of Age. For about that Time, they feel a violent Itching all over their Bodies; which tempting them to scratch themselves they never cease till they make Holes in their Flesh, where certain winged *Insects* breed: Which multiply so fast, that in a little Time they devour the poor Wretches. This is thought to be the Result of their ill Diet.

Let not what I have said create any Squeamishness in thee, but eat thy *Pilaw* with a good Stomach: For that *Food* has the *Benediction* of God and his Prophet.

Paris, 23d of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER XIII.

To the Kaimacham.

THE King of France has been solemnly crown'd at Rheims; where were present his Mother and Brother, Cardinal Mazarini, with divers Princes and Nobles, and Foreign Ministers. But nothing could persuade the King's Uncle, the Duke of Orleans, to grace this Ceremony with his Presence. He has declar'd he will never come to the Court so long as Cardinal Mazarini is there.

Marshal Turenne has receiv'd private Orders to repair speedily to his Army in Flanders. What the Design is we are not certain. Some say, He is gone to surprize
Gravelines,

Gravelines, a City in *Flanders*, which was lately so ruin'd by the blowing up of the *Magazine*, that it is not in a Condition to resist the *French*, should they assault it.

Others say, the *King* has commanded his *General* to lay Siege to *Stenay*, a City belonging to the *Prince of Conde*, a Place of great Strength, and exquisitely fortify'd.

'Tis reported, that *Cardinal Mazarini* holds a Correspondence with the *Governor* of this *strong Hold*: And that on this Ground it was he promis'd the *King*, on the Honour of his *Purple*, that if he would suffer his Army to lie down before it, it should by such a Day be deliver'd into his Hands.

The *Duke of Lorrain*, of whose Imprisonment at *Antwerp* I inform'd *Mustapha Berber Aga*, is now remov'd from thence and sent to *Spain*; from whence 'tis believ'd he will never come back.

From the *North* the *Post* brings News of the Resignation which *Christina*, *Queen of Sweden* has made of her *Crown* to her *Cousin*, *Prince Charles*. They add, That she caus'd a *Crown* to be made with this *Inscription*, FROM GOD AND CHRISTINA; and that she plac'd this *Crown* on the *Prince's* Head with her own Hands, having before absolv'd all her Subjects from their *Oaths of Fidelity* to her.

The same *Post* also tells us, of a mighty Army of *Muscovites* which are enter'd into *Poland*, destroying and laying desolate wherever they come. The pretended Cause of this Invasion is said to be a Disgust the *Czar* has taken at a certain *Historian* and *Poet* of *Poland*; who, in reciting the *Wars* between those *Nations*, had made a Mistake in the *Genealogy* of the *Muscovite Emperors*, naming the *Father* for the *Son*. The *Czar* being inform'd of this, demanded the Head of the *Writer* as an Atonement; which being deny'd he rush'd into the Territories of *Poland*, to revenge himself by Fire and Sword.

These are the Actions of such as pretend to follow the Example of *Jesus*, the *Messias*; who commanded
Men

Men to forgive Injuries, even as did our Holy Prophet; yet they scruple not to accuse us of what they themselves are only guilty. Thus, whilst they are *Christians* in Name, we shew by our *Practice* that we are true Disciples of the venerable *Jesus*.

Doubtless all Men are just or wicked by Nature. Every Man's Fate is engraven on his Fore-head. And neither the Precepts nor Examples of *Jesus*, or *Mahomet*, can alter the Inclinations of those, whose Stars have sign'd 'em in their Nativity with the indelible Characters of Vice.

Paris, 3d of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER XIV.

To Dgnet Oglou.

Hitherto I have been in a *Wilderness*, or at least I'll suppose it, wandring up and down, lost and confounded in the dark, without Sun, Star, Land-mark, or any faithful *Guide* to direct me. What shall I do in this Case? I am tir'd with perpetual Rambling; and rest dare I not; neither can I, such is my Uneasiness, even in the only Circumstance which gives to other Men Repose.

Thus I discourse with myself when I am alone, and consider my present State as a *Mortal*. The Miseries of this Life are the *Themes* of my first Contemplation; and 'tis but Reason it should be so, because we feel 'em every Moment. They touch our Sense nearly, and afflict us with sharp Pains. Yet they are but like the Sting of a *Wasp*, violent for a Time, but last not long.

This

! This Thought carries me farther, and puts me upon an endless Meditation, what will befall me after I'm dead. When I have contemplated all that I can, run over a thousand Paths of Fancy, and track'd all the Footsteps of the *Wise*, or of such as were esteem'd so; still I find my self in a *Desart*, more entangled than a Traveller lost in the *Forest* of *Hercynia*, which extends from the most *Northerly* Part of *Muscovy*, to some *Provinces* in the *German Empire*; and 'tis reputed five hundred Leagues in length.

In this bewilder'd Condition I met with many pretended Guides; one telling me *this* is the Way, another *that*. But because they do not agree in their Advice, I know not which to trust; and am inclin'd to suspect some for Cheats, and the rest for Fools; as much at a Loss, if not more, than my self.

Permit me to discourse with Freedom, my dear *Dgnet*, and let us unmask like Friends. What signifies all that the *Imaums* and *Mollahs* can say of *Paradise* and *Hell*, since none of 'em have been there to make an Experiment? Why should we suffer ourselves to be amus'd with Notions of Things, which for ought we know have no other Existence, but in the *Harangues* of the *Preachers*, and the *Fancies* of the *Credulous*.

Think not that I am going to persuade thee to the *Heresy* of the *Muserin*, who deny the *Being* of a *God*. I tell thee, I am no *Atheist*. From every Thing I behold, my Thought soon flies up to a first *Cause*; and there 'tis dash'd into a Thousand *Queries*. This I lay as a solid Foundation; *All Things were not always in the same State as they are now*. (my Experience demonstrates to the contrary.) But how much longer they have been otherwise, than my own Remembrance, I cannot be assur'd, but by the Confidence which I repose in People, that are older than my self, and the Faith I give to Books. Both which agree in this, That they are guilty of Contradictions without Number.

Those that were born before me, and liv'd in the Days of *Sultan Mahomet III.* tell me many Passages of his *Reign*, quite different from the Relations of others,

V.O.L. IV.

M.

who

who also liv'd in those Times, and remark'd the Transactions of their Age.

I like the Disagreement I find among *Authors*, who have committed to writing the *Histories* of former Times. 'Tis difficult to encounter with two Men of the same Opinion even as to Matters of Fact. Some take a Pride in disguising the Truth, whilst others have not Skill to take off the Mask. There are a sort of Persons in the World, Men of supine and easy Judgments, credulous, and not daring to call in Question, what has been transmitted to them from the *Authority* of such and such a Writer. They superstitiously revere as an *Oracle*, the *Manuscripts* of a mortal Man like themselves, subject to as many Frailties and Mistakes. And all this, only because they have been taught to do so from their *Infancy*: So forcible is the Influence of *Education*. Thus the *Hebrews* believe the *Records* of their *Nation* to be of divine Original, though they want not *verbal* Contradictions, and abound with *logical* and *philosophical* Inconsistencies. But that which is of greatest Moment is, that neither they nor any other Nation, no not even the *Assyrian* or *Egyptian* Records, come near the immense Chronologies of the *Chinese* and *Indians*. So that amidst such Variety of Accounts, a Man knows not where to fix his Belief. But whether the World be only Five or Six thousand Years old, or of a more indefinite Antiquity, this is a sure Maxim, *That something is eternal*. Even the *Jews* and *Christians*, who deny the Eternity of Matter, and assert the Creation of the World out of *NOTHING*, in a determin'd Period of Time, must of Necessity own, There was an eternal and infinite Emptiness or Vacuity, which is the same as *Moses* calls by the Name of *NOTHING*: Which will sound as harsh in *Philosophy* as the *Eternity* of *Matter* does in their *Divinity*. Nay, if I mistake not, 'tis of a worse Consequence, even in the *Doctrines* of Religion, to assert an *infinite Privation*, or want of Existence, to be *Coeternal* with the *substantial God*, who is *Omnipotent*, *Living* and *Strong*; than to affirm *Matter* itself to be *Coeternal* with him, since *this* is an *actual Substance*, and may with Reason be suppos'd, as a *necessary Emanation* of his *Power* and *Goodness*:

Goodness: whereas the other is a mere naked *Potentiality*, a *Non-Entity*, as the *Western Philosophers* call it; and therefore cannot be conceived to flow from the *Divine Nature*, which is *Essential Life* and *Being*. Yet in these nice and remote *Speculations* I am timorous, and dare not be positive; lest I should prophane the Honour of that *Sovereignly Good*, who is the *Breath* of our *Nostrils*. To speak the Truth, I am wavering in all Things but this, That there is an *eternal Mind*, every where *present*, the *Root* and *Basis* of *all Things* visible and invisible, whom we call *Alla* the *Support* of *infinite Ages*, the *Rock* and *Stay* of the *Universe*.

Let thou and I, dear Friend, persevere in adoring that *superlative Essence* of *Essences*, with internal and profound *Devotion*. Let our Thoughts be pure, or Words few, and those full of innocent and grateful *Flames*. For assuredly, *God* delights not in the *Babbling* of the *Tongue*.

As for the rest, let us live according to our *Nature* and *Reason*, as we are *Men*. For we may believe, That the *indulgent Father* of *all Things* will accept us, if we square out *Actions* according to this *Rule*, without aiming at the *Perfection* of *Angels*.

In a Word, Let us love all *human Race*, and shew *Justice* and *Mercy* to the *Brutes*. For in so doing, we shall not be unkind to our selves.

Paris, 13th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1654.
according to the Christian Style.

The End of the Fourth Volume.

